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Canadian Series of School Books.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF

READING LESSONS.

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For Ontario.

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PREFACE.

The present volume forms the Fourth of the Canadian Series of School Books.

The pupil, having been enabled by means of his earlier Exercises to read with ease and intelligence, is presented in this volume with a collection of interesting extracts, chiefly in the form of *narrative*, which is peculiarly attractive to the youthful mind.

At the same time, they embody facts and phenomena of a most instructive character, with which it is desirable the pupil should, at this stage of his progress, become acquainted.

The arrangement adopted in the first five sections of the volume is geographical. The Extracts comprise incidents in History, Biography, Travel, Discovery, and Adventure, with Sketches of Manners and Customs, Natural History, &c., relating to the most important countries in the world, and classified under their appropriate headings. But while it has been sought to enlarge the mind of the pupil by introducing him to other

lands and ages, particular attention has been paid to the North American Provinces, by devoting to them, and to the empire of which they form so important a part, a large portion of the book. It has been desired to impart to a work designed for the training of the youth of our country, a national character, which may help to cherish in their minds ideas and sentiments favorable to the culture of a generous, patriotic spirit.

The Sixth Section consists of Miscellaneous Extracts, which have been selected with a view to their furnishing an additional variety of reading lessons suitable for the pupil as he advances in his studies, and which may serve as a fit preparation for entering on the Fifth or concluding volume of the series.

EDUCATION OFFICE,
TORONTO, *December* 1867.

CONTENTS.

AMERICA.

		PAGE
The Norwegian Colonies in Greenland	Scoresby	1
Parcing with the Esquimaux	Kane	3
Sir John Franklin	*Punch*	6
The Hudson Bay Company	Ballantyne	7
History of Vancouver Island	*British North America*	11
The Fisheries of British Columbia	*Edinburgh Review*	14
The Chinook Indians	Paul Kane	16
The Lost Hunter	Street	17
A Female Crusoe	*Leisure Hour*	21
The Wolverine	Milton & Cheadle	24
Destruction of the Red River Colony	Ross's *Red River*	26
Hiawatha's Sailing	Longfellow	27
Founding of the North American Colonies	Pedley	30
The Great Auk	*Links in the Chain*	32
The Voyage of the *Golden Hind*	*British Enterprise*	34
Sir Humphrey Gilbert	Longfellow	37
The Mountaineer in Newfoundland	Cormack's *Journey*	38
Sable Island	Martin	42
The Coal Fields of Nova Scotia	Campbell's Readers	44
Discovery of America	Robertson	46
The Prairies	Bryant	49
The United Empire Loyalists	Sabine	53
Jack Frost	Miss Gould	57
Pitcher Plants	Campbell's Readers	58
Moose Hunting in Nova Scotia	Lieut. Hardy	60
Historical Sketch of Prince Edward Island	Hill's *Account*	62
Ship-building in New Brunswick	Campbell's Readers	65
The Ship-builders	Whittier	67
Fire in the Woods	Norman Macleod	69
Autumn Woods	Bryant	73
The Lazaretto at Tracadie	Gov. Gordon	74
Left Ashore on Anticosti	Lever	76
Labrador and other Teas	Campbell's Readers	81
Story of Wapwian	Ballantyne	83
The Maple	Darnell	86
Death of Montcalm	Hawkins	88
Lines on the Death of Wolfe	Goldsmith	90
The River St. Lawrence	*London Journal*	90
Jacques Cartier at Hochelaga	Hawkins	93
The Victoria Bridge	*Cassell's Paper*	95
The Rapid	Sangster	97
Gallantry of a Marine	*Cassell's Paper*	98

		PAGE
Fishing for Muskalounge	Lanman	99
Squirrels	Mrs. Traill	101
Indian Summer	Mrs. Moodie	103
An Indian Council	Sir F. B. Head	105
Falls of Niagara	Earl of Carlisle	107
The Taking of Detroit	Campbell's Readers	108
Lumbering	Stevenson	111
America to Great Britain	Allston	113
The Falls of Niagara	Brainard	114
The Skater and the Wolves	Whitehead	115
The Skater's Song	H. B. T.	118
The Prairies of North America	*Face of the Earth*	119
Integrity Rewarded	*Sharpe's Magazine*	121
A Song of Emigration	Mrs Hemans	122
The Western Hunter	Bryant	124
The Backwoodsman	Peabody	125
Boyhood of Benjamin West	*Self-Taught Men*	127
An Adventure in the Life of Audubon	*Romantic Incidents*	128
The Natural Bridge	Elihu Burritt	131
The Lake of the Dismal Swamp	Moore	135
The American Eagle	Wood	136
Cortez in Mexico	*Cassell's Paper*	139
Trapping a Tapir	*Adventures on the Mosquito Shore*	141
Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda	Marvell	143
The Buccaneers	*The Sea*	144
A Visit to the Botanic Gardens of St. Vincent	*Juvenile Forget-me-not*	147
The West Indian Islands	Montgomery	149
Shark Adventure in Panama	*Travel and Adventure*	150
The Earthquake of Caraccas	Humboldt	151
A Hair-breadth Adventure in Demerara	*The Naturalist*	154
The Faithful Negro	*Book of Golden Deeds*	156
The Humming-Bird	Mary Howitt	157
An Adventure in Brazil	Ida Pfeiffer	158
Conquest of Peru	*Annals of Romantic Adventure*	161
Story of Maldonata and the Puma	*Wild Sports of the World*	165
The Gaucho of the Pampas	Sir F. B. Head	167
EUROPE.		
A National Song	Dora Greenwell	169
London	*Merchant Enterprise*	171
The Best Kind of Revenge	Chambers	174
The Stage Coach	Dickens	176
The Battle of Blenheim	Southey	179
The Death of Keeldar	Scott	181
Conquest of Wales	White's *Landmarks*	183
The Taking of Edinburgh Castle	Scott	186
Bruce and the Spider	Eliza Cook	188
The Battle of Clontarf	Campbell's Readers	190
The Four-leaved Shamrock	Lover	194
Lord Ullin's Daughter	Campbell	195

		PAGE
The Veteran Tar	Moir	196
Incident at Bruges	Wordsworth	200
The Baffled Traveller	The Christmas Tree	201
Hermann, the Deliverer of Germany	Jerrer	204
The Village Garrison	*Edinburgh Literary Journal*	207
The Founding of Aix-la-Chapelle	*Once-a-Week*	210
An Incident at Ratisbon	Browning	211
The Downfall of Poland	Campbell	212
Three Scenes in the Tyrol	*Titan*	214
The Siege of Hensbur[illegible]	*Bentley Ballads*	217
William Tell and his Son	*Chambers's Tracts*	220
The Geysirs of Iceland	Dufferin	222
The Maelstrom	*Wonders of the World*	224
Battle of the Baltic	Campbell	226
The Burning of Moscow	Segur's *Narrative*	228
The Grateful Jew	Ewald	231
The Road to the Trenches	Lushington	234
The Battle of Thermopylæ	Raleigh	235
The Destruction of Pompeii	*Magazine of Art*	237
View of Lisbon	Talfourd	240
Bernardo del Carpio	Mrs Hemans	242
Taking of Gibraltar	*Overland Route*	244
AFRICA.		
A Roman's Honour	*Book of Golden Deeds*	247
The Battle of the Nile	Warburton	249
Ocean	Byron	252
Slavery	Cowper	253
Afar in the Desert	Pringle	254
The Source of the Nile	Milner	256
The Gorilla	*Links in the Chain*	258
A Slave Hunt in the Sahara	Horace St. John	260
The Slave's Dream	Longfellow	262
Scene at St. Helena	*Tales of Discovery*	264
The Giraffe	Harris	267
Discovery of the Cape of Good Hope	*The Sea*	270
The Falls of the Zambesi	Livingstone	272
ASIA.		
Alma River	Trench	276
The Lament of the Peri for Hinda	Moore	277
Askelon	*The Land and the Book*	278
The Sponge	Spratt & Forbes	280
Richard the Lion-heart and the Saracens	Roscoe	281
The Cedar of Lebanon	*Sharpe's Magazine*	282
The Leper	Willis	285
Mahomet	*Great Events of History*	287
Interior of an Ancient Palace in Nineveh	Layard	290
The Destruction of Sennacherib	Byron	291
Good Advice not to be Despised	*Sharpe's Journal*	292
The Siege of Delhi	Smiles	294
The Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon	Sydney Smith	296
A Day in Bangkok	Neale	298
The Death of Magellan	*The Sea*	300

AUSTRALASIA.

		PAGE
Discovery of Australia	Milner	302
The Lark at the Diggings	Charles Reade	304
The Wreck of the "Orpheus"	C. A. L.	306
Fight with a Kangaroo	*Wild Sports of the World*	308
A New Zealand Chief	Angus	310
The Coral Grove	Percival	312

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Journeying of the Israelites	*Irish Nat. Series*	313
The Inquiry	Charles Mackay	317
"Enoch Walked with God"	Anon.	318
The Passage of the Red Sea	*Dublin University Magazine*	319
The Burial of Moses	Alexander	321
The Settlement of the Israelites in Caanan	*Irish Nat. Series*	323
Song of Miriam	Moore	325
History of the Israelites from the Establishment of the Monarchy till the Revolt of the Ten Tribes	*Irish National Series*	326
History of the Israelites from the Revolt of the Ten Tribes till the Captivity	*Ibid.*	329
Use the Pen	Carpenter	331
The Hour of Death	Mrs. Hemans	332
History of the Israelites from the Restoration of the Jews till the Birth of Christ	*Irish National Series*	333
History of the Israelites from the Birth of Christ till the Destruction of Jerusalem	*Ibid.*	335
Jerusalem before the Siege	Milman	338
Palestine	Heber	339
Fallen is thy Throne	Moore	339
The Saviour	Montgomery	340
A Psalm of Life	Longfellow	342
The Teaching and Character of Jesus Christ	Chateaubriand	343
On the Death and Sacrifice of Christ	Blair	344
The Rock of Ages	Toplady	346
Christ's Second Coming	Heber	347
All Creatures Called on to Praise God	Ogilvie	347
The Christian Salvation	Thompson	349
The Holy Spirit	Keble	351
All's for the Best	Tupper	352
The Better Land	Hemans	353
The Incarnation	Milman	354
An Elegy. Written in a Country Churchyard	Gray	356
Hope Beyond the Grave	Beattie	360
The Voice of Spring	Mrs. Hemans	360
Times and Seasons	Rogers	362
What is Time?	Marsden,	363
Auburn	Goldsmith	364
Thunder-storm among the Alps	Byron	365
The Graves of a Household	Mrs. Hemans	365
Separation	Montgomery	366
Story of Le Fevre	Sterne	368
Adam's Morning Hymn	Milton	374
Man was Made to Mourn	Burns	375

middle of each end, with a crotch at the top, on which the ridge pole is laid, and boards are laid from thence to the top of the upright boards, fastened in the same manner. Round the interior are erected sleeping places, one above another, something like the berths in a vessel, but larger. In the centre of this lodge the fire is made, and the smoke escapes through a hole left in the roof for that purpose.

The fire is obtained by means of a small flat piece of dry cedar, in which a small hollow is cut, with a channel for the ignited charcoal to run over; on this piece the Indian sits to hold it steady, while he rapidly twirls a round stick of the same wood between the palms of his hands, with the point pressed into the hollow of the flat piece. In a very short time sparks begin to fall through the channel upon finely-frayed cedar bark placed underneath, which they soon ignite. There is great knack in doing this, but those who are used to it will light a fire in a very short time. The men usually carry these sticks about with them, as, after they have been once used they produce fire more quickly.

The only native warlike instruments I have seen amongst them were bows and arrows; these they use with great precision. Their canoes are hollowed out of the cedar by fire, and smoothed off with stone axes. Some of them are very large, as the cedar grows to an enormous size in this neighborhood. They are made very light, and from their formation are capable of withstanding very heavy seas.

The Chinooks have tolerably good horses, and are fond of racing, at which they also bet considerably. They are expert jockeys, and ride fearlessly.

—Paul Kane's "*Wanderings of an Artist among the Indians of North America.*"

THE LOST HUNTER

Numb'd by the piercing, freezing air,
And burden'd by his game,
The hunter, struggling with despair,
Dragg'd on his shivering frame;
The rifle, he had shoulder'd late,
Was trail'd along, a weary weight;

His pouch was void of food ;
The hours were speeding in their flight,
And soon the long keen winter night
Would wrap the solitude.

Oft did he stoop a listening ear,
Sweep round an anxious eye,—
No bark or axe-blow could he hear,
No human trace descry ;
His sinuous path, by blazes wound
Among trunks group'd in myriads round,
Through naked boughs, between
Whose tangled architecture, fraught
With many a shape, grotesquely wrought,
The hemlock's spire was seen.

An antler'd dweller of the wild
Had met his eager gaze,
And far his wandering steps beguil'd
Within an unknown maze;
Stream, rock, and run-way he had cross'd
Unheeding, till the marks were lost
By which he used to roam;
And now deep swamp and wild ravin
And rugged mountains were between
The Hunter and his home.

A dusky haze, which slow had crept
On high, now darken'd there,
And a few snow-flakes fluttering swept
Athwart the thick gray air.
Faster and faster, till between
The trunks and boughs, a mottled screen
Of glimmering motes was spread,
That ticked against each object round
With gentle and continuous sound,
Like brook o'er pebbled bed.

The laurel tufts, that drooping hung
Close roll'd around their stems,
And the sear beech-leaves still that clung,
Were white with powdering gems.
But hark ! afar a sullen moan
Swelled out to louder, deeper tone,

As surging near it pass'd,
And bursting with a roar, and shock
That made the groaning forest rock,
On rushed the winter blast.

As o'er it whistled, shriek'd, and hiss'd,
Caught by its swooping wings,
The snow was whirl'd to eddying mist,
Barb'd, as it seem'd, with stings;
And now 'twas swept with lightning flight
Above the loftiest hemlock's height,
Like drifting smoke, and now
It hid the air with shooting clouds,
And robed the trees with circling shrouds,
Then dash'd in heaps below.

Here, plunging in a billowy wreath,
There, clinging to a limb,
The suffering hunter gasp'd for breath,
Brain reel'd, and eye grew dim;
As though to whelm him in despair,
Rapidly changed the blackening air
To murkiest gloom of night,
Till naught was seen around, below,
But falling flakes and mantled snow,
That gleam'd in ghastly white.

At every blast an icy dart
Seem'd through his nerves to fly,
The blood was freezing to his heart—
Thought whisper'd he must die.
The thundering tempest echoed death,
He felt it in his tighten'd breath;
Spoil, rifle, dropp'd; and slow
As the dread torpor crawling came
Along his staggering, stiffening frame,
He sunk upon the snow.

Reason forsook her shatter'd throne,—
He deem'd that summer hours
Again around him brightly shone
In sunshine, leaves, and flowers;
Again the fresh, green, forest-sod,
Rifle in hand, he lightly trod,—

He heard the deer's low bleat;
Or, crouch'd within the shadowy nook,
Was lulled by music of the brook
That murmur'd at his feet.

It changed ;—his cabin roof o'erspread,
Rafter, and wall, and chair,
Gleam'd in the crackling fire, that shed
Its warmth, and he was there;
His wife had clasp'd his hand, and now
Her gentle kiss was on his brow,
His child was prattling by;
The hound crouch'd dozing near the blaze,
And, through the pane's frost-pictured haze,
He saw the white drifts fly.

That pass'd ;—before his swimming sight
Does not a figure bound?
And a soft voice, with wild delight,
Proclaim the lost is found?
No, hunter, no! 'tis but the streak
Of whirling snow—the tempest shriek—
No human aid is near!
Never again that form will meet
Thy clasp'd embrace; those accents sweet
Speak music to thine ear!

Morn broke;—away the clouds were chased,
The sky was pure and bright,
And on its blue the branches traced
Their webs of glittering white.
Its ivory roof the hemlock stoop'd,
The pine its silvery tassel droop'd,
Down bent the burden'd wood;
And, scatter'd round, low points of green,
Peering above the snowy scene,
Told where the thickets stood.

In a deep hollow, drifted high,
A wave-like heap was thrown,
Dazzlingly in the sunny sky
A diamond blaze it shone;
The little snow-bird, chirping sweet,
Dotted it o'er with tripping feet;

Unsullied, smooth, and fair,
It seemed like other mounds, where trunk
And rock amid the wreaths were sunk,
But, O! the dead was there.

Spring came with wakening breezes bland,
Soft suns, and melting rains;
And, touch'd by her Ithuriel wand,
Earth burst its winter chains.
In a deep nook, where moss and grass
And fern-leaves wove a verdant mass,
Some scatter'd bones beside;—
A mother, kneeling with her child,
Told by her tears and wailings wild,
That there the lost had died.

—A. B. Street.

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

One of the earliest travellers on the overland route, in search of the north-west passage, was Mr. Hearne, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three several journeys towards the Copper-mine river, in full expectation of finding a northern ocean, the existence of which, it was inferred, would establish the fact of a sea route north of the great American continent. In those journeys he encountered the most frightful perils and underwent astonishing hardships, and he manifested unparalleled fortitude in contending against them. The third journey to some extent established the fact, the verification of which was the chief object of his expeditions, and moreover corrected some important errors in the reports of preceding explorers. But we have nothing to say on that subject here. Mr. Hearne's expeditions have long been a dead letter; and we refer to them only for the purpose of introducing an episode in his adventures which strikes us as affording, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of female resources and self-reliance ever recorded.

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscow, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians fol-

lowed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, formed of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much persuasion to induce her to return with them to the traveller's tent. Here, on being interrogated, she told her story; when it came out that she was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans, and that at an inroad of the latter, during the summer of 1770, she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapuscan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where she was found, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people. In this however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and having completed it, she calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

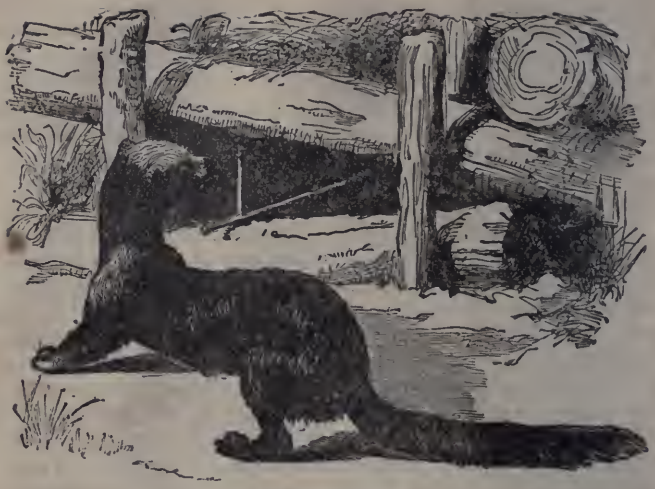
She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed; and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted in this desolate region entirely by her own unaided exertions. How had she contrived to sustain life? When asked that question, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the period when she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock of provisions laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock manufactured with sinews drawn from the legs of rabbits and squirrels, which had fallen victims to her cunning. But this "exemplary female" had not only well stocked her larder by the exercise of industry and forethought, but had also taken equal care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, which was not only warm and comfortable, but, according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited

no small variety of ornament. "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow-head, and a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife; and with these she had constructed not only her dress, but a pair of substantial snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

The keeping up her fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphurous stones she could, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood carefully picked small; but the labor was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months. She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abounded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of line she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length; and it was her intention to make of them a capacious net for fishing, as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practicable.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have seen in any part of North America." It would seem that his Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for the comeliness of her person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife, so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her—the strongest, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

We might add a whole volume of reflections upon the cheerful, active, womanful spirit of this female Crusoe, uncivilized as she was, as contrasted with the desponding helplessness which we too often witness among women, and men too, who, with every motive to industry and activity, and every encouragement to exert both, lose all self-reliance under the first shock of adversity, and pass their days in useless indolence and repining. We forbear, however: such a history is better without a set moral, and carries its own comment. —*Leisure Hour.*



A MARTEN TRAP.

THE WOLVERINE.

THE fur-hunter's greatest enemy is the North American glutton, or, as he is commonly called, the wolverine or carcajou. This curious animal is rather larger than an English fox, with a long body, stoutly and compactly made, mounted on exceedingly short legs of great strength. His broad feet are armed with powerful claws, and his track in the snow is as large as the print of a man's fist. The shape of his head, and his hairy coat, give him very much the appearance of a shaggy brown dog.

During the winter months he obtains a livelihood by availing himself of the labors of the trapper, and such serious injury does he inflict, that he has received from the Indians the name of Kekwaharkess, or the "Evil One." With untiring perseverance he hunts day and night for the trail of man, and when it is found, follows it unerringly. When he comes to a lake, where the track is generally drifted over, he continues his untiring gallop round its borders, to discover the point at which it again enters the woods, and again follows it until he arrives at one of the wooden traps. Avoiding the door, he speedily tears open an entrance at the back, and seizes the bait with

impunity; or if the trap contains an animal he drags it out, and, with wanton malevolence, mauls it and hides it at some distance in the underwood, or at the top of some lofty pine. Occasionally, when hard pressed by hunger, he devours it. In this manner he demolishes the whole series of traps, and when once a wolverine has established himself on a trapping walk, the hunter's only chance for success is to change ground, and build a fresh lot of traps, trusting to secure a few furs before the new path is found out by his industrious enemy.

Strange stories are related by the trappers of the extraordinary cunning of this animal, which they believe to possess a wisdom almost human. He is never caught by the ordinary "dead-fall." Occasionally one is poisoned, or caught in a steel trap; but his strength is so great, that many traps strong enough to hold securely a large wolf will not retain the wolverine. When caught in this way, he does not, like the fox and the mink, proceed to amputate the limb, but, assisting to carry the trap with his mouth, makes all haste to reach a lake or river, where he can hasten forward at speed, unobstructed by trees and fallen wood. After travelling far enough to be tolerably safe from pursuit for a time, he devotes himself to the extrication of the imprisoned limb, in which he not unfrequently succeeds. The wolverine is also sometimes killed by a gun, placed leaning on a bait, to which is attached a string communicating with the trigger. La Ronde assured us most solemnly that on several occasions the carcajou had been far too cunning for him, first approaching the gun and gnawing in two the cord communicating with the trigger, and then securely devouring the bait.

In one instance, when every device to deceive his persecutor had been at once seen through, and utterly futile, he adopted the plan of placing the gun in a tree, with the muzzle pointing vertically downwards upon the bait. This was suspended from a branch, at such a height that the animal could not reach it without jumping. The gun was fastened high up in the tree, completely screened from view by the branches. Now, the wolverine is an animal troubled with exceeding curiosity. He investigates everything; an old moccasin thrown aside in the bushes, or a knife lost in the snow, are ferreted out and examined, and anything suspended almost out of reach generally offers an irresistible temptation. But in the case related by La Ronde, the carcajou restrained his curiosity and hunger for

the time, climbed the tree, cut the cords which bound the gun, which thus tumbled harmless to the ground, and then, descending, secured the bait without danger. Poison and all kinds of traps having already failed, La Ronde was fairly beaten and driven off the ground.

—Lord Milton's and Dr. Cheadle's "*Travels.*"

DESTRUCTION OF THE RED RIVER COLONY BY THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY.

The North-West party, consisting chiefly of half-breeds, had been augmented to upwards of 300 strong, all mounted on horseback, and armed with various weapons, such as guns, spears, and tomahawks, or bows and arrows. They were painted like demons, their heads plumed, and they rushed to the strife with a yell which gave fatal warning to the industrious but half-starved colonists of the danger that threatened them. At the critical period to which we have brought our narrative, these daring marauders had penetrated through the very heart of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, as far as the shores of the Atlantic, which reach Hudson Bay, and in their grasping propensities set at defiance every legal restraint and moral obligation. They pillaged their opponents or destroyed their establishments, as suited their views at the time, and, not unfrequently, kept armed parties marauding from post to post. It was one of these bands, numbering about sixty-five persons, that advanced against the infant colony on the fatal 19th of June, when a rencontre took place, in which twenty-one lives were lost, the flower of the Red River colonists strewing the field, like the slain on the morning of Chevy Chase. The particulars of this conflict are briefly as follows:—

The approach of the enemy was announced by the women and children of the settlers, who were seen running from place to place in alarm, seeking protection, and crying out that the settlers were made prisoners. On this, it appears, Governor Semple, who was Governor-in-chief of the Hudson Bay Company's territories, with several other gentlemen and attendants, walked out to meet the strangers, now discerned to be a party of half-breeds and Indians, all mounted and armed. Their

hostile purpose being manifest, the governor and his party halted, and were seen in a group, as if consulting together, while the Indians and half-breeds divided themselves into two bodies, and instantly commenced firing from the shelter afforded by a few willows; first a shot or two, and then a merciless volley. The party of Governor Semple, consisting of twenty-eight persons, was completely surrounded, and of that number no less than twenty-one were killed: namely, Mr. Semple, the governor; Captain Rogers, mineralogist; Mr. White, the surgeon; Mr. McLean, the principal settler; Lieutenant Holt, of the Swedish navy; Mr. Wilkinson, the governor's secretary, and fifteen men; besides which, Mr. J. P. Bourke, the storekeeper, of whom we shall have to speak hereafter, was wounded, but saved himself by flight. The unhallowed triumph of the murderers was complete. Only one of their number fell in the battle, as they called it, and one other, we believe, was wounded, while the colonists who survived the massacre were ordered once more to leave their homes, without further warning or preparation, on pain of being hunted down and shot like wild beasts, if they should ever appear there again. It is doubtful, indeed, whether one innocent head would have been spared; and that any escaped was due to the generosity and heroism of Mr. Grant, the chief of the hostile party, who rushed before his own people, and, at the imminent peril of his life, kept them at bay, and saved the remnant of the settlers from extirpation. Their houses, however, were ransacked, their goods pillaged, and the whole colony driven into exile. They again found a refuge at Jack River, now called Norway House, situated at the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg.

—Ross's "*Red River Settlement.*"

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,

That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
"Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper.
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha,
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taguamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, "Behold me!
Geezis, the great Sun, behold me!"
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning.
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"
Through the summit of the Cedar,
Went a sound, a cry of horror!
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"
Down he hewed the boughs of Cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.
"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!

Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bring the ends together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched its forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
"Take them all, O Hiawatha!"
From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
"Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!"
And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O Hiawatha!"
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
"Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow

With the juice of roots and berries
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded,
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

—LONGFELLOW.

FOUNDING OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLONIES.

If the close of the fifteenth century is illustrious by the first discovery of the lands of the New World, the two following centuries are distinguished for the prosecution of the work of discovery in more minute and practical details, and for attempts at settlement in the immense territories which exploring enterprise had brought to light. Leaving out of view the efforts of the Spaniards in this direction, who found a splendid field for colonizing in the islands and continent of the South, the French occupy a foremost place in these researches, and in endeavors to turn them to account. About 1504, some Basque and Breton fishermen, engaged in the cod-fishery, discovered an island to the south-west of Newfoundland, to which was given the name of Cape Breton—the name by which it is known at the present day. Nearly twenty years later Verazzano, furnished with authority from Francis I., surveyed a considerable portion of the coast of North America, and in 1534, Jacques Cartier,—mentioned before as touching on Newfoundland,—after visiting parts of that island, crossed the gulf on its western side, and passing by Anticosti, sailed up a mighty river, the St. Lawrence, to the site of the present city and fortress of Quebec. With him was

shortly afterwards joined Roberval, commissioned by the court to plant a colony, and engage in trade with the natives. Then followed nearly half a century in which France manifested little interest in these transatlantic possessions,—being too much occupied with civil dissensions within her own borders. This internal discord being brought to an end by the elevation of Henry IV. to the throne, attention was again turned to the regions of the west. In the year 1603, Champlain sailed for Canada, thus beginning a course of labors of the deepest interest to the rising colony. He organized a system of trade with the Indians; he formed amicable confederacies with them, or humbled them in war by the superior science of European civilization. He fostered settlements of his countrymen, and laid the foundation of Quebec, in which city he was buried, in the year 1635. In the meantime, while France was consolidating her supremacy over the region traversed by the St. Lawrence, she had also gained an established footing in the territory bordering on the ocean—the present Nova Scotia, to which she gave the name of Acadia. In that country, as well as in Cape Breton, little French communities were being formed, and forts erected for the purpose of protection and defence.

During the same period, England had not been idle in the matter of taking possession of new countries, and planting her sons therein. The great pioneer in this work was the illustrious Raleigh. Not discouraged by the disastrous result of the enterprise of which his brother-in-law, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had been the leader, he organized another expedition, whose destination was the remote shores of the continent. Under these auspices, possession was taken of the country washed by the waters of the Chesapeake, and through various vicissitudes attending the settlers,—often privations from the want of supplies from Europe, and contests with the natives—the infant colony took root, under the name of Virginia, in honor of the maiden queen, and grew up to be a flourishing state. It was more than a quarter of a century after the commencement of this plantation, that there took place the memorable exodus of the Pilgrim Fathers—a little community of men, women, and children, who made themselves exiles for the sake of conscience and freedom. These landed at first, to find a desolate home on the shores of the bay to the north of Cape Cod, and laid the foundation of the New England States, destined one day to inaugurate a successful war with the mother country, which

resulted in the independence of a continent. Virginia and Massachusetts were the most notable of the English transatlantic colonies of the seventeenth century. But soon others rose by their side. Maryland, so called after Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I., was granted to the Roman Catholic Lord Baltimore as an asylum for his co-religionists, and, in 1634, two hundred persons of that faith took possession of this beautiful country, to avoid the disabilities which had pressed hard upon them in a Protestant nation. Carolina, called after Charles II., was first occupied by persons who had fled from the severe Puritan rule of Massachusetts, whose numbers were largely augmented by English emigrants furnished with lavish grants of land from the King. It was at a much later period that William Penn, who was a creditor of the government to the amount of £16,000, received in payment an immense tract of country stretching indefinitely inland, and bounded on the east by the Delaware river, and so was founded the Quaker state of Pennsylvania. The territory of the now important State of New York was first explored by the discoverer, Henry Hudson, whose name is perpetuated in the magnificent river which American tourists know so well. Its commencement as a colony was, however, by the Dutch, and for half a century it acknowledged the sovereignty of Holland, when it was conquered and added to the dominion which prevailed in the adjoining states. New Hampshire and Maine were originally planted by some earnest adherents of loyalty and of the Church of England, but these characteristics were soon swamped by accessions from Massachusetts, under the sway of whose government the colony at length fell.

—PEDLEY'S "*History of Newfoundland.*"

THE GREAT AUK.

IT appears that the Great Auk, a noble bird nearly three feet in length, is on the point of becoming extinct, if, indeed, it be not already a thing of the past. The fact of a large bird thus dying out apparently in our own day, has naturally excited great interest, and has led to a careful investigation of all the circumstances of the case.

In early times the principal haunts of the Great Auk appear to have been the eastern coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, where they existed in immense profusion. On the Newfoundland fishing-banks the Great Auk was, two centuries ago, to be found in great abundance. Its appearance was always hailed by the mariner approaching that desolate coast as the first indication of his having reached soundings on the fishing-banks. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, these waters, as well as the Iceland and Faroe coasts, were annually visited by hundreds of ships from England, France, Spain, Holland, and Portugal; and these ships actually were accustomed to provision themselves with the bodies and eggs of these birds, which they found breeding in myriads on the low islands off the coast of Newfoundland. Besides the fresh birds consumed by the ships' crews, many tons were salted down for future use. In the space of an hour, these old voyagers tell us, they could fill thirty boats with the birds. It was only necessary to go on shore, armed with sticks, to kill as many as they chose. The birds were so stupid that they allowed themselves to be taken up on their own proper element by boats under sail; and it is even said that on putting out a plank, it was possible to drive the Great Auks up out of the sea into the boats. On land the sailors formed low enclosures of stones into which they drove the birds, and as they were unable to fly, kept them there enclosed till they were wanted for the table. It is said, too, that as the birds were fat and burnt well, they were actually used for fuel, as the dried bodies of the Auks and Guillemots are still employed on the Westermann Islands.

As may be supposed, this wholesale slaughter of the birds speedily reduced their numbers, and there is no certain information that any individuals of the species have been seen on those coasts during the present century. The last known breeding-places of the bird are two isolated rocks, extremely difficult of access, off the south coast of Iceland; and at long intervals, sometimes of ten or fifteen years, a few individuals have been obtained thence, up to the year 1844. In that year a pair of birds, male and female, were shot at their nest on a little islet near to one of the former breeding-places, and since that time, notwithstanding that the most careful search has everywhere been made for it, the Great Auk has nowhere been seen alive.

It is conjectured that the bird may still be an inhabitant of the inaccessible shores of East Greenland, though none of the

vessels passing that way ever come across it, nor has it ever been seen by any of the Arctic exploring expeditions. It may, of course, yet be discovered on some part of that ice-bound coast; but it is by no means improbable that the Great Auk has now ceased to exist, and has thus taken the place, till now occupied by the Dodo, of the last in the series of extinct birds. —"*Links in the Chain.*"

THE VOYAGE OF THE *GOLDEN HIND.*

IMPOVERISHED by these disasters, it was not till the patent had nearly expired, that Sir Humphrey procured the means to equip another expedition. With the assistance of Raleigh, now in high favor with the Queen, he collected a fleet of five ships. "We were in all," says the chronicler of the voyage, "two hundred and sixty men; among whom we had of every faculty good choice; as shipwrights, masons, carpenters, smiths, and such like, requisite to such an action; also mineral men, and refiners. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided with music in good variety;

not omitting the best toys for morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and many like conceits." Before Gilbert sailed, on the 11th of June, 1583, the Queen sent him a jewel, representing an "anchor guided by a lady," as a token of regard. In spite of the desertion of the barque which Raleigh had equipped, the fleet reached Newfoundland in safety by the end of July. The first glimpse of the coast—a bleak stretch of rocks looming through a dense fog—was disheartening; but a more favored spot was soon after reached, where the weary mariners were charmed with the sight of fresh green foliage, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants. It was just at the close of the fishing season, of which they observed a significant sign in the "incredible multitude of sea-fowl hovering over the banks, to prey upon the offal of fish thrown away by the fishermen." They were well received by the ships of various nations at St. John's. Sir Humphrey at once landed, took formal possession of the country in the name of the queen, amid a salvo of ordnance from the vessels in the anchorage, and gave grants of land to various persons. Disaffection, unfortunately, broke out among his crew, one half of whom returned to England. With the rest he set out to explore the coast towards the south. He sailed in his little ten ton cutter, the *Squirrel;* the largest ships, the *Delight* and the *Golden Hind*, following as near the shore as they dared. The summer was spent in examining all the creeks and bays, noting the soundings, taking the bearings of every possible harbor, and carefully surveying the rugged coast, at great risk of destruction. The admiral was satisfied with the appearance of the land. A lump of ore which was picked up was pronounced by the mineral men to be silver, to the delight of the crew. One night, towards the end of August, there were signs of a gathering storm, though the weather was fair and pleasant. It was afterwards remembered that "like the swan, that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in the sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also the winding of cornets and haughtboys, and in the end of their jollity, left with the battell and ringing of doleful bells." Two days after, the tempest broke upon them. The *Delight*, the largest vessel in the fleet, struck upon a rock, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render any help. A large store of provisions, and Sir Humphrey's papers, were lost. The *Hind* and the *Squirrel*, which had made a narrow escape, were now alone. The weather continued boisterous; winter had fairly set

in, and the cold became more cruel. Provisions running short, both crews were put on short allowance, and used to condole with each other by signs, pointing to their mouths, and exhibiting their thin and tattered clothes. Not without much pressure from his men, Sir Humphrey was persuaded to abandon his explorations for the present, and to return to England. He did his best to cheer the drooping spirits of his companions, going from one vessel to the other "making merry;" speaking hopefully of future expeditions to Newfoundland, and declaring that, on hearing what had been done, the Queen would provide the money for another voyage. Those in the *Golden Hind* besought him not to expose himself to shipwreck in a vessel so slight, frail, and overloaded as the *Squirrel;* but he refused to quit the men with whom he had already passed through so many storms and perils. Soon afterwards the weather became dark and lowering. The sailors, oppressed with a vague sense of coming ill, declared that they heard strange voices in the air, and beheld fearful shapes flitting around the ship. The seas were more "outrageous" than the oldest mariner had ever known before. "On Monday, the 9th September," says Hayes, "in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by the waves, but at that time recovered. Giving forth signs of joy, the general sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out to us in the *Hind*, so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech,—well becoming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hind*, suddenly her lights went out, whereof, as it were in a moment, we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The general is cast away!' which was too true.

"Thus perished Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to the end resolute in a purpose honest and godly, as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce into the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America."

The *Golden Hind* survived the storm, and bore the tidings of the disastrous fate of the expedition to England.

—*British Enterprise Beyond the Seas.*

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Southward with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair, Death;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glistened in the sun:
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello,
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward, through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain, to the Spanish Main;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day;
And like a dream, in the Gulf Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE MOUNTAINEER IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

AT daybreak the atmosphere was frosty, and the slender white column of smoke still more distinctly seen. There were human beings there, and, deserted as I was, I felt an irresistible desire to approach my fellow-creatures, whether they should prove friendly or hostile. Having put my gun and pistols in the best order, and no appearance of my Indian at noon, I left my knapsack and all encumbrances, and descended through thickets and marshes towards the nearest part of the lake, about two miles distant. The white sandy shore, formed of disintegrated granite, was much trodden over by deer and other animals, but there were no marks of man discernible. The extent of the lake was uncertain; but it was apparent that it would require two days at least to walk round either end to the nearest point of the shore opposite to the occupied island. I therefore kept on my own side to discover who the party was. By firing off my gun, if the party were Red Indians, they would in all probability move off quickly on hearing the report, and they having no fire-arms, my fire would not be answered; if they were other Indians, my fire would be returned. I fired: by and by the report of a strange gun travelled among the islands from the direction of the smoke; and thus all my doubts and apprehensions were dispelled. The report of this

gun was the first noise I had heard caused by man, except by my Indian and self, for more than five weeks, and it excited very peculiar feelings.

In about an hour my lost Indian unexpectedly made his appearance from the direction where we had parted on the preceding evening, brought to the spot by the report of my gun. He accounted for himself "that after having shot a stag about two miles from the spot appointed for our encampment, he attempted to get round the west-end of the lake to reconnoitre the party on the island, but found the distance too great, and getting benighted, had slept in the woods."

Soon afterwards to my great delight, there appeared among some woody islets in front, which precluded the view of the other side of the lake, a small canoe, with a man seated in the stern paddling softly towards us, with an air of serenity and independence possessed only by the Indian. After a brotherly salutation with me, and the two Indians kissing each other, the hunter proved to be unable to speak English or French. They, however, soon understood each other; for the stranger, although a mountaineer from Labrador, could speak a little of the Micmac language, his wife being a Micmac. The mountaineer tribe belongs to Labrador, and he told us that he had come to Newfoundland, hearing that it was a better hunting country than his own, and that he was now on his way from St. George's Bay to the Bay of Despair, to spend the winter with the Indians there. He had left St. George's Bay two months before, and expected to be at the Bay of Despair two weeks hence. This was his second year in Newfoundland; he was accompanied by his wife only. My Indian told him that I had come to see the rocks, the deer, the beavers, and the Red Indians; and to tell King George what was going on in the middle of that country. He said St. George's Bay was about two week's walk from us if we knew the best way; and invited us over with him in his canoe, to rest a day at his camp, where he said he had plenty of venison, which was readily agreed to on my part.

The island, on which the mountaineer's camp was, lay about three miles distant. The varying scenery, as we paddled towards it amongst a number of islets, all of granite, and mostly covered with spruce and birch trees, was beautiful. His canoe was similar to those described to have been used by the ancient Britons on the invasion of the Romans. It was made of

wicker-work, covered over outside with deerskins sewed together, stretched on it, nearly of the usual form of canoes, with a bar or beam across the middle, and one at each end to strengthen it. The skin covering, flesh side out, was fastened or laced to the gunwales with thongs of the same material. Owing to decay and wear, it requires to be renewed once in from six to twelve weeks. It is in these temporary barks that the Indians of Newfoundland of the present day navigate the lakes and rivers of the interior. They are easily carried, owing to their lightness, across the portages from one water to another, and, when damaged, easily repaired. There were innumerable granite rocks in the lake a little above and below the surface. On one of these our canoe struck, and rubbed a hole through the half-decayed skin, which was attended with some risk to our persons and guns.

His wigwam was situated in the centre of a wooded islet, at which we arrived before sunset. The approach from the landing-place was by a mossy carpeted avenue formed by the trees having been cut down in that direction for firewood. The sight of a fire not of our own kindling, of which we were to partake, seemed hospitality. The wigwam was occupied by his wife, seated on a deer-skin, busy sewing together skins of the same kind to renew the outside of the canoe, which we had just found required it. A large Newfoundland dog, her only companion in her husband's absence, had welcomed us at the landing-place with signs of the greatest joy. Sylvan happiness reigned here. His wigwam was of a semi-circular form, covered with birch-rind and dried deer skins, the fire in the fore-ground outside. Abundance and neatness pervaded the encampment. On horizontal poles over the fire hung quantities of venison steaks, being smoke-dried. The hostess was cheerful, and a supper of the best the chase could afford was soon set before us on sheets of birch-rind. They told me "to make their camp my own, and to use everything in it as such." Kindness so elegantly tendered by these people of nature in their solitude, commenced to soften those feelings which had been fortified against receiving any comfort except that of my own administering. The excellence of the venison, and of the flesh of young bears, could not be surpassed. A cake of hard deer's fat, with scraps of suet toasted brown intermixed, was eaten with the meat; soup was the drink. Our hostess, after supper, sang several Indian songs at my request; they were plaintive, and

sung in a high key. The song of a female, and her contentment in this remote and secluded spot, exhibited the strange diversity there is in human nature. My Indian entertained us incessantly until nearly daylight with stories about what he had seen in St. John's. Our toils were for the time forgotten.

The mountaineer had occupied this camp for about two weeks, deer being very plentiful all round the lake. His larder, which was a kind of shed erected on the rocky shore, for the sake of a free circulation of air, was in reality a well-stocked butcher's stall, containing parts of some half-dozen fat deer, also the carcases of beavers, otters, musk-rats, and martens, all methodically laid out. His property consisted of two guns and ammunition, an axe, some good culinary utensils of iron and tin, blankets, a number of dried deer-skins to sleep on, and with which to cover his wigwam, the latter with the hair off; a collection of skins to sell at the sea-coast, consisting of those of beaver, otter, marten, musk-rat, and deer, the last dried and the hair off; also a stock of dried venison in bundles. Animal flesh of every kind in steaks, without salt, smoked dry on the fire for forty-eight hours, becomes nearly as light and portable as cork, and will keep sound for years. It thus forms a good substitute for bread, and by being boiled two hours recovers most of its original qualities.

This lake, called Mulpegh or Crooked Lake, by the Indians, I also named in honor of Professor Jameson. It is nine or ten miles in length by from one to three in breadth, joined by a strait to another lake nearly as large, lying south-east, called Burnt Bay Lake, and is one of the chain of lakes connected by the East Bay River of the Bay of Despair, already noticed as running through Serpentine Lake, which forms a part of the grand route of the Indians.

We left the veteran mountaineer (James John, by name,) much pleased with our having fallen in with him. He landed us from his canoe on the south shore of the lake, and we took our departure for the westward along the south side.

—CORMACK'S "*Journey Across Newfoundland.*"

SABLE ISLAND.

Sable Island, famous for the disastrous attempt at colonization made on its inhospitable shores by the Marquis de la Roche, in 1598, has acquired a still more painful notoriety from having been the scene and occasion of very many shipwrecks, from its lying in the direct track of vessels to and from Europe. It is about 85 miles distant from Cape Canso, and is included in the province of Nova Scotia. Its length is about 30 miles; its breadth varies greatly, from its irregular outline, which is somewhat in the form of a bow. The west end is in N. lat. 43° 56′ 42″, W. long. 60° 71′ 15″; the east end in N. lat. 43° 59′ 5″, W. long. 59° 42′. A considerable sum of money is annually appropriated for the maintenance of an establishment on the island, consisting of a superintendent and assistants, with abundant supplies of every article likely to be required in case of shipwreck. This establishment was formed in 1804, and kept up at the expense of the province until 1827; but in the latter year the British Government undertook to furnish a sum equal to that voted by the province, and the establishment has consequently been greatly enlarged, and its usefulness much increased. Its necessity is sufficiently attested by the melancholy fact, that forty vessels were wrecked there in a few years, and in a single winter 200 people are stated to have perished on its coasts.

The surface of the island (according to the statement furnished to Judge Haliburton,) is undulating; and the color is also very similar to that of the sea, from which it is not easily distinguishable. Throughout its whole extent there is not a single tree or shrub, and the only productions to be found upon it are a strong, coarse grass, commonly known by the name of bent grass, or sea mat-weed, whortleberry and cranberry bushes. The grass is indigenous, and grows near the shore, or in low places; and the cranberry bushes are confined to the deep hollows, which the violence of the wind has formed by scooping out the sand, and driving it into the sea. With these exceptions, the soil, if such it can be called, consists of a naked sand, which is easily acted upon by the tempest, and drifts like snow. In some places it has formed conical hills, one of which is 100 feet high; and, notwithstanding its exposure, and the looseness of its texture, continues to increase in bulk. After a gale of wind, human skeletons are sometimes exposed to view, and

timber and pieces of wreck are disinterred, which have been buried for years.

From an early period there appears to have been a herd of wild cattle upon it. The Portuguese were the first who made this humane provision for the unfortunate, by landing some calves, which increased in a few years to such an extent as to induce unprincipled men to hunt for the sake of their hides and tallow, and, in some instances, to remove them alive. The disreputable nature of the employment, and the danger attending a protracted visit on the island, were such, that they were not exterminated for more than a century. After this, it was again stocked, but the cattle shared the same fate as those which had previously been placed there. At a subsequent period, a French clergyman, at Boston, named Le Mercier, who called himself an Englishman by naturalization, sent cattle thither, and proposed to remove there himself. Among the records of the province, there is an application from him to Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong, at Annapolis, for a grant of the island, but as he declined to accept it on the terms proposed—of paying a quit-rent to the King—it was finally withheld. A proclamation, however, was issued by the governor, forbidding people to kill these animals, and they continued there for many years, but at what time they were destroyed, and succeeded by the horses now upon it, is not known, nor is it ascertained whether the latter are the descendants of some sent there by him, or of others which have escaped from wrecks. Since the formation of the establishment, and the protection afforded them by it, they have greatly increased in number. They are small, but strong and active, and endure with surprising hardihood the inclemency of the weather in winter, without any other shelter than that afforded by the hillocks of sand. The south end of the island is their general resort, on account of the quantity of grass on its shores, and its remoteness from the house of the superintendent. They have increased beyond their means of subsistence, and although many are killed every year to supply fresh provisions for the crews of wrecks, who are detained there until an opportunity offers for conveying them to Nova Scotia, yet several of the aged and infirm are generally found dead every spring. They are exceedingly wild, and it is no easy matter to approach within gun-shot of them. As it is desirable that no ineffectual efforts should be made to shoot them, and that they should not be unnecessarily maimed or wounded, great care is

taken by the marksman to secrete himself in a suitable place until an animal approaches within a convenient distance, when one shot usually suffices to kill him. The young male horses are selected for slaughter, and are easily distinguished from the aged by their superior condition, and by the size of the mane, which, in the old horses, is of extreme length, reaching nearly to their knees. The meat is said to be tender, and by no means unpalatable. The island is also well stocked with English rabbits, which make an agreeable variety in the food of the residents. The nature of the soil is so peculiarly adapted to the habits of these animals, that they have multiplied astonishingly, and are prevented from becoming too numerous only by a similar increase of rats, the progeny of those that have escaped from wrecks. Great numbers of the latter perish in the course of the winter, and during the rainy weather of the spring and autumn. Until within the last fifteen years, there was a small herd of wild hogs, that became exceedingly fierce. The climate, however, which had always restricted their increase, finally overcame them altogether, for the whole perished during an unusually severe winter. Since that time it has not been thought advisable to renew this species of stock, which, considering the nature of the food that shipwrecks must sometimes have unfortunately furnished them, must always have been objects of horror and disgust. During the early part of the summer, gulls, ducks, divers, and other wild-fowl, lay an immense quantity of eggs on the southern point, and a party from the house frequently sail up the lake, and fill their boat with them. At the approach of winter these birds migrate to the Continent.

—MARTIN'S "*British Colonies.*"

THE COAL FIELDS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

COAL is one of the greatest treasures which the mineral world bestows upon man. The importance of Great Britain as the manufacturing power of the world is owing in no slight degree to the vast coal-fields that keep her thousands of furnaces in full blast. This valuable mineral is scattered widely over the earth's surface. Nearly every state in Europe rejoices in its own beds of coal; it appears in India, China, and the islands of the Indian Ocean; the African island of Madagascar is not destitute of it;

even in remote Australia it is to be found; and in the southern continent of our western hemisphere, the Republic of Chili is the happy possessor of coal measures. But nowhere is coal to be found in greater quantity than in North America. In the United States the coal-fields extend from Michigan to Alabama, covering an area of nearly two hundred thousand square miles. Of greater interest to us, however, are the coal measures of our own country, which occur in Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island, and are supposed to extend as far as the Magdalen Islands. These extensive deposits of coal cover an area of 36,000 square miles, affording an almost inexhaustible supply of what has been fitly termed the sinews of commercial prosperity. Although these coal-fields are spread over so large a part of the maritime provinces, they are generally connected with the name of Nova Scotia, because in that province they are most conspicuous.

Coal is not a stone in the same sense as limestone or granite are called stones. It consists almost entirely of carbon or charcoal, and represents the remains of vegetable life, that flourished hundreds of thousands of years ago. Geologists suppose that the great coal regions of Nova Scotia and the adjoining provinces were at one time immense swamps at the mouths of great rivers, which brought down in their course trunks of trees, and quantities of mud and sand, which mingled with, and overlaid, the aquatic plants growing in the swamps. The water plants and trees, decaying, furnished layers of coal, and the mud and sand constituted the shale and sandstone that lies between them. In order to illustrate this change, Sir Charles Lyell, the celebrated geologist, states that "whenever any part of a swamp in Louisiana is dried up, during an unusually hot season, and the wood set on fire, pits are burnt into the ground many feet deep," showing the combustible nature of deposits now going on.

Such being the origin of coal, we should naturally expect to find some traces of vegetable organization in the structure of this mineral. These, however, are not visible, as everybody knows, in the majority of lumps of coal that fill our stoves and fire-places. But were we to visit a coal mine, our expectation would soon be realized. On the Chignecto Channel, a branch of the Bay of Fundy, in Nova Scotia, is a line of lofty cliffs, from 150 to 200 feet in height, called the South Joggins. The appearance of these cliffs is of the most interesting character. Alternately with shales and sandstones, are to be seen the edges

of numerous seams of coal, varying from two inches to four feet in thickness; and, rooting in these seams, appear petrified trunks of trees, from eight to twenty-five feet in height. Year by year, the high tides of the Bay of Fundy, which rise more than sixty feet, undermine and wear away the face of the cliffs, revealing new specimens of fossil vegetation. In addition to the trunks and stumps of these trees, which are called Sigillaria, and are unlike any at present existing in the world, the coal measures of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton abound in fossil Equisetaceæ, the horse-tails or scouring rushes of our swamps, and other remarkable trees and plants.

Each of the layers or seams of coal indicates a distinct period of vegetable life. It has hence been concluded that no fewer than fifty-nine great swamp-forests must have contributed to form the Sydney coal-field in Cape Breton. We know, from observation, how slowly the formation of coal is going on at the present day; how great, therefore, must be the period of time that has elapsed since the first of these forests rose from the silent swamp, fell before the power of the watercourse, and became the foundation of fifty-eight successive beds, repeating the story of its own existence! —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

NEXT morning, being Friday, the 3d day of August, in the year 1492, Columbus set sail, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to Heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage, which they wished rather than expected.

As they proceeded, the indications of approaching land seemed to be more certain, and excited hope in proportion. The birds began to appear in flocks, making towards the south-west. Columbus, in imitation of the Portuguese navigators, who had been guided in several of their discoveries by the motion of birds, altered his course from due west towards that quarter whither they pointed their flight. But, after holding on for several days in this new direction without any better success than formerly, having seen no object during thirty days but the sea and the sky, the hopes of his companions subsided faster than they had risen; their fears revived with additional force; impatience, rage, and despair appeared in every countenance. All sense of subordination was lost. The officers, who had hitherto concurred with

Columbus in opinion, and supported his authority, now took part with the private men; they assembled tumultuously on the deck, expostulated with their commander, mingled threats with their expostulations, and required him instantly to tack about, and return to Europe. Columbus perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former arts, which, having been tried so often, had lost their effect; and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition among men in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment. He saw that it was no less vain to think of employing either gentle or severe measures to quell a mutiny so general and so violent. It was necessary, on all these accounts, to soothe passions which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He promised solemnly to his men that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him and obey his command for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient to turn their faces again towards their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable; nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a term so short. The presages of discovering land were now so numerous and promising that he deemed them infallible. For some days the sounding line reached the bottom, and the soil which it brought up indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land-birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore. The crew of the *Pinta* observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber artificially carved. The sailors aboard the *Nigna* took up the branch of a tree with red berries perfectly fresh. The clouds around the setting sun assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm; and during night the wind became unequal and variable. From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the 11th of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and the ships to lie to, keeping strict watch lest they should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept on deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had so long been the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the

forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to Pedro Guttierez, a page of the queen's wardrobe. Guttierez perceived it, and calling to Salcedo, comptroller of the fleet, all three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land! Land!* was heard from the *Pinta*, which kept always ahead of the other ships. As soon as morning dawned, all doubts and fears were dispelled. From every ship an island was seen about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the *Pinta* instantly began the *Te Deum* as a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined by those of the other ships with tears of joy and transports of congratulation. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conception of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all their boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colors displayed, with warlike music, and other martial pomp. As they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view. Columbus was the first European who set foot on the new world which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had so long desired to see. They next erected a crucifix, and prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities which the Portuguese were accustomed to observe in acts of this kind in their new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed in silent admiration upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the

consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising. The vast machines in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the waters with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb and shrub and tree was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to the Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful. The inhabitants appeared in the simple innocence of nature, entirely naked. Their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses on their heads. They had no beards, and every part of their bodies was perfectly smooth. Their complexion was of a dusky copper color, their features regular rather than disagreeable, their aspect gentle and timid. Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces and several parts of their bodies were fantastically painted with glaring colors. They were shy at first through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and with transports of joy received from them hawk-bells, glass-beads, or other baubles; in return for which they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton-yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce. Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ship, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called canoes, and though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity. Thus in the first interview between the inhabitants of the old and new worlds, everything was conducted amicably and to their mutual satisfaction.

—ROBERTSON.

THE PRAIRIES.

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name;
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch

In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless for ever. Motionless!
No, they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges.

Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers.
And pass the prairie-hawk, that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not! ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico, and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific; have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love;
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above the eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footsteps seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here,
The dead of other days? And did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest, crowded with old oaks,
Answer.

A race that long has passed away
Built them ; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped, with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice.

The red man came,
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone ;
All,—save the piles of earth that hold their bones ;
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods ;
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses.

The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to these vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply, some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed. Kindly words
Welcomed and soothed him ; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs ; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and, at length,
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife

Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face; among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps; yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill the deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone. —W. C. Bryant.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

When the thirteen colonies of North America cast off their allegiance to the British Crown in 1776, and erected themselves into the Republic of the United States, it was not without much opposition from many gallant and loyal subjects of King George. Men who loved the British flag, and cherished the name of Briton as an honorable birthright, had no sympathy with their fellow-countrymen in their attempt to dismember the empire, of which they formed so important a part. For this reason they were called United Empire Loyalists, a term synonymous with gallant daring, patient endurance of suffering, and often, unfortunately, with unrewarded loyalty to King and country. Driven from their homes by the Whig, or rebel party, these faithful men, with their families, found refuge in the colonies which had been recently taken from the French. They were among the earliest settlers of New Brunswick and Upper Canada, and were found also in considerable numbers swelling the populations of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Lower Canada. The perilous adventures and noble daring of one of the most prominent United Empire Loyalists is thus given by the American writer, Sabine:—

"James Moody, of New Jersey, at the beginning of the war, with a wife and three children, was settled on a large, fertile, and well-cultivated farm of his own, and was contented and happy. He took no part in politics, and simply wished to live and die a British subject. Molested, however, incessantly, by the Whigs, and shot at three several times on Sunday, while quietly walking on his own grounds, he resolved to fly to the Royal army; and in April, 1777, accompanied by seventy-three of his neighbors, he reached Colonel Barton's corps at Bergen. His very name soon became a terror. The cry that "Moody is out!" or that "Moody is in the country!" was uttered in intense fear in parts of New Jersey and Pennsylvania for years. His first service was at the head of about one hundred men, when he marched seventy miles to annoy his former friends. He was attacked, and of his whole party eight only escaped to the British lines. Of the prisoners taken by the Whigs, more than thirty were sentenced to death—two were executed; the rest saved life by enlisting in the Continental army, but except a few who died, all who were thus spared deserted. He was next employed to

penetrate the country and obtain information relative to the strength and position of a Whig corps, and was commended for his skill and perseverance. In June, 1779, he captured a Whig colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, two captains, and several others of inferior rank, and destroyed a considerable magazine of powder and arms. On his return, with such public stores as he could transport, he was assailed by a force double his own, which, after a spirited fight of forty minutes, he dispersed at the point of the bayonet.

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Next, he went out with a party of seven and secured the persons of eighteen Whig officers of militia, and committee men. This feat raised a new alarm, and he was hunted in caves and forests night and day. He eluded his pursuers, but, while retracing his steps to New York, he fell into the hands of General Wayne, much to the joy of his captors and Whigs of New Jersey. "Moody is in the toils at last," was the word far and near. He was sent first to a place called "*The Slote*," thence to Stony Point, thence to West Point, thence to Esopus, and thence back to West Point. Arnold, who was plotting to surrender the latter port, treated him with absolute barbarity; for, by his order, he was placed in a dungeon excavated in a rock, the bottom of which was ankle-deep in water, mud, and filth. In this dismal hole the wretched prisoner was fettered hand and foot; compelled to sleep on a door raised on four stones above the disgusting mixture, and proffered food at which he revolted, and which was brought to him in a wooden bowl that was never washed, and that was encrusted with dough, dirt, and grease. The irons upon his wrists were ragged on the inner side, and caused sores which gave him great pain, while his legs became irritated and swollen. He implored Arnold for relief, declaring that he preferred death to sufferings so intense. Some days after his second petition to be treated as a prisoner of war, an officer came to his prison and asked,—"Are you Moody, whose name is a terror to every good man?" When answered, the officer pointed to a gallows near by and said,—"A swing upon that you have long merited." Moody replied, "That he hoped to live to see him, and a thousand other villains like him, hanged for being rebels." The fetters were examined but not removed. The case was at last reported to Washington, who ordered the irons to be taken off, and the serving of wholesome provisions, with leave to purchase milk and vegetables. Soon,

too, the prisoner was transferred to the chief's own camp, when the adjutant-general, the noble Scammell, examined his limbs, and, shocked at their condition, gave instant directions for humane treatment. Before our partisan had fully recovered, he was told that he was to be tried for the murder of the Whig captain and of another officer who fell in the affair which I have mentioned; and also for enlisting men, which, too, was a capital offence. He was informed besides, that "he was so obnoxious, and likely to be so mischievous, that the Whigs were determined to get rid of him at any rate," and that his fate was sealed. From this moment he resolved to escape or perish in the effort. On a dark and rainy night, he accordingly contrived to break the bolt off his handcuffs without notice, when he sprang past the inner sentinel, knocked down and seized the gun of the next, avoided four others who were stationed at the place of his confinement, and obtained his liberty, though the cry was raised by hundreds—"Moody has escaped from the Provost!" and though he was pursued in every direction.

We hear little of our partisan and spy until March, 1781, when Oliver De Lancy the younger, who had succeeded André as Adjutant-General, requested him to undertake to intercept Washington's despatches. Moody, ever ready, departed the very next night, and travelled more than twenty-five miles by the dawn of day; when, as detection was sure to lead to a speedy death on the gallows, he and his followers retreated to a swamp. On the second night his guide refused to proceed; and Moody, in his anger, cocked his gun to shoot him, but spared him for the sake of his family. The enterprise was, however, at an end, and those who were engaged in it made the best of their way to New York. De Lancy was much disappointed; and Moody, in nowise discouraged, set out again, determined upon success. He reached the Haverstraw Mountains in darkness, and was there informed that the post had already passed. To get ahead of the rider was the only course; and Moody and his little band, heedless of severe suffering from the inclemency of the weather and from a pelting snow-storm, pushed on, and on the fifth day they obtained their prize, which, after hazardous and distressing night marches, they placed in the possession of their employer.

Moody himself bore fatigue, hunger, and cold, without apparent injury; but the hardships of this adventure were fatal to the health of most of his party. Soon after this feat, Moody,

who had served quite a year as a volunteer without pay, and nearly three years as an ensign, was promoted to a lieutenancy.

In a month or two, De Lancy complained of the want of intelligence, and the new lieutenant, with four men, accordingly left camp to seize another "Rebel Mail." On the second night they met a party of Whigs, who enclosed them on three sides, and who had so well executed a plan of ambush as to leave no hope of escape, except by leaping from a high cliff of rocks. To surrender or perish was the only alternative. Moody chose the latter; and, bidding his men to follow, sprang over the precipice. Strangely enough not one was hurt. But he soon saw another band of Whigs crossing a swamp; and, satisfied that his enemies acted upon information sent from the British lines, he resolved to retreat. Eluding his pursuers, he reached the Hudson River, and thought his perils over. When within four miles of the city, seventy Whigs emerged from a house a hundred yards distant, and marched directly towards him. His guide, who insisted that they were Loyalists, went to meet them, and was greeted with a shot. The main body made for Moody, who, without other means of escape, scrambled up a steep hill; but, long before he reached the summit, his foes were in full chase, and when only one hundred and fifty feet off "gave him one general discharge." "The bullets flew like a storm of hail all around him; his clothes were shot through in several places; one ball went through his hat and another grazed his arm." He turned without slackening his pace, aimed at one who pursued, and killed him on the spot. Though the firing was continued he escaped unharmed, and in due time reported himself at head-quarters. Still bent on success, and giving himself no time for rest, Moody, accompanied by four trusty followers, left New York the very night of his arrival there; and, as before, he moved in darkness only, until he was ready to pounce upon the coveted "Rebel Mail." He incurred perils which I have not time to relate. After waylaying the rider five days, he bore off all the despatches that were sent to Whigs in the field and elsewhere, in consequence of interviews between Washington and Count Rochambeau in Connecticut."

After numberless stirring adventures, Lieutenant Moody visited England in 1781, for the sake of his health, which had been greatly shattered; he afterwards settled in Nova Scotia, and died at Weymouth in 1809. —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

JACK FROST.

THE Frost look'd forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So, through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain—
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,
By the light of the morn were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds, and swarms of bees;
There were cities, with temples and towers—and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I' drinking."

—MISS GOULD.

PITCHER PLANTS.

PITCHER PLANTS are among the greatest curiosities of the vegetable kingdom. In most of our Northern swamps they may be seen, with their tall flower-stalks, and dark brownish-red flowers, rising erect from the soft peat-moss, surrounded by clusters of pitcher-shaped leaves. The pitchers are of all hues, from a dark withered brown to a delicate green, exhibiting often a beautiful marking of bright red lines. They are formed, it is supposed, by a natural folding of the leaf of the plant, although it is impossible to say for what purpose; and are of all sizes, ranging from two to eight inches in length. On one side of the pitcher is a winged expansion of the folded leaf, and at the top there is formed a roundish arching hood. The neck of the pitcher is much narrower than its body, and presents the appearance of a solid rim, generally very bright and glossy. It is supposed that the water, with which these leaves are generally half filled, is drawn up from the swamp, and that its presence is not owing to rain. These pitchers are the sepulchres of unnumbered flies and other insects: it is an easy matter for them to find their way into the open mouth, but not so easy to return, for the throat and hood are lined with sharp hairs pointing downwards, that pierce the repentant intruder while attempting to retrace his steps, and hurl him into the abyss of water below. Once there, hope is for ever shut out, and the unfortunate insect dies a lingering death. It has been supposed that the pitcher plant, like the little sundews of our bogs, which clasp intruding flies in their glutinous embrace, has a relish for other food than that which earth and air supply, and that its carnivorous tastes are essential to its existence; but this view is not well-established. In Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and in parts of Canada, the root of the pitcher plant has been used successfully in cases of smallpox, although doctors differ as to its real value in medicine. There is no doubt that the Indians look upon it as a valuable remedy, and one of the most important articles with which the great medicine chest of nature supplies them. The name of our pitcher plant is Sarracenia, so called from Dr. Sarrazin, of Quebec, a physician who first sent an account of it, accompanied with specimens, to Tournefort, the celebrated French botanist. The name of the species, or particular kind of Sarracenia, which is to be found

in British North America and the Northern United States, is *purpurea*, or the purple Sarracenia, so called from the color of the gloomy-looking flower. Another species, called the *flava*, or yellow Sarracenia, grows sometimes to the height of three feet, with long trumpet-shaped pitchers and yellow flowers. It is never found north of Virginia in the United States. Another, called the *Darlingtonia*, is found growing among the mountains of California; and still another, named *Heliamphera*, in the swamps of Guiana. All the true pitcher plants, therefore, are natives of the New World.

In the East Indies, however, and in China, another class of pitcher plants is to be found, even more curious than ours. The two classes are not at all related to one another, the Sarracenias being closely allied to the buttercups, and the Nepenthes to the nettles. An interesting writer thus describes the latter :—

"It is of a half shrubby nature, and can grow to the height of from twenty to thirty feet. Its leaves, which are the most wonderful parts of it, are green, smooth, entire, and about three inches broad and two feet long; and they come out stragglingly, and half embrace the stem. The mid-rib of each has a rusty brown color, is very prominent behind, and is prolonged at the tip of the leaf into a tortuous, pendulous, rusty-brown tendril; and this tendril bears at its extremity a perpendicular dingy-brown pitcher, from six to nine inches in depth, and about five inches in greatest circumference. A very distinct lid surmounts the pitcher, and joins on to the back part of the rim; it continues closed while the pitcher is young, and stands open, at about a right angle with the mouth, when the pitcher becomes old. A quantity of pure sweet water, varying from a drachm to several ounces, is always found in both the opened and the unopened pitchers; and seems to be a secretion from minute glandular scales with which the lower half of the pitcher is lined. Some animals of the monkey family in Ceylon are well acquainted with the liquid-containing character of the pitchers, and never scruple to frequent them as convenient, pleasant wells. A pitcher plant at Chatsworth was described, a number of years ago, as more than twenty feet high; as suspending nearly fifty full-grown pitchers from the points of its strongest leaves; and as presenting a most magnificent and exceedingly singular appearance."

There is yet another plant closely allied to the Sarracenias,

although not belonging to the same family, which presents a similar peculiarity of leaf. The pitchers of the Cephalotus, as it is called, resemble those of the Nepenthes in possessing a lid, but differ from them in that they spring directly from the root, being mingled with the ordinary leaves of the plant. The Cephalotus is a native of King George's Sound in New Holland. With it may be said to conclude the tribe of vegetable curiosities known as pitcher plants. —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

MOOSE HUNTING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

About three hours after sundown we all left the camp; my companion, with old Paul, going down the lake in the canoe, whilst the two young Indians accompanied me through the woods to "Still Water," a stagnant, muddy stream, flowing into the lake through swampy fir-wood. The "dark valley" through which it passed was thickly carpeted by wet moss, the numerous impressions on which showed that it was a favorite resort for moose. As there was still an hour's daylight, we commenced to "creep." Presently Joe, stooping down and examining a track with unusual earnestness, beckoned to his comrade.

"Quite fresh track, two bull and cow; they gone by just ten minutes," pronounced Joe. "See here," said he, bending down a young maple shoot bitten off at about ten feet from the ground, "see where he make the fresh bite."

It was evidently cropt quite recently, for, on breaking it off an inch lower down, no difference in color could be perceived between the fracture and where the moose had bitten it.

"I think you put on cap now," said the Indian, "no tellin when we see um moose now."

Now begins the creeping in earnest, Jim taking the lead and we following, noiseless as snakes, in Indian file. Suddenly, a distant sound strikes our ears, and we stand listening in our tracks. It is repeated—a wild roar—and appears to come over the hill to our left.

"The moose!" said Jim, and, clearing the swamp, we dash up the hill-side, the energetic waving of Jim's hand, as we arrive at the summit, warning us to exercise our utmost caution. Yes! he is right. The brutes are in the valley beneath, and the forest echoes with the deep guttural bellowings of the

antlered monster, and the plaintive answers of his consort, yet we in no way relaxed our former caution. We could not depend for any mistake on our being concealed by the tremendous uproar of the moose, and our course must still be shaped with due observation of the wind. We descend the hill obliquely to the edge of the "Still Water," across which the moose has just swum. We, too, cross the water on a dead trunk that has fallen from bank to bank, and, tightly grasping our guns, crouch down and endeavor to penetrate the thickets ahead for a sight of the game. Suddenly and unexpectedly we leave the dense underwood, and stand on the edge of a little open valley. Jim, as I emerge from the thicket immediately after him, bounds on one side, his arm extending and pointing. There is an enormous black mass standing behind a group of young maples at the further end of the valley. It is the bull. In a second the sight of the rifle bears upon him, and uttering an appalling roar, the huge brute sinks plunging into the laurels.

With a shout we rush on. To our astonishment, however, he rises with another fearful roar, and, before I have time to check my speed and level the rifle once more, he has disappeared through the thicket.

"Come on," shouts Jim, "we sure to get him —he badly hit."

There is no tracking now; the crushing branches and the roar of the enraged animal direct us, and we dash through swamps, and bound over fallen trees with desperate energy. But it is of no use; the pace was too good to last, and presently, torn and exhausted, we flung ourselves at full length on the moss, and for awhile listened to our own deep breathings, and to the hoarse bellowing of the rapidly-retreating moose, momentarily growing fainter. Joe, the youngest Indian, a lad of extraordinary endurance, had taken my rifle and renewed the chase by himself.

After a while, however, Joe was seen returning, and without saying a word flung himself down by the side of his companions, quite done up. They did not ask him what luck he had, there it was, plain enough—a piece of moose-meat tied to the barrel of his gun. The particulars of the chase did not come out till the day's sport was over, and master and men reclined at their ease in camp.

"When I leave you," exclaimed Joe, "I run very hard for 'bout a mile; moose make great noise—I know he very sick; and soon when I come on little barren I see um standing on

other side. Oh, my sakes! He got such a bad cough! He not able to hold up his head. Then I shoot, and he run little piece further and drop. You want to know where you hit um? Well, I tell you, you hit um in the neck—make him cough shocking."

—LIEUTENANT HARDY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

THE original inhabitants of this beautiful island were two tribes of Indians, the Abenaki and the Micmac. These tribes were frequently at war with each other, till, at last, the Micmacs prevailed, and drove the Abenakis into the adjoining provinces. It is a difficult matter to tell who was the first European that landed upon the shores of Prince Edward Island. It is supposed that John Cabot, the Venetian navigator, in the service of the English Henry VII.; Cortereal, a Portuguese; and Verrazzani, a Florentine, in the employ of France, may have discovered it in the course of their explorations. It is, at least, highly probable that the fleets of fishing vessels, which followed the discovery of Cartier, in 1534, to the banks of Newfoundland, did not overlook the valuable fishing-grounds on the western shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and that their crews formed temporary settlements upon this inviting island.

The celebrated Champlain, the most diligent of French explorers, was the first to give a name to the island, which he may thus claim the merit of having discovered. He called it St. John, probably from the saint's day on which he first caught sight of its well-wooded hills and long banks of sand. But, although it had received a name, St. John was long destitute of civilized habitation. In 1663, the Government of Canada granted the island to the Sieur Doublet, a naval captain, who made it the head-quarters of an extensive fishery. In his hands it remained until the close of the century, being visited by his associates and employés only during the summer months, after which all traces of the presence of civilized man were annually destroyed by the savages, who were left in sole possession during the long winter season.

It was not till 1715, when the French had been deprived of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, that some Acadians, and other French settlers, unwilling to live under a foreign flag, made their way to Cape Breton and St. John, still under the power of France. The dwellings they erected for themselves were mere huts in the wilderness, many of them rude Indian wigwams, totally unconnected with each other, roads being then altogether unknown. By degrees, immigration increased, and in 1745, the opening year of the war between Britain and France, the population consisted of about 800 men, women, and children. It is supposed that the island was not molested during this war, although it seems to have been the intention of General Pepperell, who, with a body of New England Militia, made the first capture of Louisburg, to take possession of St. John also. After the restoration of Cape Breton to the French, in 1749, the island began to assume an appearance of wealth and dignity. Farms were cleared; villages showed their church-spires rising up among the forest trees; two small forts frowned threateningly upon possible enemies; and two governors watched over the welfare of the island, one civil, the other military, with a command of sixty men. Many Acadians continued to find their way to St. John, and, in 1758, its population had increased to 4000.

But before this, another war between France and Great Britain had commenced. This war began in 1756, and, after several British reverses, ended in the capture of Louisburg and the taking of Quebec by Amherst and Wolfe. Under the conditions of the capitulation of Louisburg, St. John was formally ceded to the British crown, and Colonel Rollo took possession of it a short time afterwards. A large number of the inhabitants, dreading the fate of the Acadians of Nova Scotia, deserted their farms and villages, and many removed altogether to the mainland. From this period, 1748, till the American Revolution, St. John remained unmolested. In 1775, however, two war vessels of the American congress, which had been sent to the Gulf of St Lawrence to look after some British store ships on their way to Quebec, having allowed these to escape them, revenged themselves by an attack upon Charlottetown, which had now become the chief place in the island. Finding little opposition from the loyal but unprotected inhabitants, the rebels plundered the town, and carried off the deputy-governor and the surveyor-general, whom they took with them to

General Washington's camp. Washington, far from being pleased with the act, condemned the officers in command for "leaving undone what they ought to have done, and doing what they ought not." He restored the property carried off, and liberated the prisoners, with many expressions of regret that they had been put to such inconvenience by his followers. After this occurrence, a small ship of war was despatched from the British fleet for the protection of the island. This ship succeeded in capturing a merchant vessel, in which a number of rebels from Nova Scotia intended to make a descent upon Charlottetown, and brought the prize and prisoners into the harbor which they had fondly expected to enter as conquerors.

The Island of St. John has possessed a separate government of its own, having been separated in 1770 from Nova Scotia, to which it had been attached since 1763. In the year 1799, when the population of the island was 5000, the Duke of Kent visited North America as Commander-in-Chief of the forces stationed in the different provinces. Feeling the inconvenience of a name common to the chief towns of Newfoundland and New Brunswick, the legislature of St. John altered its designation to Prince Edward, in compliment to the Duke of Kent, and father of her present gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Since that time the Island of Prince Edward has made rapid progress in material prosperity. Its population is now over 80,000. As an agricultural country it is unsurpassed; and its fisheries and ship-building have been long carried on with great success. Like its sister provinces, it musters a considerable volunteer force, prepared, if need be, to do battle for the integrity of "this right little, tight little island."

—*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

SHIP-BUILDING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

SHIP-BUILDING is, undoubtedly, the characteristic feature of the Province of New Brunswick. Nova Scotia possesses more extensive coalfields; Newfoundland excels in fisheries; Prince Edward Island boasts a finer climate; and the Canadas are no mean competitors in the grain and timber markets; but in this important branch of industry New Brunswick takes the lead. The vast forests of this province present an almost inexhaustible supply of suitable materials for the construction of vessels of all dimensions, in the plantations of oak and elm, beech and maple, birch, ash, larch, and spruce trees, which they contain. So numerous are the rivers and streams, which form a net-work of navigation, as it were, over the country, that no difficulty is found in conveying the raw material to the busy ship-yards on the great rivers and along its many hundred miles of sea-board. The principal stations of this industrial art are the ports of St. John and Miramichi; but almost as important are the numerous creeks and bays of the Bay of Fundy, the Straits of Northumberland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the

Bay of Chaleur, in which, as well as along the banks of the larger rivers flowing into them, ship-building is extensively prosecuted.

A large number of the vessels built in this province—from 100 to 150 annually—are employed in the coasting trade carried on by the provinces of British America between themselves and with the United States; in the seal, cod, and other fisheries of Newfoundland, Labrador, and their neighboring fishing-stations; and in the transportation of timber to Great Britain. Many ships constructed in the New Brunswick yards, however, are of a far more ambitious character than these, and, like the famous *Marco Polo*, have been unsurpassed for beauty of form, for speed, and for durability. So high has the reputation of the ship-builders of New Brunswick risen, that their vessels are in great request even in England; and an agent of Lloyd's, the celebrated English underwriting or Marine Insurance Establishment, resides permanently in the province, to watch over its ship-building interests.

The most important kinds of timber used in this branch of industry are the black birch, a tall tree, with compact wood, very different from the white-barked varieties employed by the Indians in the construction of their canoes; and the larch, or hackmatack, also known as the tamarack,—a graceful and valuable member of the pine family, generally found growing in swampy places. These woods are only made use of for the larger and more important classes of ships; to all inferior purposes the other varieties of timber already specified are applied. The lofty white pine serves for masts, and the topmasts and yards are made of the black or double spruce. We may form an idea of the size of many of the vessels built at St. John, and other New Brunswick ports, from the fact that the 122 ships built in 1853 averaged 585 tons, or more than five times the dimensions of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's vessel, the *Golden Hind*.

Ship-building in New Brunswick dates back to the year 1770, when one of the earliest settlers, named Jonathan Leavitt, launched a small schooner in the harbor of St. John, the pigmy ancestor of a numerous and giant progeny. This first attempt of the provincial ship carpenter was dignified with the name of "*Monnequash*" in honor of what is now St. John, that being the Indian designation of the peninsula upon which part of the city is situated. Three years afterwards, Miramichi began to

divide the honors of the craft, in the person of William Davidson, the first British settler upon the river, who built a vessel of considerable size, and christened her the "*Miramichi*," after her birth-place. Such were the first attempts at what is now a most important source of revenue to the country, and an occupation which affords employment to large numbers of intelligent and industrious men. The great progress made by New Brunswick in this art since the early period of its commencement, leads us to anticipate a mighty and prosperous future for ship-building interests in the province, and the ultimate formation of a British-American marine inferior only to that of the mother country. —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

THE SHIP-BUILDERS.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad axe to the gnarled oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark! roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up! up! in nobler toils than ours
No craftsman bears a part;
We make of nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.
Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam,
And drive the tree-nails free;
No faithless joint, nor yawning seam,
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Where'er the keel of our good ship
The sea's rough field shall plough—
Where'er her tossing spars shall drip
With salt-spray caught below—
That ship must heed her master's beck,
Her helm obey his hand,
And seamen tread her reeling deck,
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell,
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves a-down the grooves,
In graceful beauty now!
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down the virgin prow!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er in mart or in the m
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! but let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison-draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands,
And nature's sun and showers!

Be hers the prairie's golden grain,
The desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main,
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

—J. G. WHITTIER.

FIRE IN THE WOODS.

I CAN conceive of nothing in this world more awful than one of those fires which have frequently rushed through forests in North America, with more fearful rapidity and destructive fury than any lava-stream that ever poured from the fiercest volcano. The first time I ever saw the traces of such a conflagration was in Nova Scotia, between Halifax and Truro, on the road to Pictou. The driver of the stage—and a better or merrier never mounted a box, or guided a team through mud and over corduroy—pointed out to me the spot in which he and his charge had a most narrow escape. While pursuing his journey along one of these forest roads, ramparted on each side by tall trees that show but a narrow strip of blue sky overhead, he found himself involved in volumes of smoke bursting from the woods. It did not require the experience of an inhabitant of the great Western Continent to reveal to him instantly his terrible position. The woods were on fire! but whether the fire was far off or near he could not tell. If far off, he knew

it was making towards him with the speed of a race-horse; if near, a few moments must involve him in the conflagration. Suddenly the fire burst before him! It was crossing the road, and forming a canopy overhead; sending long tongues of flame, with wreaths of smoke, from one tree-top to another; cracking and roaring as it sped upon its devouring path; licking up the tufted heads of the pines, while the wind hurled them onward to extend the conflagration. What was to be done? To retreat was useless. Miles of forest were behind ready to be consumed. There was one hope only of escape. Nathan had heard, in the morning, a report that a mill had been burnt. The spot where it stood was about six hundred yards ahead. He argued, that the fire having been there, and consumed everything, could not again have visited the same place. He determined to make a desperate rush through fire and smoke to reach the clearance. The conflagration was as yet above him like a glowing arch, though it had partially extended to the ground on either side. He had six horses, to be sure, tried animals, who knew his voice, and whom he seemed to love as friends; but such a coach!—lumbering and springless, and full of passengers, too, chiefly ladies; and such roads!—a combination of trunks of trees buried in thick mud. But on he must go, or perish. Bending his head down, blind, hardly able to breathe, lashing his horses, and shouting to the trembling, terrified creatures, and while the ladies screamed in agony of fear, Nathan went plunging and tossing through the terrific scene! A few minutes more, and there is no hope, for the coach is scorched, and about to take fire; and the horses are getting unmanageable! Another desperate rush—he has reached the clearance, and there is the mill, a mass of charred wood, surrounded by a forest of ebony trunks growing out of charred earth; the fire has passed, and Nathan is safe! "Oh! sir," he said, "it was frightful! Think only if a horse had stumbled or fallen! or had the fire caught us further back!—five minutes more would have done it, sir!" That same fire consumed a space of forest ten miles long and three broad.

But what is such a fire, even, to the memorable one which devastated Miramichi, in New Brunswick, about twenty-five years ago! That terrible conflagration is unparalleled in the history of consumed forests. It broke out on the 7th October, 1825, about sixty miles above the town of Newcastle, at one in the afternoon, and before ten the same night it had reached

twenty miles beyond; thus traversing, in nine hours, a distance of eighty miles of forest, with a breadth of about twenty-five! Over this great tract of country everything was destroyed, one hundred and sixty persons perished; not a tree was left, the very fish in the streams were scorched, and found afterwards lying dead in heaps.

The morning of that dreadful day was calm and sultry; but, in an instant, smoke swept over the town of Newcastle (situated on the river Miramichi), which turned day into night. The darkness was so unexpected—so sudden—so profound—that many cried that the Judgment had come. But soon the true cause was suspected. Suspicions were speedily followed by certainty, as the flames were seen bursting through the gloom. Every one made for the river; some got into boats moored near the beach, some on rafts of timber, while others stood in the water. Terrified mothers with their families; decrepid old men and women; and, worse than all, the sick and dying, were hurried, in despairing crowds, to the stream, to escape the flames which were already devouring their houses, and making a bonfire of the thriving town. Each succeeding hour added some new horror to the scene. The rarefaction and exhaustion of the air by the intense heat over so great a space caused, as was supposed, such a rush of cold air from the ocean, that a hurricane rushed in fury along the river, tearing burning trees up by the roots, hurling flaming branches through the air for five or six miles (which set fire to the shipping, and to the woods on the other side of the broad stream), causing at the same time such a rolling sea up the river as threatened to swamp the boats, and sweep the miserable refugees from the rafts! It seems incredible—but we believe there is no doubt as to the fact—that the ashes of the fire fell thick on the streets of Halifax, St. John's, Newfoundland, and Quebec; and that some were carried as far as the Bermudas, while the smoke darkened the air hundreds of miles off! That terrible night is fresh in the memory of all who endured its horrors. One of my informants, speaking of it, said, "No language can describe it! I do not think I shall see anything like it again in this world, or until the last day! I was in a druggist's shop, getting medicine for my wife, who was confined to bed with a fever. The druggist was pouring a few drops into a phial, when literally, in a twinkling of an eye, it became so dark that he could not see to drop the medicine, and I could not see his face!

'The last day has come!' we both exclaimed. I left the shop to go home; but it was so pitch-dark that I could not see the road, and had to walk in the ditch which bordered it. Guided by the paling, and assisted by a friend, I got my wife and children to the river, and placed them on a raft, and what a scene!—what crying and weeping of those whose relations lived in the settlements further back, and for whom they knew there was now no escape! But there is no use talking about it. No tongue can find words to picture that night! Fire and smoke, wind and water, all spending their utmost fury; the children crying—the timid screaming—the sick in misery—the brave at their wit's end—and all knowing, too, that we had lost many friends, and all our property. I shudder to think of it."

That fire has left singular traces of its journey. The road from Newcastle to Bathurst, near the Bay of Chaleur, passes for five or six miles through a district called the Barrens. The scene which meets the eye of the traveller is, perhaps, unequalled. Far as the eye can reach, upon every side, there is nothing but desolation. The forest extends, as it has done for ages, across plains, and vanishes over the undulating hills which bound the distant horizon. But while all the trees, with most of their branches, remain, spring extracts no bud from them, nor does summer clothe even a twig with foliage. All is a barren waste. The trees are not black now, but white and bleached by sun and rain; and far to the horizon, round and round, nothing is discerned but one vast and apparently boundless forest of the white skeleton trunks of dead, leafless trees! That immense tract is doomed to remain barren, perhaps, for ever—at least, for many long years to come. It is avoided by the emigrant,—nay, the very birds and wild beasts seem to have for ever deserted it. The trees would not, in a country of forest, pay the expense of cutting them down for firewood, even were the chopping process of half-burnt trunks less difficult and disagreeable than it is; while the land has become so scourged by the exuberant crop of various plants which grow up in such soil, when cleared by a fire, as to be comparatively useless in a colony of countless acres yet untouched by the plough of the settler.

Though no such fire as that which devastated Miramichi ever visited any of our colonies before or since, yet partial fires are very common. I saw a very respectable Scotch emigrant in Prince Edward Island, whose house was suddenly caught by

one of those dreadful visitations, and two interesting daughters were burnt alive, before their father, who escaped, could warn them of their danger.

—Norman Macleod, D.D.

AUTUMN WOODS.

Ere in the northern gale
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,
The woods of autumn, all around our vale,
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that unfold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown
The upland, where the mingled splendors glow,
Where the gay company of trees look down
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone
In these bright walks; the sweet south-west, at play,
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strewn
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,
The sun that sends the gale to wander here,
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile—
The sweetest of the year.

O Autumn! why so soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad?
Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
And leave thee wild and sad.

Ah, 'twere a lot too blest,
For ever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amidst the kisses of the soft south-west
To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad, the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour.

—BRYANT.

THE LAZARETTO AT TRACADIE.

THERE is an obscure and doubtful story that, some eighty or a hundred years ago, a French ship was wrecked on the shore of the county of Gloucester or Northumberland, and that some of those who escaped from the crew were sailors of Marseilles, who had caught in the Levant the true eastern leprosy, the terrible *Elephantiasis Græcorum*. However this may be, there is no doubt that, for many years past, a portion of the French population of these counties has been afflicted with this fearful malady—or one closely allied to it—probably that form of leprosy which is known to prevail upon the coast of Norway. About twenty years ago the disease seemed to be on the increase, and so great an alarm was created by this fact, and by the allegation (the truth or falsehood of which I have never been able satisfactorily to ascertain) that settlers of English descent had caught and died of the disease, that a very stringent law was passed, directing the seclusion of the lepers, and authorizing any member of a local Board of Health, constituted by the Act, to commit to the lazaretto any person afflicted with the disorder. After being for a time established at Sheldrake Island, in the Miramichi river, the hospital was removed to Tracadie, in the county of Gloucester, where it continues to remain.

The situation of the lazaretto is dreary in the extreme, and the view which it commands embraces no object calculated to please, or, indeed, to arrest the eye. On the one side is a shallow, turbid sea, which, at the time of my visit, was unenlivened by a single sail; on the other lies a monotonous stretch of bare,

cleared land, only relieved by the ugly church and mean wooden houses of a North American village.

The outer enclosure of the lazaretto consists of a grass field, containing some three or four acres of land. Within these limits the lepers are now allowed to roam at will. Until lately, however, they were confined to the much narrower bounds of a smaller enclosure, in the centre of the large one, and containing the buildings of the hospital itself.

Into their dismal precincts I entered, accompanied by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chatham, the Secretary to the Board of health, the resident physician, and the Roman Catholic priest of the village, who acts as chaplain to the hospital.

Within the inner enclosure are several small wooden buildings detached from each other, comprising the kitchen, laundry, &c., of the establishment; one of these edifices, but newly completed, is furnished with a bath—a great addition to the comfort of the unhappy inmates. The hospital itself is a building containing two large rooms; the one devoted to the male, and the other to the female patients. In the centre of each room is a stove and table, with a few benches and stools, whilst the beds of the patients are ranged along the walls. These rooms are sufficiently light and well ventilated, and, at the time of my visit, were perfectly clean and neat. In the rear of these rooms is a small chapel, so arranged that a window, commonly traversing the wall on each side of the partition which divides the two rooms, enables the patients of either sex to witness the celebration of mass without meeting. Through the same apertures confessions are received. I may here remark how curious an illustration is thus afforded to architectural students of the object of these low skew windows, often found in the chancels of ancient churches. In a remote corner of North America, in a new wooden building of modern date, erected by men who never saw a mediæval church, or possess the least acquaintance with Gothic architecture, convenience has suggested an arrangement precisely similar to that which has long puzzled the antiquarians and architects of Europe.

At the time of my visit there were twenty-three patients in the lazaretto, thirteen males and ten females, all of whom were French Roman Catholics, belonging to families of the lowest class. They were of all ages, and suffering from every stage of the disease. One old man, whose features were so disfigured as to be barely human, and who appeared in the extremity of

dotage, could hardly be roused from his apathy sufficiently to receive the Bishop's blessing, which was eagerly sought on their knees by the others. But there were also young men, whose arms seemed as strong, and their powers of work and of enjoyment as unimpaired, as they had ever been; and—saddest sight of all—there were young children condemned to pass here a life of hopeless misery.

I was especially touched by the appearance of three poor boys, between the ages of fifteen and eleven years. To the ordinary observer they were like other lads—bright-eyed and intelligent enough; but the fatal marks which sufficed to separate them from the outer world were upon them, and they were now shut up for ever within the walls of the lazaretto.

An impression similar in kind, though feebler in degree, is produced by the sight of all the younger patients. There is something appalling in the thought that, from the time of his arrival until his death, a period of, perhaps, many long years, a man, though endowed with the capacities, the passions, and the desires of other men, is condemned to pass from youth to middle life, and from middle life to old age, with no society but that of his fellow-sufferers, with no employment, no amusement, no resource; with nothing to mark his hours but the arrival of some fresh victim; with nothing to do except to watch his companions slowly dying around him. Hardly any of the patients could read, and those who could had no books. No provision seemed to be made to furnish them with any occupation, either bodily or mental, and, under these circumstances, I was not surprised to learn that, in the later stages of the disease, the mind generally became enfeebled.

—Governor Gordon's "*Wilderness Journeys in New Brunswick.*"

LEFT ASHORE ON ANTICOSTI.

At last the boat was lowered, and Halkett and three others, descending noiselessly, motioned to me to follow. I stepped boldly over the side, and waving a last good-bye to those above, sat down in the stern to steer, as I was directed. It was a calm night, with nothing of a sea, save that rolling heave ever present in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and now the men stretched

to their oars and we darted swiftly on, not a word breaking the deep stillness. Although the island lay within six miles, we could see nothing of it against the sky. I have said that nothing was spoken as we rowed along over the dark and swelling water; but this silence did not impress me till I saw ahead of us the long low outline of the dreary island, shutting out the horizon; then a sensation of sickening despair came over me.

"Run in here! in this creek!" cried Halkett to the men; and the boat glided into a little bay of still water under the lee of the land; and then after about twenty minutes' stout rowing, her keel grated on the shingly shore of Anticosti.

"We cannot land you dry shod" said Halkett, "it shoals for some distance here; so good-bye, lad, good-bye!" He shook my hand like a vice, and sat down with his back towards me; the others took a kind farewell of me; and then, shouldering my little bag of biscuits, I pressed my cap down over my eyes and stepped into the surf. It was scarcely more than over mid-leg, but the clay-like spongy bottom made it tiresome walking. I had only gone a few hundred yards when a loud cheer struck me; I turned, it was the boat's crew, giving a parting salute. I tried to answer it, but my voice failed me; and the next moment they had turned the point, and I saw them no more.

I now plodded wearily on, and in about half an hour reached the land; and whether from weariness, or some strange instinct of security, on touching shore, I know not, but I threw myself heaviiy down on the shingly stones, and slept soundly; ay, and dreamed too! dreamed of lands far away, such as I had often read of in books of travels, where bright flowers and delicious fruits were growing, and where birds and insects of gaudiest colors floated past with a sweet murmuring song that made the air tremble.

It was just about daybreak as, somewhat stiffened with a sleep on the cold beach, and sore from my recent bruises, I began my march. "Nor'-west and by west," was Halkett's vague direction to me; but as I had no compass I was left to the guidance of the rising sun for the cardinal points. Not a path or track of any kind was to be seen; indeed, the surface could scarcely have borne traces of footsteps, for it was one uniform mass of slaty shingle, with, here and there, the backbone of a fish, and scattered fragments of sea-weed washed up by the storms on this low, bleak shore.

At each little swell of the ground, I gazed eagerly about me, hoping to see the log hut, but in vain: nothing but the same wearisome monotony met my view. The sun was now high, and I could easily see that I was following out the direction Halkett gave me, and which I continued to repeat over and over to myself as I went along.

Although I walked from daybreak to late evening, it was only a short time before darkness closed in that I saw a bulky mass straight before me, which I knew must be the log-house. I could scarcely drag my legs along a few moments before; but now I broke into a run, and, with many a stumble, and more than one fall—for I never turned my eyes from the hut—I at last reached a little cleared spot of ground, in the midst of which stood the "Refuge-house."

What a moment of joy was that, as, unable to move further, I sat down upon a little bench in front of the hut. All sense of my loneliness, all memory of my desolation, was lost in an instant. There was my home; how strange a word for that sad-looking hut of pine logs in a lone island, uninhabited. No matter, it would be my shelter and my refuge till better days came round;' and with that stout resolve I entered the great roomy apartment, which, in the setting gloom of night, seemed immense. Striking a light, I proceeded to take a survey of my territory, which, I rejoiced to see, contained a great metal stove, and an abundant supply of bed-clothing, precautions required by the frequency of ships being icebound in these latitudes. There were several casks of biscuits, some flour, a large chest of maize, besides three large tanks of water, supplied by the rain. A few bags of salt, and some scattered articles of clothing, completed the catalogue, which, if not very luxurious, contained nearly everything of absolute necessity. I lighted a good fire in the stove, less because I felt cold, for it was still autumn, than for the companionship of the bright blaze and the crackling wood. This done, I proceeded to make myself a bed on one of the platforms, arranged like bed-places round the walls, and of which I saw the upper ones seemed to have a preference in the opinion of my predecessors, since in these the greater part of the bed-clothing was to be found, a choice I could easily detect the reason of, in the troops of rats which walked to and fro, with a most contemptuous indifference to my presence, some of them standing near me while I made my bed, and looking, as doubtless they felt, considerably surprised

at the nature of my operations. Promising myself to open a spirited campaign against them on the morrow, I trimmed and lighted a large lamp, which, from its position, had defied their attempt on the oil it still contained; and then, a biscuit in hand, betook myself to bed, watching with an interest, not, I own, altogether pleasant, the gambols of these primitive natives of Anticosti.

If I slept then, it was more owing to my utter weariness and exhaustion than to my languid frame of mind; and although too tired to dream, my first waking thought was how to commence hostilities against the rats. As to any personal hand-to-hand action, I need scarcely say I declined engaging in such; and my supply of gunpowder being scanty, the method I hit upon was to make a species of grenade, by inserting a quantity of powder, with a sufficiency of broken glass, into a bottle, leaving an aperture through the end for a fusee; then, having smeared the outside of the bottle plentifully with oil, of which I discovered a supply in bladders suspended from the ceiling, I retired to my berth with the other extremity of the fusee in my hand, ready to ignite when the moment came.

I had not long to wait; my enemies, bold from long impunity, came fearlessly forward, and surrounded the bottle in myriads; it became a scene like an election row to witness their tumbling and rolling over each other in the action. Nor could I bring myself to cut short the festivity till I began to entertain fears for the safety of the bottle, which already seemed to be loosened from its bed of clay. Then, at last, I handed a match to my end, and almost before I could cover my head with the blanket, the flask exploded with a crash and a cry that showed me its success. The battle-field was truly a terrible sight, for the wounded were far more numerous than the dead, and I, shame to say, had neither courage nor humanity to finish their sufferings, but lay still until their companions dragged them away, in various stages of suffering.

Between my hours spent on the little wooden bench outside the door, and the little duties of my household, with usually three or four explosions against my rats, the day went over—I will not say rapidly—but pass it did; and each night brought me nearer to the time when I should hoist my signal and hope for rescue.

On the morning of the fifth day, as I left the hut, I beheld, about four miles off, a large three-masted vessel bearing up the

Gulf, with all her canvas spread. Forgetting the distance, and everything save my longing to be free, I ascended a little eminence, and shouted with all my might, waving my handkerchief back and forward above my head. I cannot describe the transport of delight I felt at perceiving that a flag was hoisted to the main peak, and soon after lowered—a recognition of the signal which floated above me. I even cried aloud with joy, and then, in the eagerness of my ecstasy, I set off along the shore, seeking out the best place for a boat to run in. At last she backed her topsail, and now I saw shooting out from beneath her tall sides a light pinnace that skimmed the water like a sea-bird. As if they saw me, they headed exactly towards where I stood, and ran the craft into a little bay just at my feet. A crew of four sailors and coxswain now jumped ashore and advanced towards me.

"Are there many of you?" said the coxswain, gruffly, and as though nothing were a commoner occurrence in life than to rescue a poor forlorn fellow-creature from an uninhabited rock.

"I am alone, sir," said I, almost bursting into tears, for mingled joy and disappointment.

"What ship did you belong to, boy?" asked he, as shortly as before.

"A yacht, sir,—the *Fire-fly*."

"Ah, that's it; so they shoved you ashore here. That's what comes of sailing with gentlemen, as they call them."

"No, sir; we landed—a few of us—during a calm——"

"Ay ay" he broke in, "I know all that—the old story; you landed to shoot rabbits, and somehow you got separated from the others; the wind sprung up meantime—the yacht fired a gun to come off—eh, isn't that it? Come, my lad, no gammon with me. You're some young scamp that was had up for punishment, and they either put you ashore here for the rats, or you jumped overboard yourself, and floated here on a spare hen-coop. But never mind—we'll give you a run to Quebec; jump in." I followed the order with alacrity, and soon found myself on board the *Hampden* transport, which was conveying the —th Regiment of Foot to Canada.

—LEVER.

LABRADOR AND OTHER TEAS.

THE well-known tea-plant of China is not the only shrub which furnishes the world with the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Other portions of the globe, and particularly in the western hemisphere, minister in a similar manner to the luxuries of mankind. There is a shrub called by botanists Ledum, belonging to the same great family as the wintergreen and the bear-berry, from which the Indians manufacture their *kinnikinnic*, that contains many of the qualities of the tea-plant. It is to be found growing abundantly in the sterile wastes of Labrador, and over the more northern parts of the continent, never extending further south than the New England States, and rarely showing itself in Western Canada. This Ledum, or Labrador tea, as it is named, is a low evergreen shrub, with thick dark green leaves, that seem to be lined with a rusty-looking wool, and presenting a profusion of handsome white flowers in large terminal clusters. It grows in marshy places, or in cold, damp moors, on mountain sides, out of the domain of civilized man. The leaves of this plant are dried by the Indians, and a very palatable tea is infused from them. In the "North-West Passage by Land," written by Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, this tea is thus spoken of:—

"We had tea, too—not indeed the dark decoction of black Chinese indulged in by unthrifty bachelors, or the green beverage affected by careful, mature spinsters—but the "tea muskeg" used by the Indians. This is made from the leaves and flowers of a small white azalea, which we find in considerable quantities growing in the boggy ground near our camp. The decoction is really a good substitute for tea, and we became very fond of it. The taste is like ordinary black tea, with a dash of senna in it."

Two other substitutes for tea are to be found in North America. One of these is an evergreen of the holly family, called Prinos glabra, or the inkberry shrub; but the most important is the Ceanothus, or New Jersey tea. When the American people were foolish enough to throw overboard the cargoes of good Chinese teas which had been sent out to them, and followed this act by open rebellion against the British crown, the Ceanothus was made to do duty for the foreign shrub, and has thus acquired historical celebrity.

This low straggling shrub, with its downy branches, bright green oval leaves, and feathery clusters of white flowers, belongs

to the buckthorn family, of which certain species are also used in Abyssinia and among the poorer classes in China, as substitutes for the genuine tea-plant. It is to be found growing abundantly in the temperate regions of British America, and in the north of the United States. A short time ago, a speculator announced that he had succeeded in growing the Chinese tea-plant in Pennsylvania, and sold large quantities of native-grown American teas, which turned out to be nothing more than the old Revolutionary substitute, or New Jersey tea.

Turning to the Southern Continent, we find at least two of the peoples inhabiting it provided with similar substitutes. In Brazil, two plants belonging to the verbena family are made use of sometimes to adulterate Chinese tea, but more frequently to usurp its place altogether. One of these is sold very extensively in the Austrian dominions, under the name of Brazilian tea; the other is highly esteemed by the South American people. But a still greater favorite, and more extensively used shrub, is a member of the holly family, closely connected with the Prinos glabra of North America. It is known by the name of maté, and flourishes in the republic of Paraguay, whence it is called Paraguay tea. Even in the Eastern Hemisphere, the Chinese shrub is not allowed to have it all its own way. The Malays of Sumatra and the other islands of the Eastern Archipelago, as well as the Australians, employ the leaves of certain trees of the myrtle family, one of which they call "The tree of long life," in the same manner as more civilized peoples their pounds of tea and coffee. In Japan, also, there grows a species of hydrangea, the leaves of which afford so excellent a decoction that the enthusiastic Japanese call it *ama-tsja*, or the tea of heaven.

It would hardly be fair to dismiss tea-plants without a notice of the famous one of China, which has held its place in spite of all opposition, and seems likely to outlive all the substitutes that have been proposed for it. The tea of commerce is derived from three species of a genus or kind of plants called thea, belonging to the same family as the beautiful camelias of the greenhouse. These are cultivated very extensively, and with the greatest care, in many parts of the vast Chinese empire; after an interesting process of drying and curing, the leaves are packed in wooden boxes, and sent in immense quantities to every quarter of the globe, to refresh and invigorate the world's millions of tea-drinkers. —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

STORY OF WAPWIAN.

"Well do I remember the first time I stumbled upon the Indian village in which he lived. I had set out from Montreal with two trappers to pay a visit to the Labrador coast; we had travelled most of the way in a small Indian canoe, coasting along the northern shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and reconnoitring in the woods for portages to avoid rounding long capes and points of land, and sometimes in search of game—for we depended almost entirely on our guns for food.

"It was upon one of the latter occasions that I went off, accompanied by one of the trappers, while the other remained to watch the canoe, and prepare our encampment for the night. We were unsuccessful, and after a long walk thought of returning to our camp empty-handed, when a loud whirring sound in the bushes attracted our attention, and two partridges perched upon a tree quite near us. We shot them, and fixing them in our belts, retraced our way towards the coast with lighter hearts. Just as we emerged from the dense forest, however, on one side of an open space, a tall, muscular Indian, strode from among the bushes, and stood before us. He was dressed in the blanket capote, cloth leggings, and scarlet cap usually worn by the Abenakies, and other tribes of the Labrador coast. A red deerskin shot-pouch, and a powder-horn, hung round his neck, and at his side were a beautifully-ornamented fire-bag and scalping-knife. A common gun lay in the hollow of his left arm, and a pair of ornamental moccasins covered his feet. He was, indeed, a handsome-looking fellow, as he stood scanning us rapidly with his jet-black eyes while we approached him. We accosted him, and informed him (for he understood a little French) whence we came, and our object in visiting his part of the country. He received our advances kindly, accepted a piece of tobacco that we offered him, and told us that his name was Wapwian, and that we were welcome to remain at his village—to which he offered to conduct us—as long as we pleased. After a little hesitation, we accepted his invitation to remain a few days; the more so as, by so doing, we would have an opportunity of getting some provisions to enable us to continue our journey. In half an hour we reached the brow of a small eminence, whence the curling smoke of the wigwams was visible. The tents were pitched on the shores of a small bay or inlet, guarded from the

east wind by a high precipice of rugged rocks, around which hundreds of sea fowl sailed in graceful flights. Beyond this headland, stretched the majestic Gulf of St. Lawrence; while to the left, the village was shaded by the spruce fir, of which most of this part of the forest is composed. There were, in all, about a dozen tents, made of dressed deerskin, at the openings of which might be seen groups of little children, playing on the grass, or running after their mothers as they went to the neighboring rivulet for water, or launched their canoes to examine the nets in the bay

"Wapwian paused to gaze an instant on the scene, and then, descending the hill with rapid strides, entered the village, and despatched a little boy for our companion in the encampment.

"We were ushered into a tent somewhat elevated above the others, and soon were reclining on a sofa full of pine branches, smoking in company with our friend Wapwian, while his pretty little squaw prepared a kettle of fish for supper.

"We spent two happy days in the village—hunting deer with our Indian friend, and assisting the squaws in their fishing operations. On the third morning we remained in the camp to dry the venison, and prepare for our departure; while Wapwian shouldered his gun, and calling to his nephew, a slim, active youth of eighteen, bade him follow with his gun, as he intended to bring back a few ducks for his white brothers.

"The two Indians proceeded for a time along the shore, and then striking off into the forest, threaded their way among the thick bushes, in the direction of a chain of small lakes where wild fowl were numerous.

"For some time they moved rapidly along under the sombre shade of the trees, casting from time to time sharp glances into the surrounding underwood. Suddenly the elder Indian paused and threw forward his gun, as a slight rustling in the bushes struck his ear. The boughs bent and crackled a few yards in advance, and a large black bear crossed the path and entered the underwood on the other side. Wapwian fired at him instantly, and a savage growl told that the shot had taken effect. The gun, however, had been loaded with small shot; and although when he fired the bear was only a few yards off, yet the improbability of its having wounded him badly, and the distance they had to go ere they reached the lakes, inclined him to give up the chase. While Wapwian was loading his gun, Miniquan (his nephew) had been examining the bear's track.

and returned, saying that he was sure the animal must be badly wounded, for there was much blood on the track. At first the elder Indian refused to follow it; but seeing that his nephew wished very much to kill the brute, he at last consented. As the trail of the bear was much covered with blood, they found no difficulty in tracking it; and after a short walk they found him extended on his side at the foot of a large tree, apparently lifeless. Wapwian, however, was too experienced a hunter to trust himself incautiously within its reach; so he examined the priming of his gun, and then, advancing slowly to the animal, pushed it with the muzzle. In an instant the bear sprang upon him, regardless of the shot lodged in its breast, and in another moment Wapwian lay stunned and bleeding at the monster's feet. Miniquan was at first so thunderstruck, as he gazed in horror at the savage animal tearing with bloody jaws the senseless form of his uncle, that he stood rooted to the ground. It was only for a moment—the next, his gun was at his shoulder, and after firing at, but unfortunately, in the excitement of the moment, missing the bear, he attacked it with the butt of his gun, which he soon shivered to pieces on its skull. This drew the animal for a few moments from Wapwian; and Miniquan, in hopes of leading it from the place, ran off in the direction of the village. The bear, however, soon gave up the chase, and returned again to its victim. Miniquan now saw that the only chance of saving his relative was to alarm the village; so, tightening his belt, he set off with the speed of a hunted deer in the direction of the camp. In an incredibly short time he arrived, and soon returned with the trappers and myself. Alas! alas! it was too late. Upon arriving at the spot we found the bear quite dead, and the noble, generous Wapwian, extended by its side, torn and lacerated in such a manner that we could scarcely recognize him. He still breathed a little, however, and appeared to know me, as I bent over him and tried to close his gaping wounds. We constructed a rude couch of branches, and conveyed him slowly to the village. No word of complaint, or cry of sorrow, escaped from his wife as we laid his bleeding form in her tent. She seemed to have lost the power of speech, as she sat, hour after hour, gazing in unutterable despair on the mangled form of her husband. Poor Wapwian lingered for a week in a state of unconsciousness. His skull had been fractured, and he lay almost in a state of insensibility, and never spoke, save when, in a fit of delirium,

his fancy wandered back to bygone days, when he ranged the forest with a tiny bow in chase of little birds and squirrels, strode in the vigor of manhood over frozen plains of snow, or dashed down foaming currents and mighty rivers in his light canoe. Then a shade would cross his brow as he thought, perhaps, of his recent struggle with the bear, and he would again relapse into silence.

"He recovered slightly before his death; and once he smiled, as he recognized his wife, but he never spoke to any one. We scarcely knew when his spirit fled, so calm and peaceful was his end.

"His body now reposes beneath the spreading branches of a lordly pine, near the scenes of his childhood; where he had spent his youth, and where he met his untimely end."

—BALLANTYNE'S "*Hudson's Bay.*"

THE MAPLE.

ALL hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
With its fair and changeful dress—
A type of our young country
In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
She's fairest of them all.

Down sunny slopes and valleys
Her graceful form is seen,
Her wide, umbrageous branches
The sun-burnt reaper screen;
'Mid the dark-browed firs and cedars
Her livelier colors shine,
Like the dawn of a brighter future
On the settler's hut of pine.

She crowns the pleasant hill-top,
Whispers on breezy downs,
And casts refreshing shadows
O'er the streets of our busy towns;

She gladdens the aching eye-ball,
  Shelters the weary head,
And scatters her crimson glories
  On the graves of the silent dead.

When Winter's frosts are yielding
  To the sun's returning sway,
And merry groups are speeding
  To sugar-woods away;
The sweet and welling juices,
  Which form their welcome spoil,
Tell of the teeming plenty,
  Which here waits honest toil.

When sweet-toned Spring, soft-breathing,
  Breaks Nature's icy sleep,
And the forest boughs are swaying
  Like the green waves of the deep;
In her fair and budding beauty,
  A fitting emblem she
Of this our land of promise,
  Of hope, of liberty.

And when her leaves, all crimson,
  Droop silently and fall,
Like drops of life-blood welling
  From a warrior brave and tall;
They tell how fast and freely
  Would her children's blood be shed,
Ere the soil of our faith and freedom
  Should echo a foeman's tread.

Then hail to the broad-leaved Maple!
  With her fair and changeful dress—
A type of our youthful country
  In its pride and loveliness;
Whether in Spring or Summer,
  Or in the dreary Fall,
'Mid Nature's forest children,
  She's fairest of them all.

—Rev. H. F. Darnell.

DEATH OF MONTCALM.

A DEATH no less glorious closed the career of the brave Marquis de Montcalm, who commanded the French army. He was several years older than Wolfe, and had served his king with honor and success in Italy, Germany, and Bohemia. In the earlier campaigns of this war he had given signal proofs of zeal, consummate prudence, and undaunted valor. At the capture of Oswego he had, with his own hand, wrested a color from the hand of an English officer, and sent it to be hung up in the Cathedral of Quebec. He had deprived the English of Fort William Henry; and had defeated General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga. He had even foiled Wolfe himself at Montmorenci; and had erected lines which it was impossible to force. When, therefore, he entered the Plains of Abraham at the head of a victorious army, he was in all respects an antagonist worthy of the British general.

The intelligence of the unexpected landing of Wolfe above the town was first conveyed to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the Governor-General, about day-break. By him it was communicated without delay to Montcalm. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the latter at the intelligence—he refused at first to give credence to it, observing, "It is only Mr. Wolfe, with a small party, come to burn a few houses, look about him, and return." On being informed, however, that Wolfe was at that moment in possession of the Plains of Abraham,—"Then," said he, "they have at last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison. Therefore, we must endeavor to crush them by our numbers, and scalp them all before twelve o'clock." He issued immediate orders to break up the camp, and led a considerable portion of the army across the River St. Charles, in order to place them between the city and the English. Vaudreuil, on quitting the lines at Beauport, gave orders to the rest of the troops to follow him. On his arrival at the Plains, however, he met the French army in full flight towards the bridge of boats; and learned that Montcalm had been dangerously wounded. In vain he attempted to rally them—the rout was general—and all hopes of retrieving the day, and of saving the honor of France, were abandoned.

Montcalm was first wounded by a musket shot, fighting in the front rank of the French left,—and afterwards by a discharge from the only gun in the possession of the English. He was

then on horseback, directing the retreat—nor did he dismount until he had taken every measure to ensure the safety of the remains of his army. Such was the impetuosity with which the Highlanders, supported by the 58th Regiment, pressed the rear of the fugitives—having thrown away their muskets and taken to their broadswords—that had the distance been greater from the field of battle to the walls, the whole French army would inevitably have been destroyed. As it was, the troops of the line had been almost cut to pieces, when their pursuers were forced to retire by the fire from the ramparts. Great numbers were killed in the retreat, which was made obliquely from the River St. Lawrence to the St. Charles. Some severe fighting took place in the field in front of the martello tower, No. 2. We are informed by an officer of the garrison, that on digging there some years ago, a number of skeletons were found with parts of soldiers' dress, military buttons, buckles, and other remains.

It is reported of Montcalm, when his wounds were dressed, that he requested the surgeons in attendance to declare at once whether they were mortal. On being told that they were so, —"I am glad of it,"—said he. He then inquired how long he might survive. He was answered,—"Ten or twelve hours; perhaps less."—"So much the better,"—replied he,—"then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." On being afterwards visited by M. de Ramesay, who commanded the garrison, with the title of *Lieutenant du Roi*, and by the Commandant de Roussillon, he said to them,—"Gentlemen, I commend to your keeping the honor of France. Endeavor to secure the retreat of my army to-night beyond Cape Rouge; for myself, I shall pass the night with God, and prepare myself for death." On M. de Ramesay pressing to receive his commands respecting the defence of Quebec, Montcalm exclaimed with emotion,—"I will neither give orders, nor interfere any further: I have much business that must be attended to, of greater moment than your ruined garrison, and this wretched country.—My time is very short—so pray leave me.—I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present perplexities." He then addressed himself to his religious duties, and passed the night with the Bishop and his own confessor. Before he died, he paid the victorious army this magnanimous compliment:—"Since it was my misfortune to be discomfited and mortally wounded, it is a great consolation to me to be vanquished by so brave and generous

an enemy. If I could survive this wound, I would engage to beat three times the number of such forces as I commanded this morning, with a third of British troops."

Almost his last act was to write a letter, recommending the French prisoners to the generosity of the victors. He died at five o'clock in the morning of the 14th September; and was buried in an excavation, made by the bursting of a shell within the precincts of the Ursuline Convent—a fit resting-place for the remains of a man who died fighting for the honor and defence of his country.

—*Picture of Quebec.*

LINES ON THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

Amidst the clamor of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigor fled.
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes;
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead.
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

—Goldsmith.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

The noble river which Cartier was thus the first to explore, is unique in its peculiarities, and perhaps unequalled by any other in the world. The magnificent lakes, or rather inland seas of which it is the outlet, which maintain the even and unvarying flow of its majestic current, are assumed, upon solid grounds, to contain half the fresh water on this planet. The quantity

discharged hourly by this amazing flood is estimated at 1,672,704,000 cubic feet. Its basin is divided into three parts, the higher being occupied by Lake Superior, three hundred miles in length, and receiving more than fifty rivers. Through the falls of St. Mary, the whole of its waters pours into the Lakes Michigan and Huron, of scarcely inferior dimensions. The almost unfathomable depths of these lakes is a most interesting phenomenon in physical geography. Though the surface of the two lower is 618 feet above the Atlantic level, their bottoms are nearly 300 feet below it. By the straits of Detroit, these upper lakes pour down into the basin of Lake Erie, which is 230 miles in length. The narrow strait—where the whole of this immense body rolls for ever in its resistless might over the sublime cliffs of Niagara, and then forms for several miles of swift descent one continuous and terrific rapid, one whirl of foam and terror, through the profound and narrow chasm which it has excavated in the course of ages,—is altogether unequalled in its fearful sublimity upon our globe. By this channel, it descends to the level of Lake Ontario, the last and lowest of these inland seas, 200 miles long by 70 broad.

The river, as it flows out of the lake, varies from two to ten miles wide, and is divided into numerous channels of every width, as it passes through the "Thousand Isles." These are of every size and form, and for the most part in a state of primeval nature, forming a scene of soft and romantic beauty, of dreamy, fairy strangeness—of fantastic intricacy, in striking contrast to the terrific grandeur of Niagara. Hurrying on, with its burden of timber-rafts, over the tremendous rapids of the Long Sault and La Chine (which interruptions are surmounted by ship canals), it is increased by the influx of the romantic Ottawa, and flows past the city of Montreal, the growing emporium of Canada, receiving, as it proceeds on its course, the waters of Lakes George and Champlain, to expand at length, in all its glory, beneath the crested crags of Quebec. To this city, the great timber depôt, it is 550 miles from the sea, navigable for ships of the line of the first-class, while vessels of considerable size ascend to Montreal, which is upwards of 730 miles above the Gulf of the St. Lawrence.

The whole of this stupendous basin (which, when Cartier first entered it, was the haunt of the roaming savage) is fast filling up and becoming the seat of a mighty nation. But three centuries since it was discovered,—how much of romantic incident,

of momentous change, of astonishing progress, has filled up the short but eventful period! Upon these lakes, then skimmed only by the wandering canoe, hostile fleets have been built, and have contended in deadly conflict. On one of its shores, feeble colonies have sprung up into an independent nation, rivalling in power the proudest states of the Old World. Populous cities adorn the banks of these great inland waters, and splendid steam-boats connect their remotest extremities. Canals have been cut to overcome the occasional obstacles presented by nature, and a chain of internal water communication, extending from the Atlantic many hundreds of miles into the heart of this mighty continent, serves as a highway for the countless emigrants who are continually pouring into it from all the nations of the civilized world.

There are some striking peculiarities in the St. Lawrence, as contrasted with its great rival, the Mississippi. The former is as limpid in its waters, and as unalterable in their level, as the latter is turbid, and with its swelling inundations overflows its banks for miles round. The St. Lawrence is magnificently beautiful; the grandeur of the Mississippi is gloomy and oppressive. It is in moral keeping with this physical contrast that the banks of the St. Lawrence have been settled by freemen alone, and have never echoed, like those of the Mississippi, to the lash of the slave-master, or the groan of the captive; but many a hunted fugitive from the southern strongholds of slavery, as he has passed its broad stream and felt himself on British ground, has blessed his God who has enabled him to reach an asylum of liberty.

No river can exhibit a greater variety of scenery;—here the calm and grassy expanse, studded with verdurous islands; there, wild and tumultuous rapids, with the immense rafts that hurry down their foaming waters. Sometimes for miles, all is the unbroken solitude of primeval nature; the canoe of the Indian is still seen paddling from shore to shore, his bark wigwam still glimmers amid the dusky shades of the forest; and then succeeds the pleasant, quaint, white village of the French settlers, with its antique vanes, and spire, and cross. What more picturesque than old Quebec, with its rock-built citadel and antiquated buildings? Nor is there in the New World any river with such stirring, though often painful associations, as the St. Lawrence. The devotedness of the first Catholic missionaries, who counted not their lives dear in planting the cross

among the Indian savages; their trials and their martyrdom; together with the warlike feats of Wolfe, and Montcalm, and Montgomery, have thrown over its banks a troubled but romantic halo. —*London Journal.*

JACQUES CARTIER AT HOCHELAGA.

On the 19th of September, 1535, Cartier commenced his voyage to Hochelaga with his pinnace, the *Hermerillon*, and two long-boats, capable of holding thirty-five persons, leaving his two larger vessels in the harbor of St. Croix, well protected by "poles and p[illegible] river into the water, and set up," but better the stout hearts of their gallant crews. His ascent of the [illegible]er was prosperous, and he speaks of the scenery on both sides as extremely rich and beautifully varied, the country being well covered with fine timber and abundance of vines. The natives, with whom he had frequent communication, are represented as kind and hospitable, everywhere supplying him with all they possessed—the taking of fish being their principal occupation and means of subsistence. At Hochelai, now the Richelieu, they received a visit from the chief of the district, who also attempted to dissuade them from proceeding further, and otherwise showed a friendly disposition, presenting Cartier with one of his own children, a girl of about seven years of age, whom he afterwards came to visit, together with his wife, during the wintering of the French at St. Croix. On the 28th, they came to Lake St. Peter, where, owing to the shallowness of the water in one of the passages between the islands, they thought it advisable to leave the pinnace. Here they met five hunters, who, says Cartier, "freely and familiarly came to our boats without any fear, as if we had even been brought up together. Our boats being somewhat near the shore, one of them took our captain in his arms and carried him ashore, as lightly and easily as if he had been a child of five years old, so strong and sturdy was this fellow."

On the 2nd October, they approached Hochelaga, and were received by the natives there with every demonstration of joy and hospitality. "There came to meet us," says the relator, "above one thousand persons, men, women, and children, who afterwards did as friendly and merrily entertain and receive us as any father would do his child which he had not of long time seen. Our captain seeing their loving-kindness and entertain-

ment, caused all the women orderly to be set in array, and gave them beads made of tin, and other such trifles; and to some of the men he gave knives. Then he returned to the boats to supper, and so passed that night, all which while all those people stood on the shore as near our boats as they might, making great fires and dancing very merrily."

The place where Cartier first touched the land, near Hochelaga, appears to have been about six miles from the city, and below the current of St. Mary. On the 3rd October, having obtained the services of the natives as guides, Cartier, with his volunteers and part of the gentlemen, in full dress, proceeded to visit the town. The road of his was well-beaten and frequented, and he describes the country as the most beautiful that could possibly be seen. Hochelaga was situated in the midst of less large fields of Indian corn, and, from the description, must even then have been a very considerable place, and the metropolis of the neighboring country. The name is now lost, but on its site stands the rich and flourishing city of Montreal. It was encompassed by palisades, or probably a picket-fence, in three rows, one within the other, well secured and put together. A single entrance was secured with piles and stakes, and every precaution adopted for defence against sudden attack or siege. The town consisted of about fifty houses, each fifty feet in length by fourteen in breadth, built of wood and covered with bark, "well and cunningly joined together." Each house contained several chambers, built round an open court-yard in the centre, where the fire was made. The inhabitants belonged to the Huron tribe, and appear to have been more than usually civilized. They were devoted to husbandry and fishing, and never roamed about the country as other tribes did, although they had eight or ten other villages subject to them. Cartier seems to have been considered in the light of a deity among them; for they brought him their aged king, and their sick, in order that he might heal them. Disclaiming any such power, Cartier, with his accustomed piety, prayed with them, and read part of the Gospel of St. John, to their great admiration and joy. He concluded by distributing presents with the utmost impartiality. On reading the whole account, we cannot but be favorably impressed by the conduct and character of those Indians, so different from that of some other tribes, or the generality of savages. It is probable, however, that the fighting men or warriors of the tribe were

absent on some expedition. Cartier appears to have behaved on the occasion with great discretion, and to have shown himself eminently qualified for his station. After having seen all that was worthy of note in the city, he set out to examine the mountain, which was about three miles from Hochelaga. He describes it as tilled all round, and very fertile. The beautiful view from the top does not escape his notice, and he states that he could see the country and the river for thirty leagues around him. He gave it the name of *Mont Royal*, which was afterwards extended to the city beneath, and the whole of the rich and fertile Island, now Montreal.

—HAWKINS' "*Picture of Quebec.*"

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

MANY of our readers are probably familiar with the Britannia Tubular Bridge, which spans the Menai. That across the noble St. Lawrence is constructed upon the same plan, but on a far bolder and more gigantic scale. It was designed by the

late Mr. Stephenson, whose shrewd perceptions at once recognized the incalculable advantages to be derived from such a work, and whose scientific mind devised the means for its execution.

It rests on twenty-four piers, with spaces for navigation, exclusive of the two abutments, whence the tubes spring on either side. The centre span is 330 feet, and each of the others 220 feet wide. The length of the bridge is 10,284 feet, or about fifty yards less than two English miles. The clear distance between the under surface of the centre tube and the average summer level of the river is sixty feet, diminishing towards one side. 210,000 tons of stone have been used in the construction of these piers, and 10,400 tons of iron in the tube, girders, &c. The expenditure has averaged $1,250,000 annually.

The Colossus of Rhodes, under which sailed the pigmy shallops of former ages, was esteemed a wonder of the Old World. But an iron bridge, spanning a river two miles in width, giving safe passage to hundreds of tons on its riveted floor, and permitting ships of large tonnage to sail beneath it, is an achievement still more remarkable for the New World, and is worthy of the young giant rising in the West.

It was always foreseen that the most formidable enemy with which the structure would have to contend would be ice, which, in spring, rushes down the river in vast masses apparently irresistible. The piers, therefore, have been designed to resist enormous pressure, greater, in fact, than any that has been known to exist in the severest seasons.

It must have been an interesting sight to witness the laying of the foundation-stone of the second pier, by Lord Elgin, when Governor-General of Canada. Upon the stony bed of the mighty St. Lawrence, sixteen feet below the surface of the river, a large group of persons stood dry-shod, protected from the rushing torrent which swept around them by the massive sides of a gigantic coffer-dam, to the joints and beams of which clung workmen and spectators, waving their hats, and vociferously cheering an occasion fraught with such important consequences to the future welfare and prosperity of Canada.

An uninterrupted communication being thus made practicable across the St. Lawrence, the traffic of the North American colonies will be brought—not, as heretofore, dependent on the seasons, but at all times—into direct and easy access to all the

ports on the Atlantic, from Halifax to Boston and New York, and consequently—through those ports—nearer to Europe. The cost of the vast enterprise is estimated at $7,000,000.

—*Cassell's Family Paper.*

THE RAPID.

All peacefully gliding,
The waters dividing,
The indolent bateau moved slowly along,
The rowers, light-hearted,
From sorrow long parted,
Beguiled the dull moments with laughter and song:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,
Gambols and leaps on its tortuous way;
Soon we will enter it, cheerily, cheerily,
Pleased with its freshness, and wet with its spray."

More swiftly careering,
The wild Rapid nearing,
They dash down the stream like a terrified steed;
The surges delight them,
No terror affrights them,
Their voices keep pace with the quickening speed:
"Hurrah for the Rapid! that merrily, merrily,
Shivers its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits as light as its feathery spray."

Fast downward they're dashing,
Each fearless eye flashing,
Though danger awaits them on every side;
Yon rock—see it frowning!
They strike—they are drowning!
But downward they sweep with the merciless tide:
"No voice cheers the Rapid! that angrily, angrily,
Shivers their bark in its maddening play;
Gaily they entered it—heedlessly, recklessly,
Mingling their lives with its treacherous spray!

—Charles Sangster.

GALLANTRY OF A MARINE.

DURING the summer of 1838, the peace of our North American provinces was disturbed by Canadian insurgents and American sympathizers. Among other places attacked was the town of Prescott, in Canada West, which was defended by a few men of the 83rd Regiment, thirty of the Royal Marines, and such of the Glengarry Militia as had had time to collect. The American forces, after landing, had taken up a position in which they were protected by the walls of an orchard, from behind which they kept up a galling fire upon the advancing marines, while the latter pushed on, firing as objects presented themselves. In this position of affairs, lance-corporal James Hunn, who was on the right of the British line, ran forward and jumped over the wall which covered the American sharpshooters, but found himself on their extreme left, and almost in contact with six or seven of them, who were separated from the main body by another wall running perpendicularly to that which covered their front. These men were either loading, or in the act of firing at the advancing marines, when Hunn leapt the wall, and were so intent upon their occupation that they did not notice him until he was upon them, so that he was able to close with them, and was seen by his commanding officers to bayonet three, one after another, before they had time to load their pieces and fire. A fourth man, whose piece was loaded, turned and fired: his ball struck the swell of Hunn's musket, where it was grasped by the left hand, which it passed through, destroying the second finger; while, at the same time the musket was driven so violently against his stomach as for a moment to suspend his breath. Recovering himself, however, he fired effectively at his adversary, now in full retreat; but his disabled hand prevented his again loading, and he was most unwillingly compelled to give up any further share in the glory of the day, after having thus disposed of four of the enemy.

Hunn was, in consequence of his intrepidity on this occasion, promoted to the rank of sergeant, without passing through the intermediate grade of corporal. He died a year or two after, a victim to yellow fever, while serving in the *Arab* on the coast of Africa.

—*Cassell's Family Paper.*

FISHING FOR MUSKALOUNGE.

A FRIEND and ourself took a small skiff, with one trolling line, intending to take turns at the oars, and proceed at once to a favorite spot among "The Thousand Islands."

We held the trolling line, with a spoon-hook attached, while our companion pulled the oars. We sailed among the secluded places, wherever weeds were seen below the surface of the water, and were rewarded with good sport by taking several fine pike, weighing from six to fifteen pounds, which we managed to secure with ease, save the largest, which gave us some trouble. We then thought we would try deeper water, in the hope of tempting larger fish. A few windings among the clusters of small islands brought us to the channel of the river, when we directed our companion to increase the speed of the skiff, determined that the curiosity of no fish should be satisfied without first tasting our gilded spoon. We pulled for half a mile, when the river wound suddenly round an island, which presented a bold shore, from the rushing of the river's current. The tall forest trees extended to the very brink of the river, over which they hung, throwing a deep shadow on the water. This quiet spot looked as though it might be an attractive one for some solitary fish, and we accordingly took a sweep around the foot of the island. Scarcely had we entered the deep shade spoken of, when we felt a tug at our line, which was so strong that we supposed our hook had come in contact with a floating log or fallen tree. Our companion backed water with his oars to relieve our hook, when another violent pull at our line convinced us that it was no log, but some living creature of great weight. Our line was already out its full length of one hundred and fifty feet; no alternative was therefore left but to give the fish more line by rowing after him.

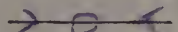
This we did for a few minutes, when we began to pull in the slack of our line, some fifty feet or more, when we felt the fish. The check was no sooner felt by him than he started forward with a velocity scarcely conceivable in the water, bringing the line taut, and the next moment our skiff was moving off, stern foremost, towards the river's channel. We soon perceived that our fish had turned his head up stream, and as the water was deep, there was no danger of his coming in contact with weeds

or protruding rocks. We therefore allowed him to tow us for about five minutes, when he stopped. Then quickly backing water with our oars, and taking in our line, we carefully laid it over the skiff's side, until we had approached within twenty feet of our fish. We then gave him another check, which probably turned his head, for he again darted off in a contrary direction down stream. We pulled our skiff in the same direction as fast as possible, to give the fish a good run before checking him again, but he soon had the line out its full length, and was again towing our skiff after him with more rapidity than before. This did not last long, however, for we then took the line and hauled towards him to lessen our distance. He made another slap, when we managed to keep the line taut, and with our oars moved towards him. Our victim now lay on the surface of the water with his belly upward, apparently exhausted, when we found him to be a muskalounge, between five and six feet in length. We had no sooner got him alongside than he gave a slap with his tail, and again darted off the whole length of the line, taking us once more in tow. His run was now short, and it was evident he was getting tired of the business. Again the line slacked, and we drew the skiff up to the spot where he lay turned on his back.

He now seemed so far gone that we thought we might draw him into our skiff, so we reached out our gaff and hooked him under the jaw, while my companion passed his oar under him. In this way we contrived to raise him over the gunwale of the skiff, when he slid to its bottom. We then placed our foot at the back of his head to hold him down, in order to disengage our hook, which passed through his upper jaw. No sooner had we attempted this than he began to flap about, compelling us to give him room to avoid his immense jaws. Every moment seemed to increase his strength, when our companion seized an oar in order to despatch him, while we took out our knife for the same purpose. The first blow with the oar had only the effect to awaken our fish, which, taking another and more powerful somerset, threw himself over the gunwale of our skiff, which was but a few inches above the water, and with a plunge disappeared in the deep water at our side. We had scarcely recovered from our surprise, when we found the line drawn out again to its full length, save a few tangles and twists, which had got into it in the struggle between us and our fish. We determined to trifle no longer with the fellow,

with our small skiff, but to make for the shore and there land him. A small island, a short distance from us, seemed to present a convenient place, and here, without further ceremony, we pulled, towing our fish after us. We leaped into the water about ten feet from the shore, and tugged away at our victim, who floated like a log upon the water, while my companion stood by with an oar to make the capture more sure this time. In this way we landed him in safety, just one hour and a quarter after he was first hooked. This muskalounge weighed forty-nine pounds, and had within him a pike of three pounds weight, a chub, partially decomposed, of four pounds, and a perch of one and a half pounds, which appeared to have been but recently swallowed; yet this fish's appetite was not satisfied and he lost his life in grasping at a glittering bauble. Any person who has ever killed a pike of ten pounds or upwards, can readily imagine the strength of one four times that weight.

—LANMAN'S "*Adventures.*"



SQUIRRELS.

DURING our voyage, just at the head of the rapids, our attention was drawn to some small object in the water, moving very swiftly along There were various opinions as to the swimmer, some thinking it to be a water-snake; others, a squirrel or a musk-rat. A few swift strokes of the paddle brought us up so as to intercept the passage of the little voyager; it proved to be a fine red squirrel, bound on a voyage of discovery from a neighboring island. The little animal, with a courage and address that astonished his pursuers, instead of seeking safety in a different direction, sprang lightly on the point of the uplifted paddle, and from thence, with a bound, to the head of my astonished baby, and, having gained my shoulder, leaped again into the water, and made direct for the shore, never having deviated a single point from the line he was swimming in when he first came in sight of our canoe. I was surprised and amused by the agility and courage displayed by this innocent creature; I could hardly have given credence to the circumstance had I not been an eye-witness of its conduct, and, moreover, been wetted plentifully on my shoulder by the sprinkling of water from his coat.

Perhaps you may think my squirrel anecdote incredible; but I can vouch for the truth of it on my own personal experience, as I not only saw but also felt it.

The black squirrels are most lovely and elegant animals, considerably larger than the red, the gray, and the striped: the latter are called by the Indians "chip-munks." We were robbed greatly by these little depredators last summer. The red squirrels used to carry off great quantities of our Indian corn, not only from the stalks, while the corn was ripening, but they even came into the house through some chinks in the log-walls, and carried off vast quantities of the grain, stripping it very adroitly from the cob, and conveying the grain away to their storehouses in some hollow log or subterranean granary.

These little animals are very fond of the seeds of the pumpkins, and you will see the soft creatures whisking about among the cattle, carrying away the seeds as they are scattered by the beasts in breaking the pumpkins: they also delight in the seeds of the sunflowers, which grow to a gigantic height in our gardens and clearings. The fowls are remarkably fond of the sunflower seeds, and I saved the plants with the intention of laying up a good store of winter-food for my poor chicks. One day I went to cut the ripe heads, the largest of which was the size of a large dessert plate, but found two wicked red squirrels busily employed gathering in the seeds, not for me, be sure, but themselves. Not contented with picking out the seeds, these little thieves dexterously sawed through the stalks, and conveyed away whole heads at once: so bold were they that they would not desist when I approached till they had secured their object; and, encumbered with a load twice the weight of their own agile bodies, ran with swiftness along the rails, and over root, stump, and log, till they eluded my pursuit.

Great was the indignation expressed by this thrifty little pair, on returning again for another load, to find the plant divested of the heads. I had cut what remained and put them in a basket in the sun, on a small block in the garden, close to the open glass-door, on the steps of which I was sitting shelling some seed beans, when the squirrels drew my attention to them by their sharp, scolding notes, elevating their fine feathery tails, and expressing the most lively indignation at the invasion. They were not long before they discovered the Indian basket with the ravished treasure; a few rapid movements brought the little pair to the rails, within a few paces of

me and the sunflower heads; here, then, they paused, and, sitting up, looked in my face with the most imploring gestures. I was too much amused by their perplexity to help them; but, turning away my head to speak to the child, they darted forward, and in another minute had taken possession of one of the largest of the heads, which they conveyed away, first one carrying it a few yards, then the other, it being too bulky for one alone to carry it far at a time. In short, I was so well amused by watching their manœuvres, that I suffered them to rob me of all my store.

I saw a little family of tiny squirrels at play, in the spring, on the top of a hollow log, and really I think they were, without exception, the liveliest, most graceful creatures, I ever looked on. The flying squirrel is a native of our woods, and exceeds in beauty, to my mind, any of the tribe. Its color is the softest, most delicate tint of gray; the fur thick and short, and as silken as velvet; the eyes, like all the squirrel kind, are large, full, and soft; the whiskers, and long hair about the nose, black; the membrane that assists this little animal in its flight is white, and delicately soft in texture, like the fur of the chinchilla; it forms a ridge of fur between the fore and hind-legs; the tail is like an elegant broad gray feather. I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of this exquisite little creature, the pictures I had seen giving it a most inelegant and *bat-like* look, almost disgusting. The young ones are easily tamed, and are very playful and affectionate when under confinement.

—Mrs. Traill's "*Backwoods of Canada.*"

INDIAN SUMMER.

By the purple haze that lies
On the distant rocky height,
By the deep blue of the skies,
By the smoky amber light,
Through the forest arches streaming,
Where Nature on her throne sits dreaming,
And the sun is scarcely gleaming,
Through the cloudless snowy white,—
Winter's lovely herald greets us,
Ere the ice-crowned giant meets us.

A mellow softness fills the air,—
No breeze on wanton wing steals by,
To break the holy quiet there,
Or make the waters fret and sigh,
Or the yellow alders shiver,
That bend to kiss the placid river,
Flowing on, and on for ever;

But the little waves are sleeping,
O'er the pebbles slowly creeping,
That last night were flashing, leaping,
Driven by the restless breeze,
In lines of foam beneath yon trees.

Dress'd in robes of gorgeous hue,
Brown and gold with crimson blent;
The forest to the waters blue
Its own enchanting tints has lent;—
In their dark depths, life-like glowing,
To see a second forest growing,
Each pictured leaf and branch bestowing
A fairy grace to that twin wood,
Mirror'd within the crystal flood.

'Tis pleasant now in forest shades;—
The Indian hunter strings his bow,
To track through dark entangling glades
The antler'd deer and bounding doe,—
Or launch at night the birch canoe,
To spear the finny tribes that dwell
On sandy bank, in weedy cell,
Or pool, the fisher knows right well—
Seen by the red and vivid glow
Of pine-torch at his vessel's bow.

This dreamy Indian summer-day,
Attunes the soul to tender sadness;
We love—but joy not in the ray—,
It is not summer's fervid gladness,
But a melancholy glory
Hovering softly round decay,
Like swan that sings her own sad story,
Ere she floats in death away.

The day declines, what splendid dyes,
In fleckered waves of crimson driven,
Float o'er the saffron sea that lies
Glowing within the western heaven!
Oh, it is a peerless even!

See, the broad red sun has set,
But his rays are quivering yet
Through Nature's veil of violet,
Streaming bright o'er lake and hill,
But earth and forest lie so still,
It sendeth to the heart a chill;
We start to check the rising tear—
'Tis beauty sleeping on her bier.

—Mrs. Moodie.

AN INDIAN COUNCIL.

At noon I proceeded to a point at which it had been arranged that I should hold a council with the chiefs of all the tribes, who, according to appointment, had congregated to meet me; and on my arrival there I found them all assembled, standing in groups, dressed in their finest costumes, with feathers waving on their heads, with their faces painted, half-painted, quarter-painted, or one eye painted, according to the customs of their respective tribes; while on the breast and arms of most of the oldest of them, there shone resplendent the silver gorgets and armlets which in former years had been given to them by their ally—the British Sovereign.

After a few salutations it was proposed that our council should commence; and, accordingly, while I took possession of a chair which the Chief Superintendent of Indian Affairs had been good enough to bring for me, the chiefs sat down opposite to me in about eighteen or twenty lines parallel to each other.

For a considerable time we absolutely gazed at each other in dead silence. Passions of all sorts had time to subside; and the judgment, divested of its enemy, was thus enabled calmly to consider and prepare the subjects of the approaching discourse; and, as if still further to facilitate this arrangement, "the pipe of peace" was introduced, slowly lighted, slowly smoked by one

chief after another, and then sedately handed me to smoke it too. The whole assemblage having, in this simple manner, been solemnly linked together in a chain of friendship, and as it had been intimated to them by the superintendent that I was ready to consider whatever observations any of them might desire to offer, one of the oldest chiefs arose; and, after standing for some seconds erect, yet in a position in which he was evidently perfectly at his ease, he commenced his speech—translated to me by an interpreter at my side—by a slow, calm expression of thanksgiving to the Great Spirit for having safely conducted so many of his race to the point at which they had been requested to assemble. He then, in very appropriate terms, expressed the feelings of attachment which had so long connected the red man with his Great Parent across the Salt Lake; and, after this exordium—which in composition and mode of utterance would have done credit to any legislative assembly in the civilized world—he proceeded, with great calmness, by very beautiful metaphors, and by a narration of facts it was impossible to deny, to explain to me how gradually, and—since their acquaintance with their white brethren—how continuously the race of red men had melted, and were still melting, like snow before the sun. As I did not take notes of this speech, or of those of several other chiefs who afterwards addressed the council, I could only very inaccurately repeat them. Besides which, a considerable portion of them related to details of no public importance: I will, therefore, in general terms, only observe, that nothing can be more interesting, or offer to the civilized world a more useful lesson, than the manner in which the red aborigines of America, without ever interrupting each other, conduct their councils.

The calm, high-bred dignity of their demeanor—the scientific manner in which they progressively construct the framework of whatever subject they undertake to explain—the sound arguments by which they connect as well as support it—and the beautiful wild-flowers of eloquence with which, as they proceed, they adorn every portion of the moral architecture they are constructing, form altogether an exhibition of grave interest; and yet, is it not astonishing to reflect that the orators in these councils are men whose lips and gums are—while they are speaking—black from the wild berries upon which they have been subsisting—who have never heard of education—never seen a town—but who, born in the secluded recesses of an almost

interminable forest, have spent their lives in either following zig-zaggedly the game on which they subsist through a labyrinth of trees, or in paddling their canoes across lakes, and among a congregation of such islands as I have described?

They hear more distinctly—see further—smell clearer—can bear more fatigue—can subsist on less food—and have altogether fewer wants than their white brethren; and yet, while from morning till night we stand gazing at ourselves in the looking glass of self-admiration, we consider the Red Indians of America as "outside barbarians."

But I have quite forgotten to be the "Hansard" of my own speech at the council, which was an attempt to explain to the tribes assembled the reasons which had induced their late "Great Father" to recommend some of them to sell their lands to the Provincial Government, and to remove to the innumerable islands in the waters before us. I assured them that their titles to their present hunting-grounds remained, and ever would remain, respected and undisputed; but that, inasmuch as their white brethren had an equal right to occupy and cultivate the forest that surrounded them, the consequence inevitably would be to cut off their supply of wild game, as I have already described. In short, I stated the case as fairly as I could, and, after a long debate, succeeded in prevailing upon the tribe to whom I had been particularly addressing myself to dispose of their lands on the terms I had proposed; and whether the bargain was for their weal or woe, it was, and, so long as I live, will be, a great satisfaction to me to feel that it was openly discussed and agreed to in presence of every Indian tribe with whom Her Majesty is allied; for, be it always kept in mind, that while the white inhabitants of our North American Colonies are the Queen's *subjects*, the Red Indian is, by solemn treaty, Her Majesty's *ally*.

—Sir Francis B. Head.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

There's nothing great or bright, thou glorious Fall,
Thou mayst not to the fancy's sense recall—
The thunder-riven cloud, the lightning's leap—
The stirring of the chambers of the deep—

Earth's emerald green, and many-tinted dyes—
The fleecy whiteness of the upper skies—
The tread of armies, thickening as they come—
The boom of cannon, and the beat of drum—
The brow of beauty, and the form of grace—
The passion, and the prowess of our race—
The song of Homer, in its loftiest hour—
The unresisted sweep of Roman power—
Britannia's trident on the azure sea—
America's young shout of liberty!
Oh! may the wars that madden in thy deeps
There spend their rage, nor climb th' encircling steeps,
And till the conflict of thy surges cease,
The nations on thy banks repose in peace.

—EARL OF CARLISLE.—(1841.)

THE TAKING OF DETROIT.

IN the year 1670, the French authorities in Canada built a fort upon the Detroit river, for the double purpose of trading with the Indians, and of opposing a barrier to their progress eastward. At the peace of Paris, in 1768, the fort and the little settlement that surrounded it passed, with all the adjacent territory, into the hands of the British; and, twenty years later, it became part of the new American Republic. Gradually the little settlement progressed, until, in 1812—the year of our story—it boasted 1,200 inhabitants; and now Detroit is a city with a population of 46,000.

In 1812, the young Republic of the United States declared war against the British empire, cloaking their real design—which was that of conquering Canada and her sister provinces—under a pretence of avenging an imaginary insult offered to the American marine. General Hull, an old revolutionary officer, left the fort at Detroit, and crossed over into Canada with 2,500 men, to take possession of the country; but after three successive attacks upon the little village of Amherstburg, garrisoned by only 300 regulars and a few Indians, under Colonel St. George, he was compelled to return, and shut himself up in the old French fort.

Sir Isaac Brock was at this time the Governor of Upper Canada. He was a brave and skilful general, and had served with great distinction in the European campaigns. Beloved alike by the soldiers who fought under him and the people whom he governed, no man could be better fitted for meeting the exigencies of the time. In the whole of the upper province, however, there were, during the period of his government, only 80,000 men, women, and children, scattered over a wide tract of country. From his head-quarters, in Toronto, the General sent Colonel Procter, with a small detachment, to reinforce the garrison at Amherstburg, leaving himself with only ninety men. This little force he sent off towards Long Point, Lake Erie, to raise a body of two hundred militia, and to prepare means of transportation. Two hundred volunteers, from York and the surrounding country, responded to his call; and on the 6th of August Sir Isaac set out, amid the tears and applause of the little town's inhabitants, at the head of his newly-raised army. While passing the Grand River, he held a council with the Indians, who were glad to have an opportunity of wiping out old scores with the "Longknives," as they called the Americans, and who promised to meet him at Amherstburg. On the 8th, the little band of Canadian patriots arrived at Long Point, the end of their weary march, where the assembled reinforcements had provided a number of small boats for accomplishing the remainder of the journey. The distance from Long Point to Amherstburg is two hundred miles, over a rough sea, and along a coast presenting no means of shelter against the weather. This long journey was performed after four days and nights of incessant labor; at midnight of the 13th, the motley fleet of transports arrived at its destination. Great was the rejoicing when the General arrived in Amherstburg; the regulars cheered, the volunteers shouted, and the Indians could hardly be restrained from firing away all their ammunition, at the prospect of battle under such a leader. The whole of the Canadian force now amounted to 1,300 men, comprising 600 Indians, under the celebrated Tecumseh, 300 regulars, and 400 volunteers, "disguised in red coats." All their artillery consisted of five small guns, which were planted upon an elevated bank opposite Detroit. On the 15th, the gunners stood to their pieces, awaiting the signal to fire upon the enemy's position across the river. General Brock sent a summons to the Americans to surrender, which they indig-

nantly rejected, and immediately the little battery began to play upon the fort and village. Next day, the Canadian army crossed the river, between three and four miles below Detroit, to meet the enemy on their own ground. When the disembarkation was completed, General Brock sent forward the Indians, as skirmishers, upon the right and left, and advanced with the remainder of his force to within a mile of the fort. From its high sodded parapets, surrounded by tall rows of wooden palisades and a wide and deep ditch, thirty pieces of cannon frowned down upon the besiegers; its garrison consisted of four hundred soldiers of the United States regular army. A larger body of Ohio volunteers occupied an entrenched position flanking the approach to the fort; while, on the right, a detachment of six hundred militia, from Ohio and Michigan, was rapidly advancing. Another considerable force held the town; making the total strength of the enemy about 2,500 men. In spite of the great disparity of the opposing armies, and of the formidable preparations made by the enemy, General Brock prepared to carry the fort by assault. The Indians advanced within a short distance of the American forces, uttering their shrill war-cries, and keeping up an incessant fire upon their more exposed positions. The regulars and volunteers examined the priming of their muskets, and prepared to scale the palisades and walls of the fort. All was in readiness for an immediate attack, when a gate suddenly opened, and, to the astonishment of the gallant Canadian General, an American officer advanced towards him, bearing a flag of truce. An hour afterwards, General Hull surrendered the whole of his command, and the Canadian army marched into the quarters of the enemy. By the terms of this capitulation, two thousand five hundred prisoners, as many stands of arms, thirty-three pieces of cannon, a large store of ammunition, three months' provisions, and a vessel of war, fell into the hands of the conquerors. So signal a victory, gained by a small and hastily-collected force, is one of which every loyal British subject in America may well be proud. —*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

LUMBERING.

The lumber trade is carried on to a greater or less extent on almost all the American rivers; but on the Mississippi and the St. Lawrence it affords employment to a vast number of persons. The chief raftsmen, under whose directions the timber expeditions are conducted, are generally persons of very great intelligence, and often of considerable wealth. Sometimes these men, for the purpose of obtaining wood, purchase a piece of land, which they sell after it has been cleared, but more frequently they purchase only the timber from the proprietors of the land on which it grows. The chief raftsman, and his detachment of workmen, repair to the forest about the month of November, and are occupied during the whole of the winter months in felling trees, dressing them into logs, and dragging them by teams of oxen to the nearest stream, over the hardened snow, with which the country is then covered. They live during this period in huts formed of logs. Throughout the whole of the newly-cleared districts of America, indeed, the houses are built of rough logs, which are arranged so as to form the four sides of the hut, and their ends are half-checked into each other, in such a manner as to allow of their coming into contact nearly, throughout their whole length,

and the small interstices which remain are filled up with clay. About the month of May, when the ice leaves the rivers, the logs of timber that have been prepared, and hauled down during winter, are launched into the numerous small streams in the neighborhood of which they have been cut, and are floated down to the larger rivers, where their progress is stopped by what is called a "boom." The boom consists of a line of logs, extending across the whole breadth of the river. These are connected by iron links, and attached to stone piers built at suitable distances in the bed of the stream.

The boom is erected for the purpose of stopping the downward progress of the wood, which must remain within it till all the timber has left the forest. After this every raftsman searches out his own timber, which he recognizes by the mark he puts on it, and, having formed it into a raft, floats it down the river to its destination. The boom is generally owned by private individuals, who levy a toll on all the wood collected by it. The toll on the Penobscot River is at the rate of three per cent. on the value of the timber.

The rafts into which the timber is formed, previous to being floated down the large rivers, are strongly put together. They are furnished with masts and sails, and are steered by means of long oars, which project in front as well as behind them. Wooden houses are built on them for the accommodation of the crew and their families. I have counted upwards of thirty persons working the steering oars of a raft on the St. Lawrence; from this some idea may be formed of the number of their inhabitants.

The most hazardous part of the lumberer's business is that of bringing the rafts of wood down the large rivers. If not managed with great skill, they are apt to go to pieces in descending the rapids; and it not unfrequently happens that the whole labor of one, and sometimes of two years, is in this way lost in a moment. An old raftsman with whom I had some conversation on board of one of the steamers on the St. Lawrence, informed me that each of the rafts brought down that river contains from 15,000 to 25,000 dollars' worth of timber, and that he, on one occasion, lost 12,500 dollars by one raft, which grounded in descending a rapid, and broke up. The safest size of a raft, he said, was from 40,000 to 50,000 square feet of surface; and when of that size they require about five men to manage them. Some are made, however, which have an area of no less than 300,000 square feet. These unwieldy craft are brought to Quebec in

great numbers from distances varying from one to twelve hundred miles; and it often happens that six months are occupied in making the passage. They are broken up at Quebec, where the timber is cut up for exportation, into planks, deals, or battens, at the numerous saw-mills with which the banks of the St. Lawrence are studded for many miles in the neighborhood of the town. Sometimes the timber is shipped in the form of logs. The timber-rafts of the Rhine are, perhaps, the only ones in Europe that can be compared to those of the American rivers; but none of those which I have seen on the Rhine were nearly so large as those on the St. Lawrence, although some of them were worked by a greater number of hands, a precaution rendered necessary, perhaps, by the more intricate navigation of the river. The principal woods exported from the St. Lawrence are white oak, white pine, red pine, elm, and white ash.

—STEVENSON.

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore!
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright the world o'er!

The genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine,
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky-way, shall shine bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim

That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame by its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host:—
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat round our coast;—

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech, "We are One."

—ALLSTON.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
When I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from His "hollow hand,"
And hung His bow upon thine awful front;
And spoke in that loud voice, which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
"The sound of many waters;" and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch His centuries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot that man makes
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him,
Who drown'd a world, and heap'd the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains?—a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

—BRAINERD.

THE SKATER AND THE WOLVES.

During the winter of 1844, I had much leisure to devote to the sports of a new country. To none of these was I more passionately addicted than to skating, The deep and sequestered lakes, frozen by the intense cold of a northern winter, present a wide field to the lovers of this pastime. Often would I bind on my skates and glide away up the glittering river, and wind each mazy streamlet that flowed beneath its fetters on toward the parent ocean. Sometimes I would follow the track of a fox or otter, and run my skates along the mark he had left with his dragging tail, until the trail would enter the woods. Sometimes these excursions were made by moonlight; and it was on one of these latter occasions that I had a rencounter which even now, with kind faces around me, I cannot recall without a nervous feeling.

I had left my friend's house one evening just before dusk, with the intention of skating a short distance up the noble river which glided directly before the door. The night was beautifully clear. A peerless moon rode through an occasional fleecy cloud, and stars twinkled from the sky and from every frost-covered tree in millions. Light also came glinting from ice, and snow-wreath, and encrusted branches, as the eye followed for miles the broad gleam of the river that, like a jewelled zone, swept between the mighty forests on its banks. And yet, all was still. The cold seemed to have frozen tree, and air, and water, and every living thing. Even the ringing of my skates echoed back from the hill with a startling clearness; and the crackle of the ice, as I passed over it in my course, seemed to follow the tide of the river with lightning speed.

I had gone up the river nearly two miles, when, coming to a little stream which empties into the larger, I turned into it to explore its course. Fir and hemlock of a century's growth met overhead, and formed an archway radiant with frost-work. All was dark within; but I was young and fearless, and as I peered into an unbroken forest that reared itself on the borders of the stream, I laughed with very joyousness. My wild hurrah rung through the silent woods, and I stood listening to the echo that reverberated, again and again, until all was hushed. Suddenly, a sound arose—it seemed to me to come from beneath the ice, it was low and tremulous at first, but it ended in one long, wild

yell. I was appalled. Never before had such a noise met my ears. Presently, I heard the brushwood on shore crash, as though from the tread of some animal. The blood rushed to my forehead; my energies returned; and I looked around me for some means of escape.

The moon shone through the opening at the mouth of the creek by which I had entered the forest; and, considering this the best means of escape, I darted towards it like an arrow. It was hardly a hundred yards distant, and the swallow could have scarcely excelled me in flight; yet, as I turned my head to the shore, I could see two dark objects dashing through the brushwood at a pace nearly double in speed to my own. By their great speed, and the short yells which they occasionally gave, I knew at once that these were the much-dreaded gray wolves.

I had never met with these animals; but, from the description given of them, I had little pleasure in making their acquaintance. Their untamable fierceness and untiring strength render them objects of dread to every benighted traveller.

With their long gallop they pursue their prey, never straying from the track of their victim; and though, perhaps, the wearied hunter thinks that he has at last outstripped them, he finds that they have but waited for the evening to seize their prey.

The bushes that skirted the shore flew past with the velocity of lightning, as I dashed on in my flight to pass the narrow opening. The outlet was nearly gained—a few seconds more and I would be comparatively safe; but, in a moment, my pursuers appeared on the bank above me, which here rose to the height of ten feet. There was no time for thought. I bent my head, and dashed madly forward. The wolves sprang, but, miscalculating my speed, fell behind, while their intended prey glided out upon the river!

Nature turned me toward home. The light flakes of snow spun from the iron of my skates, and I was some distance from my pursuers, when their fierce howl told me I was still their fugitive. I did not look back; I did not feel afraid, or sorry, or glad;—one thought of home, of the bright faces awaiting my return, and of their tears if they never should see me; and then all the energies of body and mind were exerted for escape. I was perfectly at home on the ice. Many were the days that I had spent on my good skates, never thinking that they would thus prove my only means of safety. Every half minute a furious yelp from my fierce attendants made me but too certain

that they were in close pursuit. Nearer and nearer they came. At last I heard their feet pattering on the ice—I even felt their very breath, and heard their snuffing scent! Every nerve and muscle in my frame was stretched to the utmost tension.

The trees along the shore seemed to dance in an uncertain light, and my brain turned with my own breathless speed; yet still my pursuers seemed to hiss forth their breath with a sound truly horrible, when an involuntary motion on my part turned me out of my course. The wolves, close behind, unable to stop, and as unable to turn on the smooth ice, slipped and fell, still going on far a-head. Their tongues were lolling out; their white tusks were gleaming from their bloody mouths; their dark shaggy breasts were fleeced with foam; and, as they passed me, their eyes glared, and they howled with fury. The thought flashed on my mind that by this means I could avoid them,—namely, by turning aside whenever they came too near; for, by the formation of their feet, they are unable to run on ice except in a straight line.

I immediately acted upon this plan. The wolves, having regained their feet, sprang directly toward me. The race was renewed for twenty yards up the stream; they were already close on my back, when I glided round and dashed directly past them. A fierce yell greeted my evolution, and the wolves, slipping on their haunches, sailed onward, presenting a perfect picture of helplessness and baffled rage. Thus I gained nearly a hundred yards at each turning. This was repeated two or three times, every moment the animals becoming more excited and baffled.

At one time, by delaying my turning too long, my sanguinary antagonists came so near that they threw their white foam over my dress as they sprang to seize me, and their teeth clashed together like the spring of a fox-trap! Had my skates failed for one instant,—had I tripped on a stick, or had my foot been caught in a fissure of the ice,—the story I am now telling would never have been told. I thought all the chances over. I knew where they would first seize me if I fell. I thought how long it would be before I died; and then of the search for my body, that would already have its tomb; for oh! how fast man's mind traces out all the dread colors of death's picture, only those who have been near the grim original can tell.

But I soon came opposite the house, and my hounds—I knew their deep voices—roused by the noise, bayed furiously from their kennels. I heard their chains rattle: how I wished they would break them!—then I should have had protectors to match the fiercest denizens of the forest. The wolves, taking the hint conveyed by the dogs, stopped in their mad career, and, after a few moments, turned and fled. I watched them until their forms disappeared over a neighboring hill; then, taking off my skates, I wended my way to the house, with feelings which may be better imagined than described. But, even yet, I never see a broad sheet of ice by moonlight without thinking of that snuffing breath, and those fearful things, that followed me so closely down that frozen river.

—WHITEHEAD.

THE SKATER'S SONG.

AWAY on the glistening plain we go,
With our steely feet so bright;
Away! for the north winds keenly blow,
And winter's out to-night.

With the stirring shout of the joyous rout,
To the ice-bound stream we hie;
On the river's breast, where snow-flakes rest,
We'll merrily onward fly!

Our fires flame high; by their midnight glare
We will wheel our way along;
And the white woods dim, and the frosty air
Shall ring with the skater's song.

With a crew as bold as ever was told
For the wild and daring deed,
What can stay our flight, by the fire's red light,
As we move with lightning speed?

We heed not the blast, who are flying as fast
As deer o'er the Lapland snow;
When the cold moon shines, on snow-clad pines,
And wintry breezes blow.

The cheerful hearth, in the hall of mirth,
We have gladly left behind—
For a thrilling song is borne along
On the free and stormy wind.

Our hearts beating warm, we'll laugh at the storm
When it comes in a fearful rage,
While with many a wheel, on the ringing steel,
A riotous game we'll wage.

By the starry light of a frosty night
We trace our onward way;
While on the ground, with a splintering sound,
The frost goes forth at play.

Then away to the stream, in the moonlight's beam,
For the night it waneth fast;
And the silent tread of the ghostly dead,
At the midnight hour, hath passed.

—H. B. T.

THE PRAIRIES OF NORTH AMERICA.

The term "prairie," first applied to the plains of North America by the French settlers, signifies a meadow; and very appropriate is it, as the vast tracts of land, which it is used to designate, are unsurpassed in verdant richness in any part of the earth.

The prairies of the "west" and "far west" of America are the most beautiful in the world. Of boundless extent, great and varied richness of beauty, and undulating in a graceful manner, like the swells of the retiring ocean, they present a scene unparalleled of its kind on the face of the earth. The "bluffs" that appear in different parts, scattered over its surface in thousands, and especially abundant by the banks of rivers, present a constant variety to the eye of the visitor.

The general character of the picture, however, is the same. On the Missouri alone, above the Osage, there are, it is said, thirty thousand square miles, making an amount of territory equal to Kentucky. Below the Osage is another tract of

country, which has been considered the finest ground ever seen, the chief drawback being a deficiency of wood and water. Including all the prairie lands, they extend from St. Louis and the Mississippi to the Rocky Mountains; and from the Gulf of Mexico on the south, to the Slave Lake on the north. The contrast between the appearance of this part of the earth and many others is well described by Mr. Catlin. "It is," he says, "but to paint a vast country of green fields, where the men are all red—where meat is the staff of life—where no laws, but those of honor, are known—where the oak and the pine give way to the cotton-wood and peccan—where the buffalo ranges, the elk, mountain-sheep, and the fleet-bounding antelope—where the magpie and chattering parroquets supply the place of the red-breast and the blue-bird—where wolves are white and bears grizzly—where pheasants are hens of the prairie, and frogs have horns!—where the rivers are yellow, and white men are turned savages in looks. Through the whole of this strange country the dogs are all wolves, women all slaves,—men all lords. The sun and the *rats* alone (of all the list of old acquaintances) could be recognized in this country of strange metamorphoses."

The prairies are covered with grass for hundreds of miles, during the fall of the year, it dries up and dies, and fire burning it up, a black surface is left, giving the ground a doleful color till the ensuing spring. There are many modes by which fire is communicated to the grass, frequently by accident, but oftener by white men and Indians, for the purpose of obtaining a fresh crop for grazing their horses, and to make travelling in the summer less uncomfortable.

Over the higher ground and prairie bluffs, where the grass is short, the flames creep slowly and feebly, and the animals remain quiet till they approach them, when they bound over it, and, escaping further molestation, trot off among the ashes. These scenes at night become indescribably beautiful, when the flames are seen at many miles' distance, creeping over the sides and tops of the bluffs; and, the hills being invisible, the flames appear like sparkling and brilliant chains of liquid fire, hanging suspended in festoons from the sky.

But the scene is altered from the interesting and beautiful to the majestic and terrific. In many parts the grass is six or seven feet high, and the flames are driven forward by the hurricanes, which often sweep over these vast prairies. There are

many tracts like this on the Platte, and the Arkansas, of many miles in breadth, which are perfectly level, with a waving grass so high that men are obliged to stand erect in their stirrups, in order to look over the waving tops, as they are riding through them. The fire in these places, before such a wind, travels with such an immense and frightful rapidity, as frequently to destroy parties of Indians who may be overtaken by it; not that it travels so fast as a horse at full speed, but the high grass is entangled with wild pea-vines, and other plants of the kind, which impede the rider, and compel him to ride the horse in the zig-zag paths of the buffaloes and deer, which retard his progress, and he is thus overtaken by the immense cloud of smoke and flame, which, with its thundering sound and lightning glare, destroys almost everything that it approaches.

—*Face of the Earth.*

INTEGRITY REWARDED.

THE annals of the American war record the following story:—"A plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended during the Revolutionary war, under such circumstances as proved beyond all doubt his purpose of joining the King's forces, an intention which he was too honest to deny. Accordingly, he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county gaol. The prison was in such a state that he might have found little difficulty in escaping; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority—such as it was—and the same principle of duty which led him to take arms made him equally ready to endure the consequences. After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation, and, for eight months, Jackson went out every day to labor, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May, the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson said this would be a needless trouble and expense. His word was once more taken; and he set off alone to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way, he was overtaken by Mr. Edwards, a member of the Council

of Massachusetts, which at that time was the supreme executive of the State. This gentleman asked him whither he was going. 'To Springfield, sir,' was his answer, 'to be tried for my life!' To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape; when, having been found guilty and condemned to death, application was made to the Council for mercy. The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker: the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and, if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no cause why it should not be granted in every other. Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful; this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another till it came to Mr Edwards's turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular conduct, and what had passed between them in the woods. For the honour of Massachusetts, and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry, legal remarks, which, like a blast in the desert, wither the heart they reach. The Council began to hesitate; and, when a member ventured to say that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out."

—SHARPE'S *London Magazine.*

A SONG OF EMIGRATION.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.
But ever and anon,
A murmur of farewell,
Told by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and joyous strain;
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."
"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homesteads warm and low,
By the brook, and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."
"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children play'd,
'Mid birds and honey bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free;
None shall say, 'Hither, no farther pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass,
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."
"But oh! the gray church tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath bell,
And the shelter'd garden bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

"We will give the names of our fearless race,
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our works on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."
"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
Home, home and friends, farewell!"—MRS. HEMANS.

THE WESTERN HUNTER.

Ay, this is freedom! These pure skies
Were never stain'd with village smoke;
The fragrant wind, that through them flies,
Is breathed from wastes by plough unbroke.
Here, with my rifle and my steed,
And her who left the world for me,
I plant me where the red deer feed
In the green desert—and am free.

For here the fair savannas know
No barriers in the bloomy grass;
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or beam of heaven may glance, I pass.
In pastures measureless as air,
The bison is my noble game;
The bounding elk, whose antlers tear
The branches, falls before my aim.

Mine are the river-fowl that scream
From the long line of waving sedge;
The bear that marks my weapon's gleam,
Hides vainly in the forest's edge;
In vain the she-wolf stands at bay;
The brindled catamount, that lies
High in the boughs to watch his prey,
Even in the act of springing dies.

With what free growth the elm and plane
Fling their huge arms across my way;
Gray, old, and cumber'd with a train
Of vines as huge, and old, and gray!
Free stray the lucid streams, and find
No taint in these fresh lawns and shades.
Free spring the flowers that scent the wind,
Where never scythe has swept the glades.

Alone, the fire, when frost winds sear
The heavy herbage of the ground,
Gathers his annual harvest here,
With roaring like the battle sound,

And trains of smoke that heavenward tower,
And streaming flames that sweep the plain,
Fierce, as if kindled to devour
Earth, to the well springs of the main.

Here, from dim woods, the aged past
Speaks solemnly; and I behold
The boundless future, in the vast
And lonely river, seaward roll'd.
Who feeds its founts with rain and dew?
Who moves, I ask, its gliding mass,
And trains the bordering vines, whose blue,
Bright clusters tempt me as I pass?

Broad are these streams; my steed obeys,
Plunges, and bears me through the tide.
Wide are these woods; I thread the maze
Of giant stems, nor ask a guide.
I hunt till day's last glimmer dies
O'er wooded vale and grassy height;
And kind the voice and glad the eyes,
That welcome my return at night.

—W. C. Bryant.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

The silent wilderness for me!
Where never sound is heard,
Save the rustling of the squirrel's foot,
And the flitting wing of bird,
Or its low and interrupted note,
And the deer's quick, crackling tread,
And the swaying of the forest boughs,
As the wind moves overhead.

Alone, (how glorious to be free!)
My good dog at my side,
My rifle hanging on my arm,
I range the forest wide.
And now the regal buffalo
Across the plains I chase;
Now track the mountain stream to find
The beaver's lurking-place.

I stand upon the mountain's top,
And (solitude profound!)
Not even a woodman's smoke curls up
Within the horizon's bound.
Below, as o'er its ocean breadth
The air's light currents run,
The wilderness of moving leaves
Is glancing in the sun.

I look around to where the sky
Meets the far forest line,
And this imperial domain,
This kingdom, all is mine.
This bending heaven, these floating clouds,
Waters that ever roll,
And wilderness of glory, bring
These offerings to my soul.

My palace, built by God's own hand,
The world's fresh prime hath seen;
Wide stretch its living halls away,
Pillar'd and roof'd with green;
My music is the wind that now
Pours loud its swelling bars,
Now lulls in dying cadences;
My festal lamps are stars.

Though when in this my lonely home,
My star-watch'd couch I press,
I hear no fond "good night," think not
I am companionless.
Oh, no! I see my father's house,
The hill, the tree, the stream,
And the looks and voices of my home
Come gently to my dream.

And in these solitary haunts,
While slumbers every tree
In night and silence, God himself
Seems nearer unto me.
I feel His presence in these shades,
Like the embracing air;
And, as my eyelids close in sleep,
My heart is hush'd in prayer. —E. PEABODY.

BOYHOOD OF BENJAMIN WEST.

Benjamin West, one of the earliest and most distinguished of American painters, was a native of Pennsylvania. He was born near Springfield, Chester County, on the 10th October, 1738. His family were Quakers, and emigrated to America in 1699. His father, however, being left at school in England, did not join his relatives until 1714. The native tendencies of West were early manifested. It is said that, when he was but six years old, his mother left him for a few moments to keep the flies from an infant sleeping in the cradle. While he was thus employed, the beauty of the little creature, smiling in its sleep, attracted his attention, and he immediately endeavored to delineate its portrait with a pen and ink. His mother soon returned, and was surprised and delighted at the attempt, in which she thought she detected a resemblance to the sleeping infant.

Not long after this he was sent to school, but was permitted to amuse himself during his hours of leisure, in drawing flowers and animals with a pen. He soon desired to represent the color as well as the shape; but here he was at a loss, for the community in which he lived made use of no paints but the most simple and grave. His American biographer says that "The colors he used were charcoal and chalk, mixed with the juice of berries; but with these colors, laid on with the hair of a cat, drawn through a goose quill, when about nine years of age, he drew on a sheet of paper, the portraits of a neighboring family, in which the delineation of each individual was sufficiently accurate to be immediately recognized by his father, when the picture was first shown to him. When about twelve years old, he drew a portrait of himself, with his hair hanging loosely about his shoulders."

His stock of colors was soon considerably enlarged by a party of Indians who visited Springfield in the summer; and, becoming interested in the sketches which the boy showed them, taught him to prepare the red and yellow paints which they were accustomed to use. A piece of indigo, which his mother gave him, furnished him with blue; and with these three simple primary colors the young artist felt himself rich.

One of the earliest patrons of the young painter was the father of General Wayne, who lived at Springfield. Happening

to notice one day several heads, drawn upon boards with ink, chalk, and charcoal, he was so much pleased with them as to ask the privilege of taking them home. Next day he called again, and presented young West with six dollars. This circumstance had considerable effect in inducing him subsequently to make painting his profession.

Another circumstance, which occurred about this period, afforded him inexpressible delight. A merchant of Philadelphia, Mr Pennington, being on a visit to the family, was so much pleased with the efforts of Benjamin, that he promised him a box of colors and brushes. On his return to the city, he not only fulfilled his promise, but added to the stock several pieces of canvas prepared for painting, and "six engravings by Grevling." Nothing could exceed his delight at this unexpected treasure. He carried the box to a room in the garret, and immediately began to imitate the engravings in colors; and even ventured to form a new composition, by using the figures from the different prints. The result of this boyish effort to combine figures from engravings, and invent a system of coloring, was exhibited sixty-seven years afterwards, in the same room with the "Christ Rejected."

—*Self-Taught Men.*

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF AUDUBON.

My march was of long duration. I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland; and nothing in the shape of man had I met that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace; and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach at least a copse in which I might lie down to rest. Shortly after a fire-light attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken. I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log-cabin, and that a tall figure passed and re-passed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements. I reached the spot and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night?

Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself beside the fire. The next object I observed was a finely-formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log-wall near him, while a quantity of arrows, and two or three raccoon skins, lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, I addressed him in French, a language not unfrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it for ever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned bear and buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine timepiece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied the watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo-meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering. He passed and re-passed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned

glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of the number. Under the pretence of wishing to see how the weather was, I took up my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and, returning to the hut, gave a favourable account of my observations. I took a few bear-skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was to all appearance fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and, asking for whisky, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English,) was in the house? The mother—for so she proved to be—bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place. The last words reached me—"That will soon settle him! Boys, kill you; and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, and tapped gently my faithful dog, who moved his tail, and fixed his eyes alternately on me and on the trio in the corner. I lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The murderous hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, while her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I flew to my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, I told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we

slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlement.

—*Romantic Incidents in the Lives of Naturalists, &c.*

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments,

"when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key of that vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last, this feeling begins to wear away; they look around them, and find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds, cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is "no Royal road to learning." This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name which will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there and left his name, a foot above any of his predecessors. It was a glorious thought to write his name side by side with that great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous venture; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in wide capitals, large and deep, in that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough; heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He

measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half-way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearthstone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair—"William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half-way down in the west. The lad has made

fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rock, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands upon the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more, and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half-inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last flint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and, ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his devoted heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arm into the noose. Darkness comes over him; and with the words "God!" and "mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude—such shouting, and such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity!

—Elihu Burritt.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

"They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—ANON.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore—
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sank to sleep,—
If slumber his eyelids knew,—
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
"Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface played—
"Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light!"
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high, and the clouds were dark,
And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

—MOORE.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

THE eagle is, in truth, no very great fisher, but is very fond of fish, and finds that the easiest mode of obtaining the desired dainty is to rob them who are better qualified than himself for the sport. He is capable of catching fish, it is true, but he does it in a very awkward manner, wading into the shallows like a heron, and snatching suddenly at any of the finny tribe that may be passing in his direction. This predatory propensity aroused the wrath of Benjamin Franklin, who objected strongly to the employment of the bald eagle as the type of the American nation, urging, as his grounds for opposition, that it is "a bird of bad moral character, and did not get his living honestly."

The bald eagle is very accommodating in his appetite, and will eat almost anything that has ever possessed animal life. He is by no means averse to carrion, and has been seen seated regally upon a dead horse, keeping at a distance a horde of vultures which were collected round the carcass, and not permitting them to approach until he had gorged himself to the full. Another individual was seen by Wilson in a similar state of things. He had taken possession of a heap of dead squirrels, that had been accidentally drowned, and prevented any other bird or beast of prey from approaching his treasures. He is especially fond of lambs, and is more than suspected of aiding the death of many a sickly sheep, by the dexterous use of his beak and claws. Sometimes he pays the penalty of his

voracity, as was very recently the case. A bald eagle had caught a wild duck, and carrying it to a large piece of ice, tore his prey in pieces, and began to eat it. When he had finished his repast, he spread his wings for flight, but found himself unable to stir, his feet having been firmly frozen to the ice. Several persons who witnessed the scene endeavored to reach the bird, but were unable, owing to the masses of loose ice that intervened between the eagle and the land. At last, the poor bird perished, as was supposed, having been seen to flap his useless wings in vain endeavors to escape, until night drew on and darkness hid him from view.

The manner in which the bald eagle hunts for, procures, and kills his prey, is so admirably told by Mr. Audubon, that it would be impossible to do justice to the subject without quoting his own words :—

"The eagle is seen perched, in an erect attitude, on the summit of the tallest tree by the margin of the broad stream. His glistening, but stern eye, looks over the vast expanse. He listens attentively to every sound that comes to his quick ear from afar, glancing every now and then on the earth beneath, lest even the light tread of the fawn may pass unheard. His mate is perched on the opposite side, and should all be tranquil and quiet, warns him, by a cry, to continue patient. At this well-known call he partly opens his broad wings, inclines his body a little downwards, and answers to her voice in tones not unlike the laugh of a maniac. The next moment he resumes his erect attitude, and again all around is silent. Ducks of many species—the teal, the widgeon, the mallard, and others—are seen passing with great rapidity, and following the course of the current, but the eagle heeds them not; they are at that time beneath his attention.

"The next moment, however, the wild, trumpet-like sound of a yet distant but approaching swan is heard. A shriek from the female eagle comes across the stream, for she is fully as alert as her mate. The latter suddenly shakes the whole of his body, and with a few touches of his bill, aided by the action of his cuticular muscles, arranges his plumes in an instant. The snow-white bird is now in sight; her long neck is stretched forward; her eye is on the watch, vigilant as that of her enemy; her large wings seem with difficulty to support the weight of her body, although they flap incessantly; so irksome do her exertions seem, that her very legs are spread beneath

her tail to aid her in her flight. She approaches, however. The eagle has marked her for his prey.

"As the swan is passing the dreaded pair, starts from his perch the male bird, in preparation for the chase, with an awful scream, that to the swan's ear brings more terror than the report of the large duck-gun. Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle's powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks by various manœuvres to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air, by attempting to strike it with his talons from beneath.

"The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with its talons the under-side of its wing, and, with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore.

"It is then that you may see the cruel spirit of this dreaded enemy of the feathered race, whilst, exulting over his prey, he for the first time breathes at his ease. He presses down his powerful feet, and drives his sharp claws deep into the heart of the dying swan; he shrieks with delight as he feels the last convulsions of his prey, which has now sunk under his efforts to render death as painful as it possibly can be. The female has now watched every movement of her mate, and, if she did not assist him in capturing the swan, it was not from want of will, but merely that she felt full assurance, that the power and courage of her lord were quite sufficient for the deed. She now sails to the spot where he eagerly awaits her, and when she has arrived, they together turn the breast of the luckless swan upwards, and gorge themselves with gore."

The bald eagle is found throughout the whole of North America, and may be seen haunting the greater part of the sea-coast, as well as the mouths of the large rivers.

—Wood's "*Natural History.*"

MEETING OF CORTEZ AND MONTEZUMA

CORTEZ IN MEXICO.

Among those who were called forth by the voyages of discovery, chiefly set afloat by Spain, was Cortez, a man so deeply concerned in the doings of these times that his name is inseparably associated with the history of Mexico.

Mexico was discovered by Grijalva, a lieutenant of Diego Velasquez; but to Cortez was committed the conquest of the newly-found country. The people, who had thus been brought into connection with the Spaniards, had already laid aside many of their old customs; and when the vessels of Cortez lay to, and the governor went ashore, he found them no longer rude and half-clad savages, but people well dressed in cotton garments, and living in stone houses. The natives received the strangers with hostility; wild rumors were abroad of what cruel excesses the Spaniards had already been guilty; and so a battle ensued, which ended in the triumph of the Spaniards. The monarch of Mexico was named Montezuma, and he now sent to learn the object of the visit of Cortez. The Spaniard demanded a per-

sonal interview with the monarch; this was respectfully but firmly declined. Hostilities were renewed, and Cortez marched towards the capital. The vast plains of Mexico opened before them, wearing an aspect of tempting prosperity. In the middle of the plain, partly encamped by a lake, and partly built on the island within it, towered aloft the city of Mexico, like some gorgeous fairy-land city. The Spaniards could scarcely believe their senses; it seemed more like a splendid vision than reality. Montezuma received the strangers with great pomp and kindness; admitted them into the city; appropriated to their use splendid accommodations; supplied all their wants, and presented them with gifts. Cortez was greatly astonished at what had befallen him. He expected hostilities, and was met with hospitality. But he found himself shut up in the midst of a vast city; and, naturally suspicious, began to fear treachery on the part of his entertainers. A bold expedient occurred to him, which a good many people would have hesitated to attempt, but which he successfully carried through. He seized the person of the king, imprisoned him in his own palace, and so worked upon his mind that he at length induced the monarch to acknowledge himself as a servant of Spain, and to engage to pay an annual tribute.

Shortly after this, Cortez was recalled to Spain. Cruelties, of which he had set the example, were carried on to so extravagant an extent as to drive the Mexicans into revolt; so that, on his return, he found a native army in the field, his own forces weakened and dispirited, and but ill prepared for a fresh campaign. But Cortez never fled from danger—he had the merit of courage, if no other; and something of his own determination he communicated to his followers. Battle followed battle with varying success. As of old, the people were hunted down like wild beasts; and the deep bay of the blood-hound was heard through the night. As a last resource, Cortez brought out Montezuma, whom he had held in captivity, placed him in the fore part of the fight, and instructed him to order his people to desist. The monarch did the bidding of his conqueror, and, with bowed heads and in deep silence, the Mexicans obeyed. But when, still instructed by Cortez, the unhappy king spoke well of the Spaniards, the rage of his own subjects could no longer be restrained. They saw that the man, whom they had once respected, had no longer respect for himself; they felt the deep indignity, and with a wild cry re-commenced the battle.

The first to fall was Montezuma. The people saw him in his death agony—the superstitions of their creed taught them that heaven's vengeance would fall upon them, for they had slain their king; and so they turned and fled.

Subsequently the war was continued: desperate resistance on one side, unrelenting cruelty on the other. Now and again it seemed that the flag of Castile would never float again upon the walls of Mexico; but Cortez fought on, steadily, determinedly; he never shrank from blood or tears, to raise the influence of his nation. But the work he accomplished met with no magnificent reward. Returning to Spain, he fell into neglect, for Spain was careless of her benefactors when her work was done. One day, Cortez forced his way through the crowd that had collected about the carriage of the sovereign, mounted the door-step, and looked in. Astonished at so gross a breach of etiquette, the monarch demanded to know who he was. "I am a man," replied the conqueror of Mexico, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you cities!"

And after this he withdrew from public life, brooding over his sorrow, lived in solitude, and died of a broken heart.

—*Cassell's Family Paper.*

TRAPPING A TAPIR.

Be it understood, then, that the tapir is "at home" in Central America, and is, indeed, one of the chief personages of its densely-populated woods. Let us hear, then, what Mr. Squier has to say about him:—

"I think it was the third day after our arrival, when we came upon a patch of low ground, or jungle, densely wooded, and distant perhaps half-a-mile from our encampment. Attracted by some bright flowers, I penetrated a few yards into the bushes, where, to my surprise, I came upon what appeared to be a well-beaten path, which I followed for some distance, wondering over the various queer tracks which I observed printed here and there in the moist ground."

This, our author soon ascertains, is a path worn by the passing and repassing of a tapir, which he encounters coming along at a swinging trot, so as to oblige him to ascend a tree to get

out of its way. On telling his Indian guides of his adventure, they proposed to trap the tapir, and forthwith commence operations.

"Before it became dark, Antonio and the boy went to the thicket, and felled several stout trees across the path in such a manner as to form a kind of *cul-de-sac*. The design of this was to arrest the animal on his return, and enable us to spear him before he could break through or disengage himself. We went to the spot early in the evening, and, as the moon did not rise until late, Antonio caught his hat half-full of fire-flies, which served to guide us in the bush. He then pulled off their wings and scattered them among the fallen trees, where they gave light enough to enable us to distinguish objects with considerable clearness."

Not being over-confident of the peaceful disposition of the intended prey, our hero takes up his position in a tree overhanging the path, where, while sufficiently out of harm's way, he can yet give the beast a sly drive with his lance. They wait long; at last Antonio whispers, "He is coming," and, "a few moments afterwards, I could make out the beast in the dim light, driving on at the same swinging trot. Right on he came, heedless and headlong. Crash! crash! There was a plunge and a struggle, and a crushing and trampling of branches, then a dull sound of the heavy beast striking against the unyielding trunks of the fallen trees."

"He was now fairly stopped, and with a shout my companions drove down upon him with their lances, which rang out a sharp metallic sound when they struck his thick hard hide. It was an exciting moment, and my eagerness overcoming my prudence, I slipped down the tree and joined in the attack. Blow upon blow of the lances, and I could feel that mine struck deep into the flesh; but the strokes appeared to give him new strength, and, gathering back, he drove again full upon the opposing tree, and bore it down before him. I had just leaped upon the trunk—the better to aim my lance—and went down with it headlong, almost under the feet of the struggling animal, one tramp of whose feet would have crushed me like a worm. I could have touched him he was so near. I heard the alarmed shriek of Antonio when he saw me fall, but in an instant he leaped to my side, and shortening his lance, drove it with desperate force clean through the animal, bringing him to his knees. This done, he grappled me as he might an infant,

and before I was aware of it, had dragged me clear off the fallen timber. The blow of Antonio proved fatal; the tapir fell over on his side, and in a few minutes was quite dead."

—*Adventures on the Mosquito Shore.*

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA.

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening wind received this song:—

"What should we do but sing His praise,
That led us through the watery maze,
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage;
He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows;
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice,
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon, He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And on these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name:

O, let our voice His praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!"
Thus sang they, in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

—A. Marvell.

THE BUCCANEERS.

It is necessary to pause, at this period in our review of the grand maritime expeditions, which successively left the various seaports of the world, in order to refer to a practice which was now rendering commerce hazardous, and the whole highway of the seas insecure—piracy. Besides the numerous isolated adventurers, who preyed upon the vessels of any and every nation which fell in their way, a powerful association, or league of robbers, who infested particularly the West Indian Islands and the Caribbean Sea, and who bore the name of Buccaneers, became, during the century of which we are now speaking, the peculiar dread of Spanish ships. The Spaniards would not allow any other nation than their own to trade in the West Indies, and pursued and murdered the English and French wherever they found them. Every foreigner discovered among the islands, or on the coast of the American continent, was treated as a smuggler and a robber; and it was not long before they became such, and organized themselves into an association capable of returning cruelty by cruelty. The Spaniards employed coast-guards to keep off interlopers, the commanders of which were instructed to massacre all their prisoners. This tended to produce a close alliance, offensive and defensive, among the mariners of all other nations, who, in their turn, made descents upon the coasts, and ravaged the weaker Spanish towns and settlements. A permanent state of hostilities was thus established in the West Indies, independent of peace or war at home. After the failure of the mine of St. Domingo, and its abandonment by the Spaniards, it was taken possession of, early in the seventeenth century, by a number of French

wanderers who had been driven out of St. Christopher; and their numbers were soon augmented by adventurers from all quarters.

As they had neither wives nor children, they generally lived together by twos, for mutual protection and assistance; when one died, the survivor inherited his property, unless a will was found bequeathing it to some relative in Europe. Bolts, locks, and all kinds of fastenings were prohibited among them, the maxim of "honor among thieves" being considered a more efficient safeguard. The dress of a buccaneer consisted of a shirt dipped in the blood of an animal just slain; a leathern girdle, in which hung pistols and a short sabre; a hat with feathers, but without a rim, except a fragment in guise of a visor, to pull it on and off; and shoes of untanned hide without stockings. Each man had a heavy musket, and usually a pack of twenty or thirty dogs. Their business was, at the outset, cattle-hunting; and they sold hides to the Dutch, who resorted to the island to purchase them. They possessed servants and slaves, consisting of persons decoyed to the West Indies, and induced to bind themselves for a certain number of years.

The Spaniards, inhabiting other portions of St. Domingo, conceived the idea of ridding the island of the buccaneers by destroying all the wild cattle; and this was carried into execution by a general chase. The buccaneers abandoned St. Domingo, and took refuge in the mountainous and well-wooded island of Tortuga, of which they made themselves absolute lords and masters. The advantages of the situation brought swarms of adventurers and desperadoes to the spot; and from cattle-hunters, the buccaneers became pirates. They made their cruises in open boats, exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather, and captured their prizes by boarding. They attacked indiscriminately the ships of every nation, feeling especial hostility, and exercising peculiar cruelty towards the Spaniards. They considered themselves to be justified in this by the oppression of the Mexicans and Indians by Spanish rulers, and quieting their consciences by thus assuming the characters of avengers, and dispensers of poetic justice, they never embarked upon an expedition without publicly offering up prayers for success, nor did they ever return laden with spoils without as publicly giving thanks for their good fortune.

They seldom attacked any European ships except those homeward-bound—which were usually well-freighted with gold

and silver. The Spaniards held them in such terror that they usually surrendered on coming to close quarters. The spoil was equitably divided, provision being first made for the wounded. The loss of an arm was rated at six hundred dollars, and other wounds in proportion. The commander could claim but one share; although, when he had acquitted himself with distinction, it was usual to compliment him by the addition of several shares. When the division was effected, the buccaneers abandoned themselves to all kinds of rioting and licentiousness till their wealth was expended, when they started in pursuit of new booty.

The buccaneers now rapidly increased in strength, daring, and numbers. They sailed in larger vessels, and undertook enterprises requiring great energy and audacity. Miguel de Basco captured, under the guns of Portobello, a Spanish galleon valued at a million of dollars. A Frenchman of the name of Montbars, conceived so deadly a hatred for the Spaniards, and killed so many of them, that he obtained the title of "The Exterminator." But the fame of all the buccaneer commanders was eclipsed by that of Henry Morgan, a Welshman. The boldest and most astonishing of his exploits was his forcing his way across the Isthmus of Darien, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. His object was to plunder the rich city of Panama: his expedition, however, opened the way to the great Southern Sea, where the buccaneers laid the foundation of much of our geographical knowledge of that ocean. He first took the Castle of San Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagres, where, out of three hundred and fourteen Spaniards, he put two hundred to death. He left five hundred men in the castle, one hundred and fifty on board of his thirty-seven ships, and with the rest—who, after deducting the killed and wounded, amounted to about twelve hundred men—began his progress through a wild and trackless country, which was then known only to the native Indians. After a desperate combat with the Spaniards, he took and plundered Panama, which then consisted of about seven thousand houses. He returned to the mouth of the Chagres with an enormous booty, and, after defrauding the fleet of their share of the spoils, sailed for Jamaica, which was already an English colony. He was made deputy-governor of the island by Charles the Second, by whom he was also knighted. He proved an efficient officer, and gave no quarter to the buccaneers.

—*The Sea and Her Famous Sailors.*

A VISIT TO THE BOTANIC GARDENS OF ST. VINCENT.

THERE was little worth noticing about the house in the Botanic Garden—it was in very bad repair; but one thing soon caught Jane and Susan's observant eyes, and that was something of a dirty light clay color, hanging from the roof in many places. This thing was of a flattish oval form, about eight or ten inches long, and was suspended by a substance like glue, of the same color, and not thicker than a piece of common packthread. They looked so long at these bags hanging, that their papa observed them, and said, "Those are Jack Spaniard's nests. You have already seen them; you recollect I told you they were the wasps of the West Indies."

"They are very troublesome," said Mr. Elliot, "in all old buildings, and by-and-by, I will show you plenty of them hanging in trees, where they also make their nests."

"They sting very severely," said Colonel Maxwell; "but I believe they seldom attack any one unprovokedly."

"Not often," said Mr. Elliot; "but they may be attracted to a person by the perfume of anything they like; and a friend of mine, who was dining in the country, in a house where the roof was full of nests, was a sad sufferer from them lately. He got in very hot, just in time for dressing, and rubbed his hair with honey-water; immediately after he sat down to dinner; but the perfume of the honey-water attracted the Jack Spaniards to such a degree that, in a second, they all pounced upon my friend's head, and stung him so severely that he was nearly frantic, although he plunged his head in cold water as quickly as possible."

"I suppose," said Mrs. Maxwell, "it is a service of great difficulty to destroy their nests."

"Indeed it is," said Mr. Elliot; "but I have a negro lad here who does it most successfully, and who pretends he can charm them by holding the green leaf of some weed between his lips, when he goes up very softly to the nest, and with his fingers and thumb breaks the attachment of the nest to the roof of the tree, carries it most gravely and quietly to a hole dug for the purpose, and dropping it down slowly and cautiously, he instantly places a turf upon the top, and consigns the nest, and all its troublesome inmates, to a living grave. He is never

stung, and I have seen him frequently perform the operation."

"And now, young ladies, I am going to show you what I won't call an ugly, but certainly one of the most troublesome weeds in the West Indies."

They saw before them a weed covered with pretty, small, delicate, pink blossoms, with very elegant-looking leaves; the plant was thick and bushy, and several feet high.

"Touch it," said Mr. Elliot.

"It is covered with thorns," said Jane.

"Well," said Mr. Elliot, "come near it, and wave your hand close to it."

The leaves all closed.

"How curious!" said the children.

"What is it?" said Mr. Elliot.

"It cannot be, and yet, somehow, I think it must be the sensitive plant," said Jane; "but I never saw it except in a hot-house at home, and I had no idea it grew in its own home to such a size."

"It does," said Mr. Elliot; "and I show it to you as an example of the great effect climate has upon plants, far more than people, who, generally speaking, if they are prudent, live and often enjoy excellent health in all different climates, while it is next to impossible for art to produce plants in the same perfection and health as in their natural climates. You are surprised at the great height and strength of the sensitive plant; but now I am going to show you a shrub, for here we cannot by any art make it grow taller than a shrub, though in England it is the pride of the forest."

"What a curious-looking stunted oak!" said Susan; "what an ugly thing!"

"I daresay you think so," said Mr. Elliot; "but I can tell you, my little lady, that were you to live as long as I have done without seeing your own country, you would love this little oak, diminutive as it is, because it would seem something belonging to home; and, however happy we may be abroad, there is something wrong about our hearts if we forget our home; but I am sure there is no fear of the daughter of a brave British officer doing that."

"No, indeed," said Susan, "we shan't do that, although England may not be so pretty or so curious a country."

"I am not sure of that," said Mr. Elliot; "for where we are unaccustomed to all around us, we naturally fancy it more

curious because more uncommon. England abounds in natural curiosities; though, I must allow, after having seen some of the most beautiful spots in England, I am not sure that I ever saw so rich, and at the same time so grand a view, as we are now admiring of the Bay of Kingstown and the surrounding country."

Mr. Elliot showed his visitors his young plantation of nutmegs, and was kind enough to cut off the only ripe one to explain to his young friends how the nutmeg grew, for they had no idea that the nutmeg was enclosed in a rind, which, when dried, was called mace. Indeed, it looked, when fresh, so exactly the color and size of an apricot, that, had they been in England, they would have taken it for one. Mr. Elliot then showed them the jack-fruit, which is very uncommon in the West Indies; the fruit is large and coarse, and has a very disagreeable smell. Mr. Elliot told them "that the fruit sometimes grew so immense as to weigh thirty pounds." This tree, in the Botanic Garden, was the only one in the island.

—*Juvenile Forget-me-not.*

THE WEST INDIAN ISLANDS.

WHERE first his drooping sails Columbus furled,
And sweetly rested in another world,
Amidst the heaven-reflecting ocean, smiles
A constellation of Elysian isles;
Fair as Orion when he mounts on high,
Sparkling with midnight splendor from the sky:
They bask beneath the sun's meridian rays,
Where not a shadow breaks the boundless blaze;
The breath of ocean wanders through their vales,
In morning breezes and in evening gales:
Earth from her lap perennial verdure pours,
Ambrosial fruits and amaranthine flowers,
O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom. NATURE FREE
Proclaims that MAN was born for liberty.
She flourishes where'er the sunbeams play
O'er living fountains, sallying into day;

She withers where the waters cease to roll,
And night and winter stagnate round the pole.
Man, too, where freedom's beams and fountains rise,
Springs from the dust, and blossoms to the skies:
Dead to the joys of light and life, the slave
Clings to the clod, his root is in the grave:
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair;
Freedom, the sun, the sea, the mountains, and the air!

—MONTGOMERY

SHARK ADVENTURE IN PANAMA.

A NATIVE of the country, called Don Pablo Ochon, who was for many years the superintendent of the fishery, and who was himself a practical diver, relates the following adventure, which he says happened to him in one of his submarine excursions. He had been told of a reef, on which it was said that a great number of large oysters might be found, and after a good deal of trouble he succeeded in discovering it. Hoping to pick up some fine specimens of shells, Don Pablo dived to a depth of eleven fathoms. The rock was not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards in circumference. He swam round it and examined it without seeing anything to induce him to prolong his stay under water. As there were no oysters to be seen, he was preparing to ascend, and he looked up, as divers generally do, to be sure that no monster is watching them. When Don Pablo raised his eyes, he saw a tintorero (a species of shark) standing sentinel over him, a few yards above his head, which had probably been watching him from the time he plunged into the water. The size of this monster was so great that it was useless to think of defending himself with his pointed stick, for the horrible creature had a mouth that could have swallowed both stick and man at one mouthful. Don Pablo felt ill at ease when he saw his retreat so completely cut off; but in the water there is not much time for reflection; he swam, therefore, as quickly as he could towards another point of the rock, hoping thus to deceive the vigilance of his enemy. Imagine his horror when he again saw it hovering over his

head, like a falcon watching a little bird. The shark rolled its great fiery eyes, and opened and closed its formidable jaws in such a way that for long after the very remembrance of it made Don Pablo tremble.

The unfortunate diver saw only two alternatives before him —to be drowned, or to be eaten. He had been so long under water that he could not keep in his breath any longer, and he was on the point of rising to breathe, even at the risk of his life, when he remembered all at once that he had seen some sand on one of the sides of the rock. He swam thither with all imaginable speed, always escorted by his attentive enemy. As soon as he reached the point he intended, he began to raise clouds of sand with his pointed stick, which made the water so dark and muddy that the man and the fish lost sight of each other. Then, profiting by the darkness which he had raised, Don Pablo ascended speedily in an oblique direction, and reached the surface safe and sound, but completely exhausted.

Happily, he came up very near one of the boats, and the boatmen seeing him in such a pitiful state, guessed that he had escaped by some manœuvre from an enemy. They accordingly used the ordinary means to frighten away the monster, and Don Pablo was drawn into the boat in safety, but more dead than alive.

—*Travel and Adventure.*

THE EARTHQUAKE OF CARACCAS.

The inhabitants of *terra firma* were ignorant of the agitation, which, on the one hand, the volcano of the island of St. Vincent had experienced, and on the other, the basin of the Mississippi, where, on the 7th and 8th February, 1812, the ground was day and night in a state of continual oscillation. At this period, the province of Venezuela labored under great drought; not a drop of rain had fallen at Caraccas, or to the distance of 311 miles around, during the five months which preceded the destruction of the capital. The 26th of March was excessively hot; the air was calm and the sky cloudless. It was Holy Thursday, and a great part of the population was in the churches. The calamities of the day were preceded by no in-

dications of danger. At seven minutes after four in the evening the first commotion was felt. It was so strong as to make the bells of the churches ring. It lasted from five to six seconds, and was immediately followed by another shock of from ten to twelve seconds, during which the ground was in a constant state of undulation, and heaved like a fluid under ebullition. The danger was thought to be over, when a prodigious subterranean noise was heard, resembling the rolling of thunder, but louder and more prolonged than that heard within the tropics during thunder storms. This noise preceded a perpendicular motion of about three or four seconds, followed by an undulatory motion of somewhat longer duration. The shocks were in opposite directions, from north to south, and from east to west. It was impossible that anything could resist the motion from beneath, upwards, and the undulations crossing each other. The city of Caraccas was completely overthrown. Thousands of the inhabitants (from nine to ten thousand) were buried under the ruins of the churches and houses. The procession had not yet set out; but the crowd in the churches was so great that three or four thousand individuals were crushed to death by the falling in of the vaulted roofs. The explosion was stronger on the north side of the town, in the part nearest the mountains of Avila and the Silla. The churches of the Trinity and Alta Gracia, which were more than a hundred and fifty feet in height, and of which the nave was supported by pillars from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter, left a mass of ruins nowhere higher than five or six feet. The sinking of the ruins had been so great, that at the present hardly any vestige remains of the pillars and columns. The barracks, called *El Quartel de San Carlos*, situated further to the north of the Church of the Trinity, on the road to the custom-house de la Pastora, almost entirely disappeared. A regiment of troops of the line, which was assembled in it under arms to join in the procession, was, with the exception of a few individuals, buried under this large building. Nine-tenths of the fine town of Caraccas were entirely reduced to ruins. The houses which did not fall, as those of the street of San Juan, near the Capuchin Hospital, were so cracked that no one could venture to live in them. The effects of the earthquake were not quite so disastrous in the southern and western parts of the town, between the great square and the ravine of Caraguata;—there

the Cathedral, supported by enormous buttresses, remains standing.

In estimating the number of persons killed in the city of Caraccas at nine or ten thousand, we do not include those unhappy individuals who were severely wounded, and perished several months after from want of food and proper attention. The night of Holy Thursday presented the most distressing scenes of desolation and sorrow. The thick cloud of dust, which rose above the ruins and darkened the air like a mist, had fallen again to the ground; the shocks had ceased; never was there a finer or quieter night—the moon, nearly at the full, illuminated the rounded summits of the Silla, and the serenity of the heavens contrasted strongly with the state of the earth, which was strewed with ruins and dead bodies. Mothers were seen carrying in their arms children whom they hoped to recall to life; desolate females ran through the city in quest of a brother, a husband, or a friend, of whose fate they were ignorant, and whom they supposed to have been separated from them in the crowd. The people pressed along the streets, which now could only be distinguished by heaps of ruins arranged in lines.

All the calamities experienced in the great earthquakes of Lisbon, Messina, Lima, and Riobamba, were repeated on the fatal day of the 26th of March, 1812. The wounded, buried under the ruins, implored the assistance of the passers-by with loud cries, and more than two thousand of them were dug out. Never was pity displayed in a more affecting manner; never, we may say, was it seen more ingeniously active, than in the efforts made to succor the unhappy persons whose groans reached the ear. There was an entire want of instruments adapted for digging up the ground and clearing away the ruins, and the people were obliged to use their hands for the purpose of disinterring the living. Those who were wounded, as well as the patients who had escaped from the hospitals, were placed on the bank of the little river of Guayra, where they had no other shelter than the foliage of the trees. Beds, linen for dressing their wounds, surgical instruments, medicines, in short everything necessary for their treatment, had been buried in the ruins. During the first days nothing could be procured,—not even food. Within the city, water became equally scarce. The commotion had broken the pipes of the fountains, and the falling of the earth had obstructed the springs which supplied

them. To obtain water it was necessary to descend as far as the Rio Guayra, which was considerably swollen, and there were no vessels for drawing it.

—HUMBOLDT'S "*Travels and Researches.*"

A HAIR-BREADTH ADVENTURE IN DEMERARA.

ONE morning,—and it was a morning by him never afterwards to be forgotten,—the subject of this anecdote left home, and proceeded alone on a shooting excursion. I should scarcely, however, be justified in asserting that he went forth absolutely alone; for two powerful tiger-hounds followed closely at his heels. His favorite blood-hound howled long and plaintively for permission to join the party, but his master was inexorable; he was tied up and left behind. Indeed, even the two dogs he took with him were more as companions than from any idea he entertained, that their services would be called into requisition. Had he expected danger, it was not on them he would have relied, but on the noble animal whose courage and fidelity he had so often proved, and who was now left at home. The day passed over without any remarkable encounter; and Mr. A. was on his return home, his game-bag laden with feathered spoil, and a fine buck suspended from a projecting branch of a marked tree, awaiting the morning's sun, till a slave should be sent for it. He had now nearly reached the outskirts of the wood, when he suddenly perceived in the thicket, on one side of the path through which he must pass, two small faint and twinkling lights, like that of a pair of glow-worms; his practised eye informed him that this appearance proceeded from nothing but the malevolent eyes of a wild beast, whether Cougar, or Puma or Jaguar, he hesitated not to determine; one thing was certain, retreat was fatal, and to advance was apparently equally so. Now for a bold shot, a steady hand, and a cool sight, and you may yet be saved! Take care, sir; take care! The sportsman's first action is to throw the barrel of his piece, unfortunately only a smooth bore, across his left arm; the thumb of his right hand cautiously and noiselessly cocks the gun, and the

fourth finger of the same hand feels the trigger. Mr. A. steadily advanced; he was not suffered to remain long in suspense; he had proceeded but three paces, when, with a terrific cry, the Cougar (for such it was) sprung from its lair, and dashed upon him; he fired, but apparently without effect. Where were now his hounds? They had fled at the first glimpse of the furious beast, and rent the woods with their cowardly wailings. He struck, indeed, a few blows with the butt-end of his piece, but the robber of the forest was too nimble for him; a momentary struggle and he was upon his back. The ferocious Cougar was standing, or rather crouching, over him; one paw was upon his broad chest, and each protruded talon penetrating his clothes and flesh, caused a stream of blood to trickle down his side; the other paw grasped his skull, and he felt as if each claw penetrated to his brain; his senses reeled and his blood suffused his eyes, and nearly blinded him; still, however, this heroic American fainted not, nor ceased struggling manfully for the victory. His vigorous arms were extended, and his hands grasped the monster's throat, thus keeping him for a time from bringing into play those rapacious jaws which, as the hunter's strength declined, were gradually advancing into closer proximity with his face;—such a fearful struggle could not be of long continuance. The burning eye-balls of the Cougar glared nearer and more near still, as they looked into the blood-shot orbits of the prostrate but fearless victim; their owner was forced to turn them aside from the encounter, as if conscious of the dastardly nature of his attack, and the superior bravery, though inferior strength, of the man upon whom he crouched. The powers of the man relaxed; nature had done her utmost—she was at length exhausted. The darkness of despair was on the point of plunging his senses in unconsciousness, and death was about to seize upon his victim, when the brushwood behind him cracked, and yielded before a heavy weight; the bay of a bloodhound awoke him to consciousness and hope; a large animal bounded on the merciless foe; the shock hurled the animal from its prey, and the brave hunter felt he was saved. Need I explain the occasion of this truly providential and almost miraculous rescue? The favorite bloodhound, which, on quitting home, he had left behind him, had continued howling all day, as if possessing a sort of prophetic prescience of the accident by which his owner's life would be placed in such

extreme danger; and having at length broken loose, had gone forth in quest of his missing master, and found him in time, but only just in time, to save him from one of the most horrible of deaths.

—*From the "Naturalist."*

THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.

In 1848, the French liberated all the slaves in their various colonies, without having given sufficient time for preparations. The blacks made instant use of their freedom by deserting their masters and setting up little huts for themselves, with gardens, where the tropical climate enabled them to grow all their wants required without any need for exertion. This was, of course, ruin to the owners of the large plantations hitherto dependent on slave labor. Among those thus deserted was one in French Guiana, named La Parterre, and belonging to a lady, a widow with a large family. Out of seventy negro slaves not one remained on the estate except Paul Dunez, who had become a sort of foreman, and who promised his mistress that he would do his utmost for her. He tried at first to obtain some hired labor; but, not succeeding, he tried to keep as much as possible under cultivation, though he had no one to help him but his wife and young sons. The great difficulty was in keeping up the dikes which fence out the coast from the sea, on that low marshy coast of northern South America, a sort of tropical Holland. Day after day was Paul laboring at the dikes, and at every spring-tide he would watch for two or three nights together, so as to be ready to repair any break in the embankment. This went on for thirty-two months, and was labor freely given without hire for faithful loyalty's sake; but at last the equinoctial tides of 1851 were too much for Paul's single arm—he could not be at every breach at once, and the plantation was all laid under water!

To work he set again to repair the damage as best he might, and the government at Cayenne, hearing of his exertions, resolved to assign to him a prize which had been founded for the most meritorious laborer in the colony, namely, the sum of 600 francs, and admission for his son into the college at the

capital. But Paul's whole devotion was still for his mistress. Her son, not his son, was sent to the college, and the 600 francs were expended in fitting out the boy as became the former circumstances of his family, in whose service Paul continued to spend himself.

The next year his name was sent up to Paris, and the first prize of virtue was decreed to him for his long course of self-denying exertions. —*Book of Golden Deeds.*

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

THE humming-bird! the humming-bird!
So fairy like and bright;
It lives among the sunny flowers,
A creature of delight!

In the radiant islands of the East,
Where fragrant spices grow,
A thousand thousand humming-birds
Go glancing to and fro.

Like living fires they flit about,
Scarce larger than a bee,
Among the broad palmetto leaves,
And through the fan-palm tree.

And in those wild and verdant woods,
Where stately mosses tower,
Where hangs from branching tree to tree
The scarlet passion flower;

Where, on the mighty river banks,
La Platte and Amazon,
The cayman, like an old tree trunk,
Lies basking in the sun;

There builds her nest the humming-bird,
Within the ancient wood—
Her nest of silky cotton down—
And rears her tiny brood.

She hangs it to a slender twig,
  Where waves it light and free,
As the campanero tolls his song,
  And rocks the mighty tree.

All crimson is her shining breast,
  Like to the red, red rose;
Her wing is the changeful green and blue
  That the neck of the peacock shows.

Thou happy, happy humming-bird,
  No winter round thee low'rs;
Thou never saw'st a leafless tree,
  Nor land without sweet flowers.

A reign of summer joyfulness
  To thee for life is given;
Thy food, the honey from the flower,
  Thy drink, the dew from heaven!

—Mary Howitt.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRAZIL.

During my stay at Rio de Janeiro, I had heard so much of the rapidly-increasing prosperity of Petropolis,—a German colony lately founded in the neighborhood,—of the magnificent scenery amidst which it lies, of the primeval forests through which one part of the road leads, that I could not resist the wish to make an excursion to it. My travelling companion, Count Berthold, was of the party, and we, therefore, engaged two places in a boat that goes daily to Port d'Estrello, about twenty-two leagues off—whence the journey must be performed by land; and as the Count wished to botanize, and I to collect insects, we determined to make it on foot. We passed the night at this little port, which carries on a considerable trade with the interior of the country, and the next morning set out on our pedestrian ramble. We soon found ourselves in a broad valley, mostly overgrown with thick shrubs and young trees, and surrounded by lofty mountains. The sides of the road, which

form the principal communication with the province of Minas Geraes, were adorned by the wild pine-apple, not yet ripe, but glowing with a lovely rosy-red color; the taste of the fruit is, however, not quite equal to its appearance, and it is therefore seldom plucked. The sight of the humming-birds also afforded me great pleasure. One can fancy nothing prettier than these delicate little creatures, as they hover about, getting their food out of the cups of flowers, like butterflies, for which, indeed, in their rapid flight, they may easily be mistaken. The appearance of the forest did not quite fulfil my pre conceived notions, as I had expected thick and high trunks of trees; but I believe the power of vegetation is too strong for this; the large trees are choked and rotted by the mass of smaller ones, of creepers and parasites, that spring up around them. Both the latter are so abundant, and cover these trees so entirely, that one can often hardly see their leaves, much less their trunks. A botanist here assured me that he had counted, on a single tree, six and thirty different species.

We had made a rich harvest of flowers, plants, and insects, and were pursuing our way, enchanted by the glories of the woods, and not less by the views of mountain and valley, sea and bay, which opened to us from time to time; and as we approached a ridge of mountain, 3,000 feet high, which we had to ascend, we met several troops of negroes and other passengers. It did not, therefore, occur to us to take much notice of the movements of a single negro, who appeared to be following us. As soon, however, as we had reached a rather solitary spot, he suddenly sprung on us, with a long knife in one hand and a *lasso* in the other, and gave us to understand, by very expressive gestures, that it was his intention to murder us and drag us into the wood. We had no weapons—for this part of the road had been represented to us as quite safe—and nothing to defend ourselves with but our umbrellas. I had, however, in my pocket, a penknife, which I instantly drew out, and opened, fully resolved to sell my life as dearly as possible. We warded off several blows which our assailant aimed at us, but the umbrellas did not hold out long. He broke mine short off, so that only the handle was left in my hand; but, in the struggle, he dropped his long knife. I darted after it, but he was quicker, and getting hold of it again, gave me with it two deep cuts in the arm. Despair, however, gave me courage, and I made a thrust at his breast with my pocket-knife, but I only wounded

his hand, and he threw me down. The Count now seized him from behind, and this gave me the opportunity of getting up again; but my companion had received a severe wound, and it would certainly have been all over with us had we not heard on the road the sound of horsemen approaching. As soon as the negro distinguished this sound he desisted from his attack, and, gnashing his teeth like a wild beast, fled into the wood. Immediately afterwards the riders made their appearance round a turning in the road; we hastened towards them, and the appearance of our umbrellas, and our freshly-bleeding wounds, soon explained our condition. They inquired what direction the fugitive had taken, sprang from their horses, and hastened after him, but they would scarcely have overtaken him had not two negroes lent their assistance. He was at length brought in, tied fast, and when he refused to walk, received such a shower of heavy blows on the head that I thought the poor creature's skull must have been beaten in. He remained, nevertheless, lying on the ground, quite motionless, until the two other negroes were compelled to take him up and carry him to the nearest house, struggling, and making furious attempts to bite. It was not till afterwards that I learned that he had been, a short time before, punished by his master for some offence, and when he met us in the wood, he probably thought it would be an excellent opportunity to revenge himself on the whites.

The Count and I got our wounds bound up, and then continued our excursion, not altogether without fear, but in perpetual admiration of the lovely landscape.

—. MADAME PFEIFFER.

BRAZILIAN SCENERY.

CONQUEST OF PERU.

Huayna Capae, the last monarch, under whom the country had seen its greatest prosperity, left at his death two sons. To the one, Huascar, he left the empire; to the other, Atahualpa, his elder, but illegitimate son, he left the government of the province of Quito. Atahualpa revolted, and though at first defeated and taken prisoner, he contrived to escape, and in turn made his brother Huascar a captive.

Just at this juncture the approach of the Spaniards was made known to Atahualpa, and he marched against them without delay. On reaching the city of Caxamalca, Pizarro beheld the Peruvian army encamped with a degree of regularity which proved to him that further progress would be difficult, if not impossible. It is probable that, in his desperation, he formed the scheme of treacherously possessing himself of the person of the Inca, as a sure mode of attaining his objects. Some historians of our country, more zealous for its honor than for the truth, have attempted to show that the blame of this transaction rests with the Inca, who, they say, was caught in his own trap; but the dexterous audacity, the craft, and remorse-

less cruelty exhibited by Pizarro, and the part he took throughout the whole affair, clearly indicate that the design was his own.

Two officers, commanding detachments of cavalry, bore his homage to the Inca. On their approach, Atahualpa came forward to meet them, and demanded the reason of their entering his country. In reply, they said that Don Francisco Pizarro, their captain, greatly desired the honor of an audience of his majesty, in order to state why he had entered his kingdom, and to beseech him to sup with him in the evening, in the city, or on the following day to dine with him. To this the Inca replied, that the day was now near a close, and that on the morrow he would enter the city with his army, but that the Spaniards ought not on this account to be disconcerted.

On the following day, Atahualpa, agreeably to his promise, proceeded, at the head of 20,000 of his troops, to enter Caxamalca. He was carried by his chief nobles on a litter, beautifully ornamented with gold. His person was a blaze of jewels, and on his forehead was the sacred tuft, or Borla, peculiar to the descendants of the Sun. The slowness with which the procession moved brought it to the city late in the evening; and had the Inca delayed his visit but one day longer, the fall of the empire might have yet been averted, for the ambuscades planted by Pizarro would, doubtless, have been discovered during the night by some stragglers from a camp so large as that of the Peruvians. As it was, however, his curiosity was fatal to him, and his desire to see a set of men, whom he considered the most exalted of mankind, led him blindly into the snare. Pizarro had pointed his cannon to command the gates, placed his musketry in ambush, formed his cavalry into squadrons, and, with twenty shield-bearers as a body-guard, awaited the execution of his infamous plot.

On entering the fatal gates, the Inca, forgetful of his usual gravity, exhibited the utmost curiosity, starting up in his palanquin, and examining every object with the greatest eagerness.

A Dominican friar, bearing a cross and Bible, now approached him. The friar declared that the Pope had given Peru to Spain; that he owed the Pope his allegiance; and that the book he carried showed the only way by which the Deity could be worshipped; and that, unless he granted peace to the new Governor of Peru, his country would be given up to all the horrors of war.

On this, the Inca inquired, "Where am I to find your religion?" "In this book," said the friar. He then took the book, and, opening it, placed it to his ear. After a pause, he exclaimed, flinging it contemptuously down, "This has no tongue; it tells me nothing."

The friar, horrified at the act of impiety, urged his countrymen to revenge the insult offered to the Deity. The danger of his situation was now apparent to the Inca, and, turning to his officers, his words instantly produced murmurs of anger and indignation.

Pizarro then gave the signal to his troops, who immediately poured on the unfortunate Peruvians a simultaneous discharge from cannon, musketry, and crossbows. The cavalry attacked the King's body-guard, and broke through it at the first charge; and Pizarro, following up the attack with his shield-bearers, attempted to take the Inca alive. Now was displayed that fortitude and devoted loyalty for which the Indian of Peru is still characterized. A band of faithful nobles surrounded their sovereign, and only left his side to throw themselves in front of the enemy. Their number rapidly decreased; and the Inca would have died fighting for his liberty, had not Pizarro rushed forward to the litter, and, seizing Atahualpa, pulled him to the ground. On seeing their leader fall, the Peruvians conceived him slain, and immediately gave up the contest, following the practice of their ancestors. The struggle was now at an end, and the Peruvians thought only of flight, and in their terror the crowd burst through the walls and fled in every direction. Two thousand were slain within the city, and not a Spaniard had been wounded but Pizarro, who received a spear thrust in the hand.

The scene which now followed baffles all description. The dreams of Spanish adventurers were now more than fulfilled; and the reality far exceeded what had been anticipated. The captive Inca, seeing the base purpose for which his enemies had come, offered, if he was set at liberty, to cover the floor of his chamber with wedges of gold and silver. His offer was received with incredulous shouts of laughter, and, mistaking it for the laugh of contempt, he started up, and stretching up his arms, offered to fill the room as high as he could reach. This unparalleled ransom was instantly accepted, and Pizarro sent three of his soldiers to hasten the arrival of the Inca's messengers.

As the Spanish soldiers passed through the country on their way to the capital, Cuzco, they were received with every mark of honor and the ransom would soon have been levied but for their immorality, which defeated the object of their mission.

The treasure of the country was collected in the different temples, and it was hastily concealed by the priests, along with the temple ornaments. The messengers were unsuccessful; and it was only after Hernando, the brother of Pizarro, had been sent with twenty horses, that the treaty was enforced. Twenty-six horse loads of gold, and a thousand pounds weight of silver, were brought in by this means, besides what was brought by the caciques and captive generals of the Inca.

At the distribution of this enormous booty, after deducting a fifth for the king, 9,000 pesos (ounces) of gold fell to the share of each soldier, besides 300 marcas (eight ounces each) of silver. The share of the commander-in-chief was enormous, amounting to 57,120 pesos of gold, and 2,350 marcas of silver, and the gold tablet taken from the litter of the Inca, valued at 25,000 pesos.

Their avarice was now satisfied; and the next struggle was for ambition—a struggle which was fatal to these daring men —laying them in succession in a bloody grave.

For some time Pizarro governed the country by means of the fallen King; but his ambition was not satisfied with this—he resolved to govern in his own name alone. The Inca was accused of plotting insurrection, and he was shamefully put to death, with many of his nobles. One of his sons was placed as a puppet on the throne, and Pizarro, in the year 1553, took possession of the royal city of Cuzco, after a long but ineffectual resistance of the Peruvians. The city was given up to pillage, and the spoil, when divided, afforded to each soldier 4,000 pesos, though the number of the claimants was 480. But the multitude who followed the army soon plundered the plunderers. Pizarro had now reached the height of his ambition, having nothing more to hope for, but everything to fear. Dissension and rebellion broke out in the empire, and, worse than all, the Spaniards quarrelled among themselves. Almagro, a man of great bravery, though unequal to Pizarro in cunning, unsatisfied with his position, took up arms against him, but was defeated, taken prisoner, and strangled.

Soon after, Pizarro, now the Marquis de las Chazcas, was assassinated, falling a victim to the revenge of Diego, the son

of Almagro, whom he had caused to be strangled. Thus ended the career of the most remarkable man of his age, who had sustained his fortune by the most consummate daring, and at the same time, I am bound to say, by many acts of fraud and unrelenting cruelty.

—*Annals of Romantic Adventure.*

STORY OF MALDONATA AND THE PUMA.

A MARVELLOUS legend concerning a puma is treasured by the good folks of Buenos Ayres—a legend that for romance and pathos quite eclipses the world-famed story of Androcles and the Lion; and I am bound to state, that the most thorough investigation has discovered no reason for doubting the authenticity of the one legend more than the other.

During the government of Don Diego de Mendoza, in Paraguay, a direful famine swept the land. A murrain fell on the cattle, and the hard-hearted earth, lacking the rain's soft persuasion, refused to yield a single green blade. As the inhabitants sauntered listlessly through the silent streets, their garments hung sluttishly on their lean bodies; and, as they regarded each other with eyes great with hunger, they thought on all they had heard of the way in which famishing men at sea had, ere now, assuaged their appetites; and the more they dwelt on it, the more excusable the thing appeared. That was how the strong, gaunt man, viewed the matter; it is probable, however, if the tender youth of the city, and the little men who were constitutionally plump, had been consulted on the subject, they would probably have been of a different way of thinking.

What made the destitution more aggravating was the fact, that out in the country, and beyond Don Diego's jurisdiction, there was food in plenty; but the food was in the hands of the Indians, with whom the Spanish governor was at war, and he did not choose that his subjects should reveal the weakness of his camp by appearing before the enemy as lean beggars suing for bread. To this end, he forbade the people, on pain of death, to go into the fields in search of relief, placing soldiers at the outskirts of the city, to shoot down all deserters from the pale banner of hunger, that hung over Don Diego's dominions.

Many made the attempt, and were duly brought down by the bullet, much to the satisfaction of the animated carrion bones-and-feathers, that perched disconsolate on the city walls. At last, however, a woman, named Maldonata, cheated soldiers, vultures, and all, and fled into the open country.

How long a time elapsed before her indomitable courage was rewarded with a meal, the legend does not record; but, when night came, and Maldonata required a lodging, she crept into a cavern, and there crouched down to sleep. By-and-by, however, she was roused by the most melancholy moanings, and, raising her head, her astonished eyes met those of a great female puma pacing up and down before the cavern entrance. The puma presently paused in its uneasy pacing, and approached Maldonata with the full intention, as that person naturally supposed, of eating her up; but, wonderful to relate, instead of falling on her tooth and nail, it merely applied its tongue, and licked Maldonata's hand as a lap-dog might, hers being the lap it was familiar with. The fact, however, was, the poor puma was about to become a mother; and when the cubs were born, and the animal out of its trouble, it still maintained the friendly spirit it had at first evinced, and signified, as plainly as a dumb beast could, its desire that Maldonata should continue to make herself at home—cheerfully taking upon itself the whole responsibility of providing food for the entire family.

This state of things continued till the cubs grew up and went about their business, as did their parent, leaving Maldonata to shift for herself. But, venturing abroad, she speedily fell into the hands of the soldiers, who brought her back to Buenos Ayres, and took her before Don Francis Ruez de Galen, who then commanded in Mendoza's stead. "Take her," said De Galen, who was a man of coarse and bloody mind, "take her into the forest, and bind her to a tree; as to her death, let starvation and the wild beasts settle it amongst them." So poor Maldonata was taken, and tied, and left in the forest.

Curious to know the fate of the woman, however, the same company of soldiers, two days afterwards, visited the spot, when, instead of finding, as they confidently expected, the empty waist chain dangling from the tree, and the victim's tattered and talon-torn rags strewing the ground, there she was, alive, with a great female puma keeping sentry before her, and guarding her from a host of other pumas and jaguars that chafed and mouthed on every side. As soon as the guardian

puma saw the soldiers, she, with the rest of the savage beasts, retired; and then, having been released from her bonds, Maldonata related the story of the puma in the cavern, and how that it, and the one that had protected her through two long days and nights, were identical. Hearing this, the soldiers ventured to represent the case to De Galen, who, ashamed to avow himself more heartless than a puma, pardoned Maldonata, and sent her home to her family.

—*Wild Sports of the World.*

THE GAUCHO OF THE PAMPAS.

Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his life, he crawls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a mother give a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with. As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupation of his future life; with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the huts. By the time he is four years old he is on horseback, and becomes useful by assisting to drive the cattle into the village. The manner in which these children ride is extraordinary; if a horse tries to escape from the flock which is being driven to the corral, a child may frequently be seen to pursue and overtake him, and then bring him back, flogging him the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and escape, for the child always keeps close to him; and it is a curious fact, that a mounted horse is always able to overtake a loose one.

His amusements and occupations soon become more manly; careless of the holes which undermine the plains, and which are very dangerous, he gallops after the ostrich, the gama, the lion, and the tiger; he catches the wild cattle, and then drags them to the hut, either for slaughter or to be marked. He breaks in the young horses, and in these occupations is often away from his hut many days, changing his horse as soon as the animal is tired, and sleeping on the ground. His constant

food is beef and water; his constitution is so strong that he is able to endure great fatigue, and the distance he will ride, and the number of hours he will remain on horseback, would hardly be credited. The unrestrained freedom of such a life he fully appreciates; and, unacquainted with subjection of any sort, his mind is often inspired with sentiments of liberty which are as noble as they are harmless, although they do of course partake of the wild habits of his life. Vain is the endeavor to explain to him the luxuries and blessings of a more civilized life; his ideas are, that the noblest effort of a man is to raise himself off the ground, and ride instead of walk; that no rich garments or varieties of food can atone for the want of a horse, and the print of a human foot on the ground is the symbol of barbarism.

—Sir F. B. Head

A NATIONAL SONG.

Of flowers that bloom in gardens fair, that bloom in meadows free,
I had my choice of all that blow, and I chose me only three;
But I must have them all or none,—the first one that I chose
Was the Queen of all the Flowers that be—the red, the royal Rose!

The Rose that blooms upon the rock, and lets the salt sea-spray
Drift o'er her cheek, nor asks if this be anger or be play;
She bows not down her stately head for any breeze that blows.
She smiles in kindness on her friends, in pride upon her foes.

A lion watches by her foot, and all her gallant stem
Is set with thorns, ah! woe betide the hand that touches them.
But deep within the Rose's heart, in many a silken fold,
Wrapped round and round, a treasure lies of fragrance and of gold!

Then, lone and free, by hill and lea, unguarded, yet unharmed,
All green I saw the Thistle grow—that groweth ready armed;

She flings her arrowy seeds afar to thrive where'er they fall,
Oh, grasp the hardy Thistle close, or grasp it not at all!

Oh, love the Thistle well, for she will love thee to the end,
For scorching sun she will not droop, for storm she will not bend;
How fair upon the Thistle's head her purple-tasselled crown,
And, oh, within the Thistle's heart how soft and kind the down!

But I must seek a milk-white flower, a flower that loves the West,
I only found a little leaf with mystic signs imprest;
"Hast thou no flower?" I sadly said; "and hast thou nought to show
But this thy high and heaven-ward hope, but this thy patient woe?"

Yet, saints have loved thee, fairies dance across thee at thy birth,
And thine are gifts that suit with grief, and gifts that suit with mirth;
Smile on, green leaf, to kindly trust, to Wit, to Valor dear,
We would not miss thy smile although thou smilest through a tear.

Of flowers that bloom in gardens fair, that bloom in meadows free,
Now I have had my choice of all, and I have chosen three;
I would not live, I would not die, I would not sing for one,
I love them all so well that I must have them all or none!

—Dora Greenwell.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

LONDON.

It is a singular fact, that almost from the days when London was only a cluster of huts on a little patch of firm ground, between a dense forest and a reedy fen, its extension has been exposed to every species of check and obstacle. The Romans burned down the British city, and a new one rose from its ashes, to be in turn destroyed by the Danes, and re-built by the Saxons. Successive sovereigns issued proclamations against the increase of the city. Parliament and corporation seconded the prohibition, but to no purpose. Yet the growth of the capital, which gave rise to such apprehensions, was slow and imperceptible compared with what it has been since the beginning of the present century. The London of to-day is equal to three such Londons as that of 1800. It has already a population of nearly three millions, which will, in all probability, be doubled before the end of the century. Its commerce has kept pace with its population. In 1685, the inhabitants boasted of the forest of masts which covered the river from the Bridge to the Tower.

The shipping of London was then about seventy thousand tons, or more than a third of the whole tonnage of the kingdom; but less than a fourth of the present tonnage of Newcastle, and about as much as the tonnage of the steam-vessels of the Thames. There are now three thousand vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of a million, belonging to the port; and the tonnage of the vessels yearly entered "inwards" considerably exceeds six millions, of which the proportion of British bottoms is as six to one.

The forest of masts now covers the river from Limehouse to London Bridge, and also vast docks which have been excavated on each side. At the end of the last century the river had become too confined for the accommodation of the shipping which resorted thither. It was often blocked up by fleets of merchantmen, which had sometimes to submit to a long delay before they could unship their cargoes. The quays also were heaped with bales, boxes, bags, and barrels, so as to be almost impassable, and thieves profited by the confusion to commit constant and serious depredations. For the convenience of traders, and the protection of goods, it was resolved to excavate wet docks, capable of receiving a large number of ships, together with spacious and secure warehouses. The West India Docks, the first of these undertakings, and the largest belonging to the port, were opened in 1802. They comprise nearly three hundred acres, of which a fourth is water, and can accommodate five hundred large merchantmen. With these are now incorporated the East India Docks, covering thirty acres, which were opened in 1808. The London Docks date from 1805. The walls enclose a hundred acres, of which a third is water. The tobacco warehouse, which occupies five acres of ground, and can contain twenty-four thousand hogsheads of tobacco, and a vast series of subterranean vaults for storing wine, of which there is room for sixty-five thousand pipes, are among the wonders of the metropolis. The Commercial, St. Catherine's, and Victoria Docks, also receive a great number of vessels annually. The last named are the most recent, and in extent rank next to the West India Docks, having an area of two hundred acres. The part of the river known as the Pool is reserved for colliers, but is not large enough to accommodate them all at once. Only a certain number are allowed to enter at a time, and a flag is hoisted to announce when the space is all occupied. The rest have then to anchor a little

further down the river, and wait until a departure occurs, when the first in order of arrival takes the vacant place.

The value of the trade of London may be inferred from the amount of custom-dues, which now exceed £11,000,000 a year, although they were only £330,000 a year in 1685. The best idea of its extent and variety is, however, to be obtained by a visit to the chief docks. There is something very impressive in the sight of such a great concourse of vessels gathered together from all quarters of the world, bearing red stripes of rust upon their sides, or, perhaps, clusters of barnacles below water-mark, as badges of their pilgrimage across the deep. How many weary days and nights have been spent upon the waters, how many dangers have been overcome. how much skill and courage have been exercised, before they cast anchor in this still, sheltered pool! The flags of all nations are flying at the mast-heads; and in the mariners we see the men of many lands. Every sea-faring people of the Continent is, of course, represented here; the Dane, with his blue eyes and fair hair; the squat, broad-built Dutchman; the Frenchman, slim and agile, with his favorite red cowl and high boots; the bearded Russ; the Italian, Spaniard, and Portuguese, alike swarthy and passionate, and distinguishable only by their tongues. Nor are there wanting denizens of regions more remote,—tall, sallow, imperturbable Yankees, the most spirited and daring seamen in the world; Lascars, shivering in the cold English sunshine; red-shirted Brazilians, and wild-looking Malays, with, perhaps, even a flat-faced Chinaman, with his tail hidden away under a handkerchief to preserve it from the rough practical humour of his fellow-voyagers.

But the cargoes afford the best evidence of the wealth and immensity of our commerce. Specimens of all the produce of all the world are discharged upon these long quays, and stowed away in those high, many-storied warehouses. There are iron-bound chests of gold from the placeros of Australia, or silver from the mines of Mexico and Peru. These bundles of raw silk, these bales of cotton, these piles of dye-woods, are the gifts of the two Indies to the weavers of England. One ship is discharging chests of fine teas; another, pipes of rich wines; a third, hogs-heads of tobacco, and boxes of fragrant cigars. Oranges and lemons, glowing through the bursting sides of the slender wooden cases in which they are packed, are discharged alongside of salt pork from Connecticut and salt cod from Nantucket. In one

shed stacks of timber, of beautiful grain, are being raised; in another, costly furs from the steppes of Siberia, or the hunting-grounds of Hudson Bay, have found a temporary resting place. In yonder warehouse lie vast heaps of elephants' tusks and rhinoceros' horns from the deserts of Africa, and stag antlers from the Deccan. Hemp, hides, tallow, tar, grain, sugar, oil, also abound among the motley contents of this overflowing horn of plenty.

As one surveys this vast variety of produce, one is led to think of the legions of laborers in all quarters of the globe to whose skill and industry we owe these things. The coster-monger as he puffs his pipe, and the old charwoman as she sips her cup of tea, may reflect with pride that they are waited on by more servants than compose a royal retinue; and that every time they rap on the counter for their ounce of tobacco or little dose of tea, they are issuing commands to thousands of their fellow-creatures, which will not fail to be as implicitly obeyed as though they fell from the lips of a monarch. In tracing out the many links in the long chain of events, which are involved in the simplest transaction over a grocer's counter, more true romance and more real wonders are disclosed, than in the wildest narrative of fairy lore.

—*Merchant Enterprise.*

THE BEST KIND OF REVENGE.

Some years ago, a warehouseman, in Manchester, England, published a scurrilous pamphlet, in which he endeavored to hold up the house of Grant Brothers to ridicule. William Grant remarked upon the occurrence, that the man would live to repent what he had done; and this was conveyed by some tale-bearer to the libeller, who said, "Oh, I suppose he thinks I shall some time or other be in his debt; but I will take good care of that." It happens, however, that a man in business can not always choose who shall be his creditors. The pamphleteer became a bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been indorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become a bankrupt.

The wantonly-libelled had thus become creditors of the libeller! They now had it in their power to make him repent

of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificate without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed folly to hope that the firm of "the brothers" would supply the deficiency. What! they who had cruelly been made the laughing-stocks of the public forget the wrong, and favor the wrongdoer? He despaired. But the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application; and, humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-house of the wronged.

Mr. William Grant was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Shut the door, sir!"—sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood trembling before the libelled. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly clutched by the injured merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against us once!" exclaimed Mr. Grant. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire. But this was not its destination. Mr. Grant took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He, poor wretch! expected to see "rogue, scoundrel, libeller," inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm.

"We make it a rule," said Mr. Grant, "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were anything else." The tears started into the poor man's eyes. "Ah," said Mr. Grant, "my saying was true. I said you would live to repent writing that pamphlet. I did not mean it as a threat. I only meant that some day you would know us better, and be sorry you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do!" said the grateful man; "I bitterly repent it." "Well, well, my dear fellow, you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man stated that he had friends who could assist him when the certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the mean time?"

And the answer was, that, having given up every farthing to his creditors, he had been compelled to stint his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow, this will not do; your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten-pound note to your wife from me. There, there, my dear fellow! Nay, don't cry; it will be all well with you yet. Keep up your

spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet." The overpowered man endeavoured in vain to express his thanks: the swelling in his throat forbade words. He put his handkerchief to his face and went out of the door crying like a child.

—CHAMBERS.

THE STAGE COACH.

WHEN the coach came round at last, with "London" blazoned in letters of gold upon the boot, it gave Tom such a turn that he was half inclined to run away. But he didn't do it; for he took his seat upon the box instead, and looking down upon the four grays, felt as if he were another gray himself, or, at all events, a part of the turn-out; and was quite confused by the novelty and splendor of his situation.

And, really, it might have confused a less modest man than Tom to find himself sitting next that coachman; for, of all the swells that ever flourished a whip, professionally, he might have been elected emperor. He didn't handle his gloves like another man, but put them on—even when he was standing on the pavement, quite detached from the coach—as if the four grays were, somehow or other, at the ends of his fingers. It was the same with his hat. He did things with his hat which nothing but an unlimited knowledge of horses, and the wildest freedom of the road, could ever have made him perfect in. Valuable little parcels were brought him, with particular instructions, and he pitched them into his hat, and stuck it on again, as if the laws of gravity did not admit of such an event as its being knocked off or blown off, and nothing like an accident could befall it. The guard, too! Seventy breezy miles a day were written in his very whiskers. His manners were a canter; his conversation a round trot. He was a fast coach upon a down-hill turnpike road; he was all pace. A wagon couldn't have moved slowly with that guard and his key-bugle on the top of it.

These were all foreshadowings of London, Tom thought, as he sat upon the box, and looked about him. Such a coachman and such a guard never could have existed between Salisbury and any other place. The coach was none of your steady-going

yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, dissipated London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a terrible life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in everywhere, making everything get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key-bugle, as its last glad parting legacy.

It was a charming evening. Mild and bright; and even with the weight upon his mind, which arose out of the immensity and uncertainty of London, Tom could not resist the captivating sense of rapid motion through the pleasant air. The four grays skimmed along as if they liked it quite as well as Tom did; the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice; the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison; the brass-work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leader's coupling-reins to the handle of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music.

Yo, ho! past hedges, gates, and trees; past cottages and barns, and people going home from work. Yo, ho! past donkey-chaises drawn aside into the ditch, and empty carts with rampant horses, whipped up at a bound upon the little water-course, and held by struggling carters close to the five-barred gate, until the coach had passed the narrow turning in the road. Yo, ho! by churches dropped down by themselves in quiet nooks, with rustic burial-grounds about them, where the graves are green, and daisies sleep—for it is evening—on the bosoms of the dead. Yo, ho! past streams, in which the cattle cool their feet, and where the rushes grow; past paddock-fences, farms, and rick yards; past last year's stacks, cut slice by slice away, and showing, in the waning light, like ruined gables, old and brown. Yo, ho! down the pebbly dip, and through the merry water-splash, and up at a canter to the level road again. Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

Yo, ho! among the gathering shades; making of no account the deep reflections of the trees, but scampering on through light and darkness, all the same as if the light of London, fifty miles away, were quite enough to travel by, and some to spare. Yo, ho! beside the village green, where cricket-players linger yet, and every little indentation made in the fresh grass by bat

or wicket, ball or player's foot, sheds out its perfume on the night. Away! with four fresh horses from the "Bald-faced Stag," where topers congregate about the door, admiring; and the last team, with traces hanging loose, go roaming off towards the pond, until observed and shouted after by a dozen throats, while volunteering boys pursue them. Now, with the clattering of hoofs and striking out of fiery sparks, across the old stone-bridge and down again into the shadowy road, and through the open gate, and far away, away, into the world. Yo, ho!

See the bright moon! High up before we know it; making the earth reflect the objects on its breast like water. Hedges, trees, low cottages, church-steeples, blighted stumps, and flourishing young slips, have all grown vain upon the sudden, and mean to contemplate their own fair images till morning. The poplars yonder rustle, that their quivering leaves may see themselves upon the ground. Not so the oak; trembling does not become *him;* and he watches himself in his stout old burly steadfastness, without the motion of a twig. The moss-grown gate, ill-poised upon its creaking hinges, crippled and decayed, swings to and fro before its glass, like some fantastic dowager, while our own ghostly likeness travels on. Yo, ho! Yo, ho! through ditch and brake, upon the ploughed land and the smooth, along the steep hill side and steeper wall, as if it were a phantom hunter.

Clouds too! And a mist upon the hollow! Not a dull fog that hides it, but a light, airy, gauze-like mist, which, in our eyes of modest admiration, gives a new charm to the beauties it is spread before, as real gauze has done ere now, and would again, so please you, though we were the Pope. Yo, ho! Why, now we travel like the moon herself. Hiding this minute in a grove of trees; next minute, in a patch of vapor; emerging now upon our broad, clear course; withdrawing now, but always dashing on, our journey is a counterpart of hers. Yo, ho! A match against the moon! Yo, ho! Yo, ho!

The beauty of the night is hardly felt when day comes leaping up. Yo, ho! two stages, and the country roads are almost changed into a continuous street. Yo, ho! past market-gardens, rows of houses, villas, crescents, terraces, and squares; past wagons, coaches, carts; past early workmen, late stragglers, drunken men, and sober carriers of loads; past brick and mortar in its every shape; and in among the rattling pavements, where a jaunty seat upon a coach is not as easy to preserve!

Yo, ho! down countless turnings, and through countless mazy ways, until an old inn-yard is gained, and Tom Pinch, getting down, quite stunned and giddy, is in London.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there 's many hereabout;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win."
"And what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

—Southey

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead,
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Career'd along the lea;
The palfry sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound,—
They were a jovial three.

Man, hound, and horse of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day:
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras ne'er was stancher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede;
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes;
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear;
Yon thicket holds the harbor'd deer,
The signs the hunters know.
With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears,
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot! Halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue;
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!

And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drenched the gray-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,—
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a groan or quiver;
Now, day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps for ever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
Nor what is death; but still—
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favorite bending low,
In speechless grief recline,
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

And if it be, the shaft be bless'd,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service prized, caress'd,
I, in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last, stout Percy rued
The fatal chance; for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,

E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to-day."

—Sir Walter Scott.

CONQUEST OF WALES (1276).

Edward, the soldier, the statesman, and king, rich with the spoil of the unfortunate Hebrews, determined to make the best use of his wealth by extending the circumference of his power. There were two separate nations at that time, in addition to the English, who inhabited the British Isle. On the west were the Welsh, the descendants of the ancient Britons, whom the Saxons had expelled from England nearly a thousand years before: and on the north, the Scots still held, in a barren and proud independence, the mountains and valleys of which their Saxon ancestors had taken possession at the same time that their countrymen—more fortunate or more wise—had seized the broad lands and gentle hills of the south.

You will have observed at school, or even in after life, that when a big boy wants to quarrel with a little one (especially if the little one happens to be in possession of a cherry tart), he is never very long in want of an excuse. Here was a little fellow up among the ranges of Snowdon, looking very bold and speaking in a high tone of voice, whom Edward determined to bring down; and if he had such a thing as a cherry tart, most certainly to get hold of it himself. At that time, the prince or leader of the ancient Britons was named Llewellyn. Some marauding excursions had been made into England; and the friendly visit had, of course, been returned with fire and sword by the Warders of the English March. Llewellyn retaliated, of course, and succeeded on two or three occasions in cutting off the forces sent against him. Whereupon Edward, availing himself of the principle of the feudal system, claimed a superiority over the Welshman's country, and declared him a traitor to his suzerain or feudal lord. Llewellyn still resisted, denied his allegiance, and kept the great king at bay. An active, fiery people, the Welsh, but with about as much chance against the

heavy, steady, indomitable masses of the English armies as a flight of fireflies against the Chinese wall. Wherever they dashed in, they were broken by their own impetuosity and the solidity of their opponent. Inspired by their bards or poets, and cheered on by a superstitious belief in the prophecies of their soothsayer, Merlin, they never thought of yielding, even when they had lost the power of resistance.

Availing himself of his superiority, and even of the patriotism of the people, Edward gave utterance to the only piece of wit recorded of him; and though it is not quite so brilliant as some of his other achievements, it was a great deal more harmless, and consisted in this: He called a meeting of the Welsh together, told them he admired their fidelity to their native rulers, and that he had determined to give them a prince, a native of Wales, who could not speak a word of English. Great was the rejoicing of the mountaineers at this speech, but it was soon damped when he presented to them his infant son, who certainly could not speak a word of English, or of any other tongue, and who had been born in the Welsh Castle of Carnarvon. On this occasion he created him Prince of Wales; a title always since that time bestowed on the eldest son of our kings. But the other achievement, by which he broke the spirit of the Welsh, was of a very different kind. He summoned an assembly of the bards, on some fictitious pretence, and commanded every one of them to be put to death; and in this, though guilty of enormous cruelty, he pursued a very effectual way of attaining his object. The office of the bard has, I think, been generally misunderstood, and did not consist merely in composing poetry, or singing it to a harp at the feast of great men and on the village green. Poems they certainly composed, and songs they certainly sang; but they were, at that time, the only medium of conveying intelligence and discussing political subjects. When Edward, therefore, put them to death, he extinguished at once the knowledge of his plans and the opposers of his politics. They were, in fact, the editors of the newspapers at that time, and they were all in opposition. Whether by this he facilitated the conquest of the country, it is difficult to say; but he, at all events, succeeded in exciting a hatred of the English name among the population, which has scarcely yet died out. Our own poet, Gray, has so far entered into the feeling of his fellow bards that he has celebrated this action of Edward in an ode which shows the hatred with which

the invader was regarded. A bard is supposed to meet the king in one of the defiles of Snowdon, and thus addresses him:—

"'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait!
Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;

"Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor, to the troubled air;
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay."

But, in spite of poetry and valor, the independence of Wales was lost, and, happily for herself, instead of being a feeble district, despised and overshadowed by her overwhelming neighbor, she has assumed her share in the glorious inheritance of English renown, and contributes, in her due proportion, to English wealth and English power.

—WHITE'S "*Landmarks.*"

THE TAKING OF EDINBURGH CASTLE.

WHILE Robert Bruce was gradually getting possession of the country, and driving out the English, Edinburgh, the principal town of Scotland, remained with its strong Castle in possession of the invaders. Sir Thomas Randolph, a nephew of Bruce, and one of his best supporters, was extremely desirous to gain this important place; but, as you well know, the Castle is situated on a very steep and lofty rock, so that it is difficult, or almost impossible, even to get up to the foot of the walls, much more to climb over them. So, while Randolph was considering what was to be done, there came to him a Scottish gentleman named Francis, who had joined Bruce's standard, and asked to speak with him in private. He then told Randolph that, in his youth, he had lived in the Castle of Edinburgh, and that his father had then been keeper of the fortress. It happened at that time that Francis was much in love with a lady, who lived in a part of the town beneath the Castle, which is called the Grassmarket. Now, as he could not get out of the Castle by day to see the lady, he had practised a way of clambering by night down the Castle crag on the south

side, and returning up at his pleasure; when he came to the foot of the wall he made use of a ladder to get over it, as it was not very high on that point, those who built it having trusted to the steepness of the crag. Francis had come and gone so frequently in this dangerous manner, that, though it was now long ago, he told Randolph he knew the road so well, that he would undertake to guide a small party of men by night to the bottom of the wall, and as they might bring ladders with them, there would be no difficulty in scaling it. The great risk was that of being discovered by the watchmen while in the act of ascending the cliff, in which case every man of them must have perished.

Nevertheless, Randolph did not hesitate to attempt the adventure. He took with him only thirty men (you may be sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the crag, which they began to ascend under the guidance of Francis, who went before them upon his hands and feet, up one cliff, down another, and round another, where there was scarce room to support themselves. All the while these thirty men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchmen. They were obliged, therefore, to move with the greatest precaution. When they were far up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the Castle. Randolph and his party had nothing for it but to lie close and quiet, each man under the crag, as he happened to be placed, and trust that the guards would pass by without noticing them. And while they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the Castle, wishing to startle his comrade, suddenly threw a stone from the wall and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!" The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who naturally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers above might have killed every man of them merely by rolling down stones. But, being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick (as, indeed, he was), passed on without further examination.

Then Randolph and his men got up, and came in haste to the foot of the wall, which was not above twice a man's height in that place. They planted the ladders they had brought, and Francis mounted first to show them the way. Sir Andrew Grey, a brave knight, followed him, and Randolph himself was the third man who got over. Then the rest followed. When once they were within the walls there was not much to do, for the garrison were asleep and unarmed, excepting the watch, who were speedily destroyed. Thus was Edinburgh Castle taken in the year 1313.

—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

BRUCE AND THE SPIDER.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a lonely mood
to think;
'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown, but his heart was
beginning to sink,
For he had been trying to do a great deed to make his people
glad,
He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed, and so he became
quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair, as grieved as man could
be;
And after a while as he pondered there, "I'll give it all up,"
said he.
Now, just at the moment a spider dropped, with its silken
cobweb clew,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopped to see what
the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, and it hung by a rope
so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home, King Bruce could
not divine.
It soon began to cling and crawl straight up with strong
endeavor,
But down it came with a slipping sprawl, as near to the ground
as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed, to utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid, a little dizzy and faint.
Its head grew steady—again it went, and travelled a half yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, and a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below, but again it quickly mounted,
Till up and down, now fast, now slow, nine brave attempts were counted.
"Sure," cried the king, "that foolish thing will strive no more to climb,
When it toils so hard to reach and cling, and tumbles every time."

But up the insect went once more, ah me, 'tis an anxious minute,
He's only a foot from his cobweb door, oh, say will he lose or win it?
Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, higher and higher he got,
And a bold little run, at the very last pinch, put him into his native spot.

"Bravo, bravo!" the king cried out, "all honor to those who try,
The spider up there defied despair, he conquered, and why shouldn't I?"
And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind, and gossips tell the tale
That he tried once more as he tried before, and that time he did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all you who read, and beware of saying "I can't,"
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead to Idleness, Folly, and Want.
Whenever you find your heart despair of doing some goodly thing,
Con over this strain, try bravely again, and remember the Spider and King.

—Eliza Cook.

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.

Long before the English first set foot in Ireland, it was inhabited by a brave and generous, but very quarrelsome, race. Irish historians suppose them to have been of Scythian and Iberian origin; they were, however, very similar in language, personal appearance, and manners to the Welsh and the Highlanders of Scotland, who belong to the great Celtic family. The whole country was divided into numerous small kingdoms, which were incessantly at war with each other, or with their bitter enemies, the Danes. In many parts of Ireland the Danes had gained a strong foothold, and would soon have conquered the entire country had not the valor and patriotism of an eminent Irish monarch succeeded in overthrowing their ascendancy. The name of this king was Brien Borombe, one dear to every Irish heart. Brien was not originally the king of Ireland, but of the province of Munster only. The Irish king's name was Malachi, a brave but very indolent prince, who was called Malachi of the Golden Collar, because, in an engagement with the Danes, he had overcome a gigantic leader of the enemy, and taken this trophy from him. But Malachi,

who dwelt in the halls of the royal palace at Tara, in the county of Meath, disgusted his subjects by constantly seeking his own selfish gratification and neglecting the affairs of state. Accordingly, they called in Brien Borombe to rule over the whole of the kingdom and deposed Malachi, who still pretended great friendship for Brien, but bore secret malice in his heart towards the usurper of his throne. The new king displayed the same vigor in governing his realm, and the same valor in protecting it, that he had shown when ruler of Munster. So excellent was his government, that a young lady of great beauty and adorned with the richest dress and most costly ornaments, is said to have travelled alone from the north to the extreme south of the island, without the slightest violence being offered to her. This brave king also overcame the Danes in twenty-five battles, and expelled the greater number of them from his native land.

King Brien had a brother-in-law who was king of Leinster, and, of course, tributary to himself as king of all Ireland. This king, when on a visit to his sister, the wife of Brien, was insulted by his nephew, Morrough, and, burning for vengeance, retired to his principality, where he raised an army, and called upon the Danish king for assistance. The King of Denmark, glad of the opportunity of again obtaining a foothold in Ireland, sent over a large body of men under his two sons, and summoned his subjects in the Orkney and Shetland Islands, in the northern counties of Scotland, and in the Hebrides, to aid the rebellious prince. The King of Leinster thus collected a very large army in Dublin, and sent a challenge to his sovereign to meet him on the plains of Clontarf. On Good Friday, in the year 1014, the two opposing armies faced each other upon these memorable plains. There stood the forces of the King of Leinster, who, with banners flying, had marched upon the field before daylight, in three formidable divisions. The first consisted of the Irish Danes, and their brethren from Sweden, Norway, and Denmark—brave sea rovers, that never feared the face of man, many of them clothed in complete suits of brazen armor, and commanded by the Irish Dane Sitric and the two princes of Denmark. In the second stood the plundering Norsemen from Scotland and the Islands, led by another Sitric from Orkney. And in the third were ranked the native Irish troops and a band of foreign auxiliaries under the King of Leinster himself. Opposite this magnificent array

the good old King Brien, for he was 83 years of age, marshalled his three native columns; the first, composed of his own tribe, commanded by himself and his five sons, and the forces of Malachi; the second, of Connaught and Munster men, under the tributary King of Connaught; and the third, of miscellaneous forces, among whom were a large number of Ulster men under their king.

Before the battle commenced, the treacherous Malachi drew off his troops, and remained at some distance from the field waiting for the result. Brien Borombe, nothing daunted, harangued his soldiers, bidding them be of good courage, and assuring them of the protection of Heaven while fighting in so holy a cause as that in which they were engaged. With the cross in his left hand and the sword in his right, the brave old king now gave the signal of battle, and the hostile armies closed in deadly conflict. "It was dreadful," said Malachi afterwards, "to behold, when both the powerful armies engaged and grappled in close fight, how the swords glittered over their heads, being struck by the rays of the sun, which gave them the appearance of a numerous flock of seagulls flying in the air; the strokes were so mighty, and the fury of the combatants so terrible, that great quantities of hair, torn or cut off from their heads by their sharp weapons, was driven far off by the wind, and their spears and battle-axes were so encumbered with hair cemented together with clotted blood that it was scarce possible to clear or bring them to their former brightness."

Encouraged by the example of their venerable king, who, with his division, reduced to half its size by the desertion of Malachi, was closely engaged with the first body of the enemy, every officer and man of the Irish army fought like a hero. Brien's youngest son, Turlough, only fifteen years old, fell by his father's side; his nephew and three of his favorite officers were also slain; but still the old king, with his four remaining sons around him, pressed forward in the fight. Meanwhile, the King of Leinster had fallen at the head of his column, and his forces were rapidly giving way before the impetuous onset of Brien's third division. Sitric of Orkney, having gained some advantages over the men of Connaught and Munster, engaged these victorious troops, whose hands had become weary with slaughter, and made fearful havoc among them. But this superiority of the enemy was of short duration

Seeing the state of affairs, Brien sent his eldest son, Morrough, who had already performed prodigies of valor, to meet the victorious Orkneyman. Charging through the throng, the gallant Morrough stood face to face with this foeman so worthy of his steel. For a short time they engaged in a duel with the battle-axe, in sight of both armies, till by a terrible blow the Irish champion's weapon, cleaving helmet and coat of mail, left the Dane dead upon the field. Fiercely the rejoicing men of Ulster sped on their way of death, giving no quarter to the leaderless men of the Isles, now flying over the plain. But Morrough does not pursue; his powerful arm is wanted elsewhere. Back he speeds to his father's help, cuts down the eldest of the Danish princes, and hews with his ponderous battle-axe until his right hand, mangled and bleeding, can hold a weapon no longer. Anrud, the brother of the fallen prince, rushes upon him sword in hand; he endeavors to parry the blows of the avenging Dane with his left arm, "and at last," says the chronicler, "seizing hold of his antagonist with his one hand, he lifts him from the ground, shakes him out of his armor, and, throwing him down, presses his own breast against the hilt of his sword, and drives it into Anrud's body." The dying prince, writhing upwards on the ground, snatched a knife from Morrough's belt, and, thrusting it into his murderer's body, killed him.

Meanwhile, Brien, wearied with fighting, had retired to his pavilion, accompanied only by a small number of his wounded followers. The rout of the enemy soon became general, and the Danes and their Irish allies were fleeing from the field in every direction. Brodar, the commander of the Danish auxiliaries, passing in his flight close to the king's pavilion, entered it, and slew the aged monarch with a blow from his battle-axe, but was killed, together with all his followers, by the royal guards, who at that moment remembered their duty to their sovereign, and arrived only in time to avenge him.

In this famous and sanguinary engagement, which lasted from sunrise to sunset, the Danes and their Irish allies lost 12,000 men, with twelve of their generals, and the flower of their nobility. The loss of the patriot army was 4000 men, including, however, that of their beloved monarch and his two sons, with many of his most faithful adherents and bravest officers. The remnant of the Danes escaped to Dublin, and

thence to their ships, closely pursued by the infuriated Irish, who cut down, without mercy, all whom they overtook.

While the tribe of the fallen monarch was returning homewards after the battle, under the guidance of Brien's son, Donough, they were met by the King of Ossory and a body of Leinster men, who had not been on the field of Clontarf. These opposed the progress of the little band, many of whom were severely wounded. Since a battle seemed inevitable, the wounded men begged to be allowed to share in it. Taking off their bandages, and filling their wounds with moss, they prevailed on their companions to bind them to stakes driven into the ground, and thus opposed a front to the enemy. Such an unparalleled instance of determined valor dismayed the men of Leinster and Ossory, who declined the proffered battle, and contented themselves with harassing their patriotic countrymen, cutting off one hundred and fifty of their number before they reached home.

The traitor Malachi now recovered his kingdom, and reigned over it for nine years, after which Donough, the son of Brien Borombe, ascended the throne of his father.

—*Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'LL seek a four-leaved Shamrock in all the fairy dells,
And if I find the charmed leaves, oh, how I'll weave my spells!
I would not waste my magic might on diamond, pearl, or gold,
For treasure tires the weary sense—*such* triumph is but cold;
But I would play th' enchanter's part in casting bliss around,—
Oh not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor!—I'd dry the mourner's tears,
And to the pallid lip recall the smile of happier years,
And hearts that had been long estranged, and friends that had
grown cold,
Should meet again—like parted streams—and mingle as of old!
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!

The heart that had been mourning o'er vanished dreams of love,
Should see them all returning,—like Noah's faithful dove;

And Hope should launch her blessed bark on Sorrow's darkening sea,
And Misery's children have an ark, and saved from sinking be.
Oh! thus I'd play th' enchanter's part, thus scatter bliss around,
And not a tear, nor aching heart, should in the world be found!
—LOVER.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."
"Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men,
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.
His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady;
And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
But still, as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

"Oh, haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing;
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shado
His child he did discover—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water,
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"
'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

—THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE VETERAN TAR.

A MARINER, whom fate compell'd
To make his home ashore,
Lived in yon cottage on the mount,
With ivy mantled o'er;
Because he could not breathe beyond
The sound of ocean's roar.

He placed yon vane upon the roof,
To mark how stood the wind:
For breathless days and breezy days
Brought back old times to mind,
When rock'd amid the shrouds, or on
The sunny deck reclined.

And in his spot of garden ground
All ocean plants were met—
Salt lavender, that lacks perfume,
With scented mignonette;
And, blending with the roses bloom
Sea thistles freak'd with jet.

Models of cannon'd ships of war,
Rigg'd out in gallant style;
Pictures of Camperdown's red fight,
And Nelson at the Nile,
Were round his cabin hung—his hours,
When lonely, to beguile.

And there were charts and soundings, made
By Anson, Cook, and Bligh;
Fractures of coral from the deep,
And storm-stones from the sky;
Shells from the shores of gay Brazil;
Stuff'd birds, and fishes dry.

Old Simon had an orphan been,
No relative had he;
Even from his childhood, was he seen
A haunter of the quay;
So, at the age of raw thirteen,
He took him to the sea.

Four years on board a merchantman
He sail'd, a growing lad;
And all the isles of Western Ind,
In endless summer clad,
He knew, from pastoral St Lucie
To palmy Trinidad.

But sterner life was in his thoughts,
When, 'mid the sea-fight's jar,
Stoop'd victory from the batter'd shrouds,
To crown the British tar;
'Twas then he went—a volunteer—
On board a ship of war.

Through forty years of storm and shine,
He plough'd the changeful deep;

From where, beneath the tropic line,
The winged fishes leap,
To where frost rocks the polar seas
In everlasting sleep.

I recollect the brave old man,—
Methinks upon my view
He comes again,—his varnish'd hat,
Striped shirt, and jacket blue ;
His bronzed and weather-beaten cheek,
Keen eye, and plaited queue.

Yon turfen bench the veteran loved,
Beneath the threshold tree,
For from that spot he could survey
The broad expanse of sea,—
That element, where he so long
Had been a rover free !

And lighted up his faded face,
When, drifting in the gale,
He with his telescope could catch,
Far off, a coming sail :
It was a music to his ear
To list the sea-mews' wail !

Oft would he tell how, under Smith,
Upon the Egyptian strand,
Eager to beat the boastful French,
They join'd the men on land,
And plied their deadly shots, intrench'd
Behind their bags of sand

And when he told how, through the Sound,
With Nelson in his might,
They pass'd the Cronberg batteries,
To quell the Dane in fight,
His voice with vigour fill'd again !
His veteran eye with light !

But chiefly of hot Trafalgar
The brave old man would speak ;
And, when he show'd his oaken stump,
A glow suffused his cheek,

While his eye fill'd—for wound on wound
Had left him worn and weak.

Ten years, in vigorous old age,
Within that cot he dwelt;
Tranquil as falls the snow on snow,
Life's lot to him was dealt;
But came infirmity at length,
And slowly o'er him stealt.

We miss'd him on our seaward walk:
The children went no more
To listen to his evening talk,
Beside the cottage door;—
Grim palsy held him to the bed,
Which health eschew'd before.

'Twas harvest time;—day after day
Beheld him weaker grow;
Day after day, his laboring pulse
Became more faint and slow;
For in the chambers of his heart,
Life's fire was burning low.

Thus did he weaken, and he waned,
Till frail as frail could be;
But duly at the hour which brings
Homeward the bird and bee,
He made them prop him in his couch
To gaze upon the sea.

And now he watch'd the moving boat,
And now the moveless ships,
And now the western hills remote,
With gold upon their tips,
As ray by ray, the mighty sun
Went down in calm eclipse.

Welcome as homestead to the feet
Of pilgrim travel-tired,
Death to old Simon's dwelling came,—
A thing to be desired;
And breathing peace to all around,
The man of war expired. —D. M. Moir.

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade,
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords
The strain seem'd doubly dear,
Yet, sad as sweet,—for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered, and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?

Such feeling pressed upon my soul
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear, that stole
From the maiden at my side;—

Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?

—WORDSWORTH.

THE BAFFLED TRAVELLER.

ONCE upon a time an honest Yorkshire squire determined to take a journey to Warsaw. Untravelled and unknowing, he prepared himself with no passport. His business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him? Unfortunately for him, the Continental states were at war with each other just then.

His route lay through the states of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland, passed the usual examination; but, insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprisoned, and questioned, and sifted, and, appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

To the officer of the guard who conducted him to the frontier he made frequent complaints of his treatment, and of the loss he should sustain by delay; he declared it was uncivil, and unfriendly, and ungenerous. Five hundred Dutchmen might have travelled through Great Britain without a question—they never questioned any strangers in Great Britain, nor stopped them, nor guarded them.

Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the policy of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke therefrom—

"Mynheer," says he, "when you first set your foot on the land of the Seven United Provinces you should have declared that you came thither on affairs of commerce;" and, replacing his pipe, relapsed into immovable taciturnity.

Released from this unsociable companion, he soon arrived at a French post, where the sentinel of the advanced guard requested the honor of his permission to ask for his passport; and on his failing to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the commandant, but it was his duty, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le Commandant received him with cold and pompous politeness; he made the usual inquiries, and our traveller, determined to avoid the error which had produced such inconvenience to him, replied that commercial concerns drew him to the continent.

"Ma foi!" says the commandant, "c'est un négociant, un bourgeois. Take him away to the citadel, we will examine him to morrow; at present we must dress for the comédie. Allons."

"Monsieur," said the sentinel, as he reconducted him to the guard room, "you should not have mentioned commerce to Monsieur le Commandant; no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade: we despise traffic. You should have informed Monsieur le Commandant that you entered the dominions of the Grand Monarque for the purpose of improving yourself in singing, or in dancing, or in dressing; arms are the profession of a man of fashion, and glory and accomplishments his pursuits. Vive le Roi!" He had the honor of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day he was dismissed.

Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of German chasseurs. They demanded his name, his quality, and his business in their country.

He came, he said, to learn to dance, and to sing, and to dress.

"He is a Frenchman," said the corporal.

"A spy," cried the sergeant.

And he was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and was carried to the camp.

The officer whose duty, it was to examine prisoners, soon discovered that our traveller was not a Frenchman, and that, as he did not understand a syllable of the language, he was totally incapable of being a spy; he therefore discharged him, but not without advising him no more to assume the frippery character of a Frenchman.

"We Germans," says he, "eat, drink, and smoke; these are our favorite employments; and had you informed the party that you followed no other business you would have saved them, me, and yourself trouble."

He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict; and on his answering that his only designs were to eat, to drink, and to smoke,—

"To eat, to drink, and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer, with astonishment. "Sir, you must be forwarded to Potsdam; war is the only business of mankind."

But the acute and penetrating Frederick soon comprehended the character of the traveller, and gave him a passport under his own hand.

"It is an ignorant and innocent Englishman," says the veteran. "The English are unacquainted with military duties; when they want a general they borrow him of me."

At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated.

"I am a soldier," says the traveller; "behold the passport of the first warrior of the age."

"You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the sentinel; "we must send you to Dresden. And hark ye, sir, conceal your passport as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons, and relations have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of Prussian ambition."

A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicion.

Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host.

"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.

"I really don't know, sir," replied the traveller.

"Don't know your own business, sir?" resumed the officer; "I must conduct you to the starost."

"For gracious sake," said the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have been imprisoned in Holland for being desirous of keeping my own affairs to myself; I have been confined all night in a French guard-house for declaring myself a merchant; I have been compelled to ride seven miles behind a German dragoon for professing myself a man of pleasure; I have been carried fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia for acknowledging my attachment to ease and good living; and have been threatened with assassination in Saxony for avowing myself a warrior; and, therefore, if you will have the goodness to let me know how I may render such an account of myself as may not give offence, I shall consider you as my friend and preserver."

—*The Christmas Tree.*

HERMANN, THE DELIVERER OF GERMANY.

A FORMIDABLE insurrection in Dalmatia and Pannonia (now Hungary) had called Tiberius away from the Rhine and the Elbe to another field of warfare. In his place, came Quintilius Varus, formerly governor in Syria, who allowed the poor Germans to be oppressed in every imaginable way, extorted money from them, drove them from their possessions, and sought to dispose of their lands after quite a Roman fashion.

But what the honest Germans felt to be the worst of all their hardships, was their being ruled according to Roman law, and the introduction among them of Roman courts of justice. Formerly, when they had any cause of complaint or dispute, they went to their ruler, told him the matter in few words, and, in a quarter of an hour, had the whole affair settled. Now, however, it was quite otherwise. By the artifice of the Roman advocates and pettifoggers, the smallest affair led to a tedious law suit, and the justest causes were frequently lost. Equally enraged were they at the sight of the fasces (a magisterial emblem, consisting of a bundle of rods with an axe in the centre) which were daily paraded before their eyes, and which they, who had never before experienced corporal punishment, looked upon as a symbol of degrading servitude. Over all these things the proud spirit of the Germans inly chafed, and they deeply cursed the annoyances to which their tyrants subjected them. Another cause of grief was the removal of the most hopeful sons of their princes to Rome, as hostages for the good behavior of the people. On account of this, however, they had no real cause for complaint, since it was in Rome that these princely Germans first learned the art of conquering the Romans.

Hermann, or Arminius, as the Romans called him, son of a German prince, was among these hostages. He was not treated as a prisoner, but was allowed perfect liberty to go where he pleased, and was educated thoroughly as a Roman youth. He had abundant opportunities of learning the Roman art and tactics of war, and soon perceived that his countrymen, with their rude valor alone to aid them, could never prevail against so experienced an enemy. On this account he paid particular attention to everything he saw, fully resolved to make use of it on his return to his native land, and to free his nation from its foreign yoke.

At length the hour of his return came; he arrived in Germany at the time when Varus was draining it of its resources, and heavily oppressing the people. Hermann concealed his intentions, and sought the favor and friendship of Varus, in which he was perfectly successful. Doubtless he considered it quite fair to meet force with cunning, and to oppose dissimulation to tyranny. Varus, at that time, did exactly the same thing as Napoleon has done in our day. He pressed German troops into his army, and endeavored to subdue one German people by another. Hermann, with other princes, entered his service without hesitation; and the former exhibited such an appearance of genuine zeal that he won the confidence of Varus, was made a Roman citizen, and had the dignity of a Roman knight conferred upon him. In secret he was preparing for the destruction of the enemies of his country.

Several years soon passed over. He made use of this time to lay before the heads of the different German peoples the situation of their common fatherland, to make them feel the shame of the yoke they were bearing, and to inflame their hearts to vengeance upon their oppressors. "Choose," said he, at the close of his last address, "choose, ye princes and nobles of our nation, between freedom and slavery, between honor and shame, between a glorious death for your altars and hearths, and the shameful yoke of the insolent foreigner! The hour of freedom, if you would be free, may be no longer delayed;—speak! which will you choose?" "Liberty! liberty!" they cried unanimously, and swore the oath of vengeance on the altar of their war-god, Wodin.

All preparations for the accomplishment of their design were now made. In order to weaken and scatter the Roman army, several German peoples were to rise in insurrection in different places at the same moment. This plan was carried out, and succeeded perfectly. Varus found himself compelled to send his legions, now here and now there, to quell an insurrection. When at last he had but three legions (from 27 to 30,000 men, including allies,) with him, intelligence was brought by the couriers that a frightful rebellion had broken out on the Weser. This required to be quelled with the greatest celerity and completeness, lest it should spread to other places. Varus determined to place himself at the head of his army, and to chastise the rebels in person. This was exactly what the German princes wished; they fortified him in his intention, and promised to follow him promptly with their troops.

And so, indeed, they did; not, however, to assist him, but to aid in the destruction of his legions. Varus had been warned by Segestes, a prince of the Cherusci and an enemy of Hermann, that the latter meditated desertion; but the Roman general disbelieved the story, knowing that Hermann had carried off Segestes' beautiful daughter, Thusneldar, and that the bitterest enmity existed between them. Forward, then, he went, to his destruction. The Germans awaited him in the Teutoburg forest, in what is now the principality of Lippe, posted upon mountains that enclosed a narrow valley through which his way led. A long-continued rain had made the marshy ground almost impassable. Everywhere the Romans were sinking into the soft moss, and the moisture made their bows and arrows comparatively useless. In this unfavourable situation, they had to sustain the fiery attack of the Germans from the mountains. Arrows rained upon them from all sides. They wished to retire, but in vain. Hermann, who commanded the rear-guard of the Roman army, consisting of German troops only, fell upon the amazed legionaries in the rear, and, instead of rendering assistance, made a frightful slaughter among them. Too late Varus now opened his eyes to Hermann's treachery. Despair gave his legions strength to hew their way through the enemy and reach open ground. Soon, however, they came into another forest, where they were a second time surrounded by the Germans. The Romans entrenched themselves, and for three days maintained a stout defence. Without provisions, and drenched by the continual rains, they could hold out no longer. The whole army was annihilated; Varus, to escape falling into the hands of the enemy, threw himself upon his own sword.

A host of Roman princes were dragged to the altar of the Germans and sacrificed to Wodin, the god of war; their heads were placed as trophies upon the surrounding trees. The head of Varus, however, was sent to Marbod, king of the Marcomanni, and by him forwarded to Tiberius. All, who were not cut to pieces or offered up to the gods, were condemned to perpetual slavery. But the Germans reserved their most cruel tortures for the Roman advocates and other pettifoggers who remained in the towns, and who had made themselves so odious to the natives. They cut off the hands of some, deprived others of their eyes, and tore the tongues from the throats of others, with the savage expression, "Hiss now, viper!"

This was the famous battle of Hermann, that took place not far from the little town of Detmold, in the 9th year after the birth of our Saviour. When the Emperor Augustus heard of it, he cried out, again and again, as one inconsolable: "Oh, Quintilius Varus, give me back my legions!" So he continued to cry, striking his head against the wall, and allowing his hair and beard to grow for several months in token of his grief. In all Rome and the surrounding country the greatest dismay prevailed, for every one expected to behold the dreaded barbarians at the city gates.

All the fortresses of the Romans on the Rhine, the Weser, and the Elbe, were demolished by the victors, and every memorial of their domination was destroyed.

—*From the German of Jerrer*, in *Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

THE VILLAGE GARRISON.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

It happened in the course of the thirty years' war, that Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spanish troops then overrunning the Palatinate, found it necessary to possess himself of a little walled village, called Ogersheim, that lay in his way. On the first intelligence of his approach, all the inhabitants fled to Mannheim; and when Gonsalvo at length drew near, and summoned the place to surrender, there remained within the walls only a poor shepherd and his wife, the latter of whom, having that very morning brought a little infant into this world of misery, was unable to leave her bed; and her husband, of course, staid with her.

The anxiety and distress of the poor man may be more easily conceived than described. Fortunately, however, he possessed both courage and shrewdness; and, on the spur of the moment, bethought himself of a scheme to give his wife and baby a chance of escape, which, after embracing them both, he hastened to put into execution.

The inhabitants, having run off in a tremendous hurry, had left almost all their property at his disposal; so he had no difficulty in finding what was requisite for his purpose,—

namely, a complete change of dress. Having first accoutred his lower man in military guise, he tossed away his shepherd's hat, which he replaced with a huge helmet, "a world too wide;"—he buckled a long sword to his side, threw a goodly cloak over his shoulders, stuck two enormous pistols in his belt, and, putting on boots so thick in the soles and high in the heels that they lifted him about a foot from the ground, he fastened to them a pair of those prodigious jingling spurs which were the fashion of the times. Thus accoutred, he forthwith betook himself to the walls, and, leaning with a pompous air on his sword, he listened coolly to the herald, who advanced to summon the village to surrender.

"Friend," said our hero, as soon as the herald had concluded his speech, "tell your commander that though I have not yet made up my mind to surrender at all, I may possibly be induced to do so provided he agrees to the three following conditions, in which I shall make no abatement whatever. *First*, the garrison must be allowed to march out with military honors; *second*, the lives and property of the inhabitants must be protected; *third*, they must be left to the free exercise of their religion."

The herald immediately replied that such preposterous conditions could not for a moment be listened to; adding, that the garrison was known to be weak, and concluding by again demanding the instant surrender of the place.

"My good friend," answered the shepherd, "do not be too rash. I advise you to inform your general from me, that nothing but my desire to avoid bloodshed could make me think of surrendering on any terms whatever; and please to add, that if he does not choose to agree to those I have already stated, he will gain possession of the town only at the point of the sword; for I swear to you on the faith of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison has lately received a reinforcement he little dreams of."

So saying, the shepherd lighted his pipe and puffed away with an air of the most consummate indifference. Confounded by this appearance of boldness and security, the herald thought it prudent to return and state to Gonsalvo the demands which had been made. The Spanish general, deceived by this show of resistance, and being unwilling to waste either men or time in reducing this paltry town, resolved to agree to the conditions offered; and, followed by his troops, approached the gates. This

lenient determination was announced by the herald to the shepherd, who only vouchsafed to say in reply, "I find your commander is a man of some sense." He then left the walls, let down the drawbridge, deliberately opened the gates, and allowed the Spanish troops to pour into the town. Surprised at seeing no one in the streets but a strange-looking fellow, whose caricature of a military costume hung upon him like patchwork, Gonsalvo began to suspect treachery, and, seizing the shepherd, demanded to know where the garrison was?

"If your highness will follow me I will show you," answered the rustic.

"Keep by my stirrup, then," exclaimed Gonsalvo; "and on the least symptom that you mean to betray me, I shall send a bullet through your heart."

"Agreed," said our friend. "Follow me, Spaniards! for I swear by the word of an honest man and a Christian, as well as by the honor of a gentleman, that the garrison will offer you no injury."

He then placed himself by Gonsalvo's stirrup, and, followed by the troops, passed through several silent and deserted streets, till, at length, turning into a narrow lane, he stopped before a mean-looking house, and having prevailed on Gonsalvo to enter, he led him into a small room where lay his wife, with her little boy beside her.

"Noble general!" he said, pointing to the former, "this is our garrison; "and this," he added, taking his son in his arms, "is the reinforcement of which I told you."

Aware, now, of the real state of matters, the absurdity and cleverness of the trick moved even Spanish gravity, and Gonsalvo gave free course to his mirth. Then, taking off a rich gold chain which decorated his own person, he passed it round the neck of the infant.

"Permit me to offer this mark of esteem," he said, good-naturedly, "for the valiant garrison of Ogersheim. By the hand of a soldier, I envy you the possession of such a reinforcement; and you must let me present you with this purse of gold for the use of the young recruit."

He then stooped down and kissed the delighted mother and her boy, and quitted the house, leaving the shepherd to boast for many a summer day and winter night of the success of his stratagem. —*Edinburgh Literary Journal.*

THE FOUNDING OF AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

CHARLEMAGNE delighted in hunting. It was his solace and recreation in the few hours he could snatch from the manifold and weary cares of state. "The chase," he used to say, "keeps up a man's mettle and spirit, and makes him active and stalwart in body. It is the school where the champion fits himself for war; for, in the one as in the other, he must have his wits about him when danger threatens, and thus know how to extricate himself."

A favorite hunting-ground of his was the tract of land where Aix-la-Chapelle now stands. In those days there stretched, far and wide, forests of lofty oaks and beeches, with here and there tangled thickets, mixed with groves of saplings and evergreen pine-woods. In other parts, marsh and moor-land, and patches of stunted underwood, lay between hills whose shelving sides were beautiful with silver-stemmed birch trees, and glades of the greenest sward. The hand of man had left no trace in those wilds; their only inmates were the wolf and the crested boar, the stag and the roebuck, the badger and the fox, and all these dwelt within them in multitudes. Hence it was no wonder that Charlemagne often hunted there with a great following. In one of these gatherings the dogs started a deer and a doe. The terrified creatures bounded through the forest side by side, the hounds in full cry on their track, and the Emperor pressing close behind. Suddenly burst on his sight an old and mouldering castle, called the ruins of Ephen, stately even in decay, and mirrored in the clear waters of a lake. On nearing the ruin, Charlemagne reined in his horse, when suddenly the noble steed shied, the ground gave way, and he sank past the fetlocks. Wild with terror, he plunged and struggled till he found safe footing. Charlemagne could not make out what had come over his charger, nor what was amiss with the ground, till he saw, a few paces off, a cloud of steam rising from the earth, in the very spot the horse had just trampled. Then almost instantly a boiling spring bubbled up and overflowed. He sprang from the saddle, fell on his knees, and thanked God for the benefit He had granted him, by the means of a brute beast. For, then and there, it flashed on his mind how these waters would be a blessing to men from generation unto generation. He then resolved to build a hunt-

ing-seat on the site of the ruined fortress, and to erect a palace and a city near at hand. He also vowed to raise hard by his palace a stately temple in honor of the ever-blessed Mother of God.

Then he rose from his knees, and wound his horn, admiring Haroun al Raschid's precious gift. His followers knew the mighty blast, and came flocking at his call, and the Emperor and his Paladins, down to the meanest of his train, rejoiced together at the good gift God had sent them.

Prompt and decisive in all things, Charlemagne lost no time in carrying out his plans. The hunting-seat rose from the ruins of Ephen, and the foundations of a kingly palace, and of our Blessed Lady's church, were laid without delay. Builders came from far and near, and a city was begun. Houses rose up on all sides. The desolate moorland vanished, at least in the neighborhood of the new city. A canal carried off the superfluous waters, and, while draining the ground, brought the warm medicinal stream to the bath-house Charlemagne had built. His Frankish warriors resorted thither in numbers to enjoy the luxury of the bath, or to test its healing powers, when worn out with toil or sickness.

Tradition still points to the very spot where Charlemagne used to bathe with his Paladins.

Thus was Aix-la-Chapelle founded.

—*Once-a-Week.*

AN INCIDENT AT RATISBON.

You know we French stormed Ratisbon:
A mile or so away,
On a little mound Napoleon
Stood on our storming day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes,
Waver at yonder wall:"

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reach'd the mound.

Then off there flung, in smiling joy,
And held himself erect,
Just by his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through,)
You look'd twice e'er you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon,
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perch'd him." The chief's eye flash'd; his plans
Soar'd up again like fire.

The chief's eye flash'd; but presently
Soften'd itself as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye,
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touch'd to the quick, he said:
"I'm kill'd, sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

—Browning.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

O sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a while,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
Her whisker'd pandours and her fierce hussars,

Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion from her height survey'd,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow-men! our Country yet remains!
By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm:
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge—or death!—the watchword and reply,
Then peal'd the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm!

In vain, alas!—in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career!
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd, as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air;
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below!
The storm prevails—the rampart yields away—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!

Earth shook—red meteors flash'd along the sky—
And conscious Nature shudder'd at the cry!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man;
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn!

—CAMPBELL.

THREE SCENES IN THE TYROL.

THE RESCUE.

YOU are standing on a narrow, thread-like road, which has barely room to draw itself along between the rocky bank of the River Inn, and the base of a frowning buttress of the Solstein, which towers many hundred feet perpendicularly above you. You throw your head far back and look up; and there you have a vision of a plumed hunter, lofty and chivalrous in his bearing, who is bounding heedlessly on after a chamois to the very verge of a precipice. Mark!—he loses his footing—he rolls helplessly from rock to rock! There is a pause in his headlong course. What is it that arrests him? Ah! he puts forth his mighty strength, and clings, hand and foot, with the gripe of despair, to a narrow ledge of rock, and there he hangs over the abyss! It is the Emperor Maximilian! The Abbot of Wiltau comes forth from his cell, sees an imperial destiny suspended between heaven and earth, and, crossing himself with awe, bids prayers be put up for the welfare of a passing soul. Hark! there is a wild cry ringing through the upper air! Ha! Zyps of Zirl, thou hunted and hunting outlaw, art thou out upon the heights at this fearful moment? Watch the hardy mountaineer! He binds his *crampons* on his feet,—he is making his perilous way towards his failing Emperor;—now bounding like a hunted chamois; now creeping like an insect;

now clinging like a root of ivy; now dropping like a squirrel:—he reaches the fainting monarch just as he relaxes his grasp on the jutting rock. Courage, Kaiser!—there is a hunter's hand for thee, a hunter's iron-shod foot to guide thee to safety. Look! They clamber up the face of the rock, on points and ledges where scarce the small hoof of the chamois might find a hold; and the peasant-folk still maintain that an angel came down to their master's rescue. We will, however, refer the marvellous escape to the interposing hand of a pitying Providence. Zyps, the outlaw, becomes Count Hallooer von Hohenfelsen—"Lord of the wild cry of the lofty rock;" and in the old pension-list of the proud house of Hapsburg may still be seen an entry to this effect: that sixteen florins were paid annually to one "Zyps of Zirl." As you look up from the base of the Martinswand, you may, with pains, distinguish a cross, which has been planted on the narrow ledge where the Emperor was rescued by the outlaw.

THE RUN.

THERE is another vision, an imperial one also. The night is dark and wild. Gusty winds come howling down from the mountain-passes, driving sheets of blinding rain before them, and whirling them round in hissing eddies. At intervals the clouds are rent asunder, and the moon takes a hurried look at the world below. What does she see? and what can *we* hear? for there are other sounds stirring beside the ravings of the tempest, in that wild cleft of the mountains, which guard Innsbrück on the Carinthian side. There is a hurried tramp of feet, a crowding and crushing up through the steep and narrow gorge, a mutter of suppressed voices, a fitful glancing of torches, which now flare up bravely enough, now wither in a moment before the derisive laugh of the storm. At the head of the melée there is a litter borne on the shoulders of a set of sure-footed hunters of the hills; and around this litter is clustered a moving constellation of lamps, which are anxiously shielded from the rude wrath of the tempest. A group of stately figures, wrapped in rich military cloaks, with helms glistening in the torchlight, and plumes streaming on the wind, struggle onward beside the litter. And who is this reclining there, his teeth firmly set to imprison the stifled groan of physical anguish? He is but fifty-three years of age, but the lines of

premature decay are ploughed deep along brow and cheek, while his yellow locks are silvered and crisped with care. Who can mistake that full, expansive forehead, that aquiline nose, that cold, stern blue eye, and that heavy, obstinate Austrian under-lip, for other than those of the mighty Emperor Charles V.? And can this suffering invalid, flying from foes who are almost on the heels of his attendants, jolted over craggy passes in midnight darkness, buffeted by the tempest, and withered by the sneer of adverse fortune—*can* this be the Emperor of Germany, King of Spain, Lord of the Netherlands, of Naples, of Lombardy, and proud chief of the golden Western World? Yes, Charles, thou art reading a stern lesson by that fitful torch-light; but thy strong will is yet unbent, and thy stern nature yet unsoftened. And who is the swift "avenger of blood" who is following close as a sluth-hound on thy track? It is Maurice of Saxony, the unscrupulous but intrepid leader of the Protestant cause—a match for thee in boldness of daring, and in strength of will. But Charles wins the midnight race; and yet, instead of bowing before Him whose "long-suffering would lead to repentance," he ascribes his escape to the "star of Austria." ever in the ascendant, and mutters his favorite saying, "Myself, and the lucky moment."

THE RUIN.

ONE more scene: it is the year 1809. Bonaparte has decreed in the secret council chamber, where his own will is his sole adviser, that the Tyrol shall be cleared of its troublesome nest of warrior-hunters. Ten thousand French and Bavarian soldiers have penetrated as far as the Upper Innthal, and are boldly pushing on towards Prutz. But the mountain-walls of this profound valley are closing gloomily together, as if they would forbid even the indignant river to force its wild way betwixt them. *Is* there a path through the frowning gorge other than that rocky way which is fiercely held by the torrent? Yes, there is a narrow road, painfully grooved by the hand of man out of the mountain side, now running along like a gallery, now dropping down to the brink of the stream. But the glittering array winds on. There is the heavy tread of the foot soldiers, the trampling of horse, the dull rumble of the guns, the waving and flapping of the colors, and the angry remonstrance of the Inn. But all else is still as a midnight sleep,

except indeed when the eagles of the crag, startled from their eyries, raise their shrill cry as they spread their living wings above the gilded eagles of France. Suddenly a voice is heard far up amid the mists of the heights—not the eagle's cry *this* time—not the freak of a wayward echo—but human words, which say "*Shall we begin?*" Silence! It is a host that holds its breath and listens. Was it a spirit of the upper air parleying with its kind? If so, it has its answer countersigned across the dark gulf. "*Noch nicht!*"—"not yet!" The whole invading army pause: there is a wavering and writhing in the glittering serpent-length of that mighty force which is helplessly uncoiled along the base of the mountain. But hark! the voice of the hills is heard again, and it says, "*Now!*" *Now* then descends the wild avalanche of destruction, and all is tumult, dismay, and death. The very crags of the mountain-side, loosened in preparation, come bounding, thundering down. Trunks and roots of pine-trees, gathering speed on their headlong way, are launched down upon the powerless foe, mingled with the deadly hail of the Tyrolese rifles. And this fearful storm descends along the whole line at once. No marvel that two-thirds of all that brilliant invading army are crushed to death along the grooved pathway, or are tumbled, horse and man, into the choked and swollen river. Enough of horrors! Who would willingly linger on the hideous details of such a scene? Sorrowful that man should come, with his evil ambitions and his fierce revenges, to stain and to spoil such wonders of beauty as the hand of the Creator has here moulded. Sorrowful that man, in league with the serpent, should writhe into such scenes as these, and poison them with the virus of sin.

—*Titan.*

THE SIEGE OF HENSBURGH.

BRAVE news! brave news! the Emperor
Hath girded on his sword,
And swears by the rood, in an angry mood,
And eke by his knightly word,
That humbled Hensburgh's towers shall be,
With all her boasted chivalry.

The brazen clarion's battle note
Hath sounded through the land;
And brave squire and knight, in their armor dight,
Ay, many a gallant band,
Have heard the summons far and near,
And come with falchion and with spear.

"Ho! to the rebel city, ho!
Let vengeance lead the way!"
And anon the sheen of their spears was seen,
As they rushed upon the prey.
Beneath where Hensburgh's turrets frowned
Great Conrad chose his vantage ground.

Far stretching o'er the sterile plain
His snow-white tents were spread;
And the sweet night-air, as it lingered there,
Caught the watchful sentry's tread.
Then o'er the city's battlement
The tell-tale breeze its echo sent.

Day after day the leaguer sat
Before that city's wall,
And yet, day by day, the proud Guelph cried "*Nay*,"
To the herald's warning call;
Heedless, from morn to eventide,
How many a famished mother died.

Weak childhood, and the aged man,
Wept—sorely wept for bread;
And pale Hunger seemed, as his mild eye gleamed
On the yet unburied dead,
As if he longed, alas! to share
The night dog's cold unhallowed fare.

* * * *

No longer Hensburgh's banner floats;
Hushed is her battle-cry,
For a victor waits at her shattered gates,
And her sons are doomed to die.
But Hensburgh's daughters yet shall prove
The saviors of the homes they love!

All glory to the Emperor,
The merciful and brave;
Sound, clarions, sound, tell the news around,
And ye drooping banners wave!
Hensburgh's fair daughters, ye are free;
Go forth, with all your "*braverie!*"

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor cried,
"Far from the scene of strife.
Whether matron staid, or the blushing maid,
Or the daughter, or the wife;
For ere yon sun hath left the sky,
Each rebel male shall surely die."

"Bid them go forth," the Emperor said,
"We wage not war with them;
Bid them all go free, with their '*braverie,*'
And each richly-valued gem;
Let each upon her person bear
That which she deems her chiefest care."

The city's gates are opened wide;
The leaguer stands amazed;
'Twas a glorious deed, and shall have its meed,
And by minstrel shall be praised,
For each had left her jewelled tire
To bear a husband, or a sire.

With faltering step each ladened one
At Conrad's feet appears;
In amaze he stood, but his thirst for blood
Was quenched by his falling tears;
The victor wept aloud to see
Devoted woman's constancy.

All glory to the Emperor,—
All glory and renown!
He hath sheathed his sword, and his royal word
Hath gone forth to save the town;
For woman's love is mightier far
Than all the strategies of war.

—*Bentley Ballads.*

WILLIAM TELL AND HIS SON.

THE sun already shone brightly as William Tell entered the town of Altorf, and he advanced at once to the public place, where the first object that caught his eyes was a handsome cap, embroidered with gold, stuck upon the end of a long pole. Soldiers were walking around it in silence, and the people of Altorf, as they passed, bowed their head to the symbol of authority. The cap had been set up by Gessler, the Austrian commander, for the purpose of discovering those who were not submissive to the Austrian power, which had ruled the people of the Swiss Cantons for a long time with great severity. He suspected that the people were about to break into rebellion, and with a view to learn who were the most discontented, he had placed the ducal cap of Austria on this pole, publicly proclaiming that every one passing near, or within sight of it, should bow before it, in proof of his homage to the duke.

Tell was much surprised at this new and strange attempt to humble the people, and, leaning on his cross-bow, gazed scornfully on them and the soldiers. Berenger, captain of the guard, at length observed this man, who alone amidst the cringing crowd carried his head erect. He ordered him to be seized and disarmed by the soldiers, and then conducted him to Gessler, who put some questions to him, which he answered so haughtily that Gessler was both surprised and angry. Suddenly, he was struck by the likeness between him and the boy Walter Tell, whom he had seized and put in prison the previous day for uttering some seditious words; he immediately asked his name, which he no sooner heard than he knew him to be the archer so famous, as the best marksman in the Canton. Gessler at once resolved to punish both father and son at the same time, by a method which was perhaps the most refined act of torture which man ever imagined. As soon, then, as the youth was brought out, the governor turned to Tell, and said, "I have often heard of thy great skill as an archer, and I now intend to put it to the proof. Thy son shall be placed at a distance of a hundred yards, with an apple on his head. If thou strikest the apple with thy arrow I will pardon you both; but if thou refusest this trial thy son shall die before thine eyes."

Tell implored Gessler to spare him so cruel a trial, in which he might perhaps kill his beloved boy with his own hand. The

governor would not alter his purpose; so Tell at last agreed to shoot at the apple, as the only chance of saving his son's life. Walter stood with his back to a linden tree. Gessler, some distance behind, watched every motion. His cross-bow and one arrow were handed to Tell; he tried the point, broke the weapon, and demanded his quiver. It was brought to him, and emptied at his feet. He stooped down, and, taking a long time to choose an arrow, he managed to hide a second in his girdle.

After being in doubt a long time, his whole soul beaming in his face, his love for his son rendering him almost powerless, he at length roused himself—drew the bow—aimed—shot—and the apple, struck to the core, was carried away by the arrow.

The market-place of Altorf was filled by loud cheers. Walter flew to embrace his father, who, overcome by his emotions, fell fainting to the ground, thus exposing the second arrow to view. Gessler stood over him, awaiting his recovery, which speedily taking place, Tell rose, and turned away from the governor with horror, who, however, scarcely yet believing his senses, thus addressed him—"Incomparable archer, I will keep my promise; but what needed you with that second arrow which I see in your girdle?" Tell replied that it was the custom of the bowmen of Uri to have always one arrow in reserve. "Nay, nay," said Gessler, "tell me thy real motive; and, whatever it may have been, speak frankly, and thy life is spared." "The second shaft," replied Tell, "was to pierce thy heart, tyrant, if I had chanced to harm my son."

—CHAMBERS'S "*Tracts.*"

THE GEYSIRS OF ICELAND.

The following day, we came upon a wide, flat valley, along which we skirted till we began to see, at the distance of two or three miles, on a piece of sloping ground, under a small hill, a strange assemblage of masses of steam waving in the evening breeze. Our eyes became fixed, of course, on this object, which every minute had a different aspect. Presently, there shot up amongst the waving masses a column of steam, spreading at the top like a tree; and I then felt sure that we were at length approaching the object of our journey. Crossing the flooded meadow-ground, and passing a farm-house on the hill-face, we came, about ten o'clock at night, to the field which contains these wonderful springs. It was still clear daylight. The ground seemed like a place where some work is going on that calls for extensive boilings of caldrons. Were 5000 washer-women to work in the open air together the general effect, at a little distance might be somewhat similar.

As the baggage horses, with our tents and beds, had not yet arrived, we sat quietly down to coffee, brewed in Geysir water; when suddenly it seemed as if beneath our very feet a quantity

of cannon were going off underground. The whole earth shook. We set off at full speed toward the Great Geyser, expecting to see the grand water explosion. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight trembling movement in the centre.

Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr, or *the churn*, you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a *rise* out of him, whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion. Tormented by the qualms of sickness, he groans and hisses, and boils up, and spits at you with malicious vehemence; until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high. This carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in, and scatters them scalded and half-digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off it goes on retching and sputtering, until at last nature is exhausted. Then, sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

As the Great Geyser explodes only once in forty hours or more, it was, of course, necessary that we should wait his pleasure; in fact, our movements entirely depended on his. For the next two or three days, therefore, like pilgrims round an ancient shrine, we patiently kept watch; but he scarcely deigned to favor us with the slightest manifestation of his latent energies. Two or three times the cannonading, we had heard immediately after our arrival, recommenced; and once, an eruption, to the height of about ten feet, occurred. But so brief was its duration, that by the time we were on the spot, although the tent was not eighty yards distant, all was over. At length, after three days' watching in languid expectation of the eruption, our desire was gratified. A cry from the guides made us start to our feet and rush towards the basin. The

usual underground thunders had already commenced, a violent agitation was disturbing the centre of the pool.

Suddenly a dome of water lifted itself to the height of eight or ten feet, then burst and fell; immediately after which a shining liquid column, or rather a sheaf of columns, wreathed in robes of vapor, sprang about seventy feet into the air; and, in a succession of jerking leaps, each higher than the last, flung their silvery crests against the sky. For a few minutes the fountain held its own; then all at once appeared to lose its ascending energy. The unstable waters faltered, drooped, fell, "like a broken purpose," back upon themselves, and were immediately sucked down into the recesses from which they had sprung.

The spectacle was certainly magnificent; but no description can give any idea of its most striking features. The enormous wealth of water, its vitality, its hidden power, the immeasurable breadth of sun-lit vapor, rolling in exhaustless abundance, all combined to make one feel the stupendous energy of nature's slightest movements.

—DUFFERIN.

THE MAELSTROM.

THE most tremendous whirlpool in the whole world is that which is called the Maelstrom, and which is situated on the western coast of Norway. The water near this Maelstrom is continually in the most fearful commotion. Ships of the heaviest burden, if drawn into it, are inevitably destroyed; the whale is sometimes overcome by the power of its suction, and dashed to pieces in its vortex. Its influence is felt in all the surrounding waters, and those who are once drawn towards it seldom escape. The following story may not be without interest in association with this fearful Maelstrom:—

On the shore, nearly opposite the whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion that evening in a pleasure-boat. They were not much accustomed to 'the dangers of the sea.' The young men could not ply the oars as dexterously as many others, but they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile. The sunbeam

briskly played on the bosom of the ocean. Calmness had thrown its oily wand on the billow, and it slept. The water, presenting a smooth unruffled surface, seemed a sea of glass. The most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface.

The evening came—the young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moonbeam would tremble for a moment and then sleep on the calm, unagitated bosom of the ocean. The pleasure-boat was unmoored—the party gaily entered; the boat was moved from the shore. It was soon under way. It was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But they soon discovered that it would skim gently over the bosom of the deep when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along—they felt no danger. All was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel in which they sailed became gradually, and to them insensibly, more rapid. They were moved by the influence of the whirlpool. Their motion was rotary. They soon came round almost to the same spot from which they had sailed. At this critical moment, the only one in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore, who knew their danger, discovered them, and instantly gave the alarm. They entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort and drive it on shore, if possible. When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears, and passed along without making one attempt to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually increasing, and the circle around which it was drawn by the rotary movement of the water becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land.

Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered, must be delivered by their own exertions; for those on shore, even if they launched another boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them, while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready to swallow at once both them and their boat. They still moved along in merriment. Peals of laughter were often heard. Sneers were the only thanks given to those who would, with delight, have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. Presently, however, they began to hear the

tremendous roar of the vortex below. It sounded like the hoarse, unsteady bellowings of the all-devouring earthquake, or like the distant sea in a storm. By this time, the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen-leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the now foam-covered sea.

Solemnity now began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the pleasure-boat. They half-suspected that danger was near. Soon they felt it. When they came again in sight of land their cries of distress would have pierced a heart of stone.

"Oh, help! for mercy's sake," was now the exclamation of despair. A thick, black cloud, as if to add horror to the scene of distress, at this moment shrouded the heavens. The oars were plied with every nerve. They snapped, and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried. —*Wonders of the World.*

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand—
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn, by the chime,
As they drifted on their path:
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceased, and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor, then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So, peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;

And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep—
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride,
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant, good Riou—
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave:
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave. —CAMPBELL.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

THE [illegible]rs of Napoleon's Russian Campaign have been portrayed by French writers, who were eye witnesses of this signal defeat of blind ambition and the insane lust of conquest.

The whole elements of nature seemed to have conspired against the once-favored child of victory; out of the vast host whom he carried with him only a melancholy and enfeebled remnant returned. The Russian territory was entered in June, 1812. Moscow was burnt on the 9th of September, and the horrors of the retreat commenced on the 6th of November:—

At day-break, our corps left the village, where it had encamped, and marched upon Moscow. As we drew near the city we observed that it had no walls, and that a single parapet of earth was the only work which formed the outer enclosure. We had hitherto seen nothing to indicate that the capital was inhabited, and the road by which we arrived was so deserted that we did not see a single Muscovite, nor even a French soldier. No noise, no cry, was heard amidst this imposing solitude, anxiety alone guided our foosteps, which was redoubled when we perceived a column of thick smoke arising from the centre of the city. At first we imagined that it only proceeded from some magazines, to which the Russians, as usual, had set fire in their retreat. Eager to know the cause of this conflagration, we sought in vain for some one who could tranquillize our restless curiosity; but the impossibility of satisfying it redoubled our impatience and increased our alarm.

In conformity with the desolating plan of the campaign, the ruin of the ancient capital of the Czars had been determined. The criminals confined in the different prisons received their liberty, on condition of setting fire to the city as soon as it should be in possession of the French army. In order to insure its destruction, the engines and every means by which the fire might have been extinguished were removed or destroyed. The exchange was the first building that fell a prey to the flames. The stores contained an immense quantity of the most valuable commodities of Europe and Asia; the cellars were filled with sugar, oils, and resin, which burnt with great fury. The French endeavored to check the progress of the devouring element, but they soon discovered that their efforts were useless. The fire breaking out in different quarters of the city, and increased by a high wind, spread with dreadful rapidity. So great a calamity impressed even the most hardened minds with the presentiment, that the wrath of divine justice would one day fall on the first authors of this frightful devastation.

A great part of the population had concealed themselves in their houses, from the terrors caused by our arrival, but they

left them as the flames reached their asylums. Fear had rendered their grief dumb, and, as they tremblingly quitted their retreats, they carried off their most valuable effects, while those who were possessed of more sensibility, actuated by natural feelings, sought only to save the lives of the parents or the children. On one side we saw a son carrying a sick father; on the other, women who poured the torrent of their tears on the infants, whom they clasped in their arms. They were followed by the rest of their children, who, fearful of being lost, ran crying after their mothers. Old men, overwhelmed more by grief than by the weight of years, were seldom able to follow their families; many of them, weeping for the ruin of their country, lay down to die near the houses where they were born. The streets, the public squares, and especially the churches, were crowded with these unhappy persons, who mourned as they lay on the remains of their property, but showed no signs of despair. The victors and the vanquished were become equally brutish; the former by excess of fortune, the latter by excess of misery.

The hospitals, containing more than twelve thousand wounded, began to burn. The heart, frozen with horror, recoils at the fatal disaster which ensued. Almost all these wretched victims perished. The few who were still living were seen crawling, half-burnt, under the smoking ashes, or groaning under the heaps of dead bodies, making ineffectual efforts to extricate themselves.

It is impossible to depict the confusion and tumult that ensued, when the whole of this immense city was given up to pillage. Soldiers, sutlers, and galley-slaves ran through the streets, penetrated the deserted palaces, and carried off everything that could gratify their insatiable desires.

Dismayed by so many calamities, I had hoped that the shades of night would veil the dreadful scene; but darkness, on the contrary, rendered the conflagration more terrible. The flames, which extended from north to south, burst forth with greater violence, and, agitated by the wind, seemed to reach the sky. Clouds of smoke marked the track of the rockets that were hurled by the incendiary criminals, from the tops of the steeples, and which, at a distance, resembled falling stars. But nothing was so terrific as the dread that reigned in every mind, and which was heightened, in the dead of the night, by the groans and shrieks of the unfortunate creatures who were robbed and mas-

sacred. To these heart-piercing groans were added the howlings of the dogs that were chained to the gates of the palace, according to the custom of Moscow, and were unable to escape the flames that enveloped them.

Many of our soldiers fell victims to their own rapacity, which induced them, heedless of the extreme risk, to brave every danger; excited by the love of plunder, they rushed into the midst of the fire and smoke; they waded in blood, trampling on the dead bodies, whilst the ruins and pieces of burning wood fell upon their murderous hands. Perhaps all would have perished had not the insupportable heat at length compelled them to take refuge in the camp.

—SEGUR'S "*Narrative.*"

THE GRATEFUL JEW.

IN the war between Russia and Turkey, which began in 1769, on the day after the great battle of Choczim, Lieutenant Pfuhl, a German in the service of the Empress Catherine, rode out with a handful of dragoons on a foraging expedition. Hearing a lamentable voice issuing from a neighboring thicket, he ordered two of his men to dismount, in order to discover whether the voice was that of a friend or an enemy. A peal of laughter, raised by the dragoons on their arrival at the spot, invited him to follow with the remainder of his party. There he saw an old Turkish Jew, of venerable and dignified appearance, who had been wounded by the Russian cavalry, and had fled to this place for shelter, but who was now too much enfeebled, by loss of blood and the pain of his wound, to be able to leave it. After Pfuhl had gravely reprimanded the laughter of his men, he ordered the Jew to be carried into his own tent. Entering, a little while after, the aged Israelite, whose wound had meanwhile been carefully attended to, addressed him with tears of joy: "Sir, who can ever repay you for your great goodness to me?" The noble lieutenant disacknowledged all thanks, provided the Jew with a pass, collected a sum of money for him among the officers of his regiment, and sent him to Kamenez in Podolia, there to await his recovery.

The Russian army advanced further into the Turkish territory, and Pfuhl, who ever distinguished himself as a brave soldier and the protector of defenceless innocence, was on the road to high promotion; but, being attacked on one occasion by the enemy, he was deserted by an envious brother officer, and, in spite of his brave defence, fell into the hands of the Turks. He was taken to Adrianople, and there sold as a slave to Abdul Melek, a Sicilian by birth, who had apostatized to Mahommedanism, and who was then journeying to Servia. Abdul Melek, a rich but wicked and cruel man, on account of Pfuhl's knowledge of Italian and his skilful treatment of horses, at once appointed him overseer of his stables and gardens. It happened, shortly afterwards, that a favorite horse of Abdul's fell and injured itself severely, and, although Pfuhl was in no way to blame for the matter, his tyrannical master confined him for forty-eight hours in a horrible dungeon, and condemned him to the roughest field labour. The unhappy Pfuhl, whose name had been changed to Ibrahim, now began to feel the misery of his situation, and looked forward to nothing but a life of hard work and harder blows, when an unexpected circumstance gave another turn to the state of affairs. A young lady, the daughter of Colonel B., had fallen into the hands of the Turks and under the power of Abdul Melek, from whom she had nothing to expect but the most shameful treatment. Having discovered the presence of a countryman, she sent a trustworthy slave to Pfuhl, praying him most earnestly to deliver her from bondage. Pfuhl at once acceded to her request, all preparations were made, and the devoted pair were ready for flight, when their whole plan was betrayed by a slave named Hassan, in whom they had placed the utmost confidence. The consequence was, that they were both loaded with chains, and confined in two strong adjoining dungeons. For eight days, Ibrahim was most cruelly ill-treated, and the cries of Natalie —for such was the maiden's name—assured him that she was undergoing a punishment no less severe. At last, no sound came from her place of confinement, and his mind was filled with the most frightful conjectures as to her fate, which were all the more unbearable as the slave, who brought him his food, answered all his inquiries concerning her with morose silence. Sunk in the deepest melancholy, without daring to entertain a single consoling thought, he sat one day in his dungeon, when his master entered, attended by two slaves, and informed him

that, although his offence merited a cruel death, he had been lenient enough to sell him to another master. Thereupon, he commanded him to rise and go into the carriage that waited for him. Pfuhl entered the vehicle, and it drove off with the greatest speed. For three days the journey lasted without Pfuhl's knowing his destination, or receiving any other answer from his conductors, who treated him not as a slave but as their superior, than that he might be at his ease and fear no harm. On the evening of the third day, they came to a large place. The carriage stopped in a courtyard. Pfuhl got out, and the first person whom the light of the torches showed him was—the Jew, whose life he had saved at Choczim. "God be thanked," said he, "that I can repay you, sir, for what you have done for me! enter the house of your servant, to whom you once showed such compassion!" Pfuhl did not know what to think. One question rapidly followed another, and the Jew promised to answer them all in the morning. But who can picture Pfuhl's delight when, next morning, the Jew introduced him to a lady whom he at once recognized as Natalie. After the first transport of joy, the Jew related that, having accidentally visited Abdul Melek, the latter had offered to sell him a slave who turned out to be Natalie. The tears of his new slave moved him to ask the cause of them, and he learnt from her that a Russian officer named Pfuhl languished in prison. The name of his deliverer at Choczim at once came into his mind, and he immediately resolved to free him.—"I set out at once," continued the Jew, "to your tyrant, who intended to leave you to perish by a miserable death, but, being as avaricious as he is cruel, he consented to sell you, on my promising to dispose of you to a hard master. In this way you came into my hands. God be praised that I have been able to pay you what I owe for your goodness to me. In a few days I shall go to the camp, taking you and Natalie with me, where I shall take a by-way, and, with God's help, land you safely among your countrymen." Weeping and deeply affected, Natalie and Pfuhl hung upon the neck of the old Jew. He brought them safely to Bucharest in Wallachia, where the Russian army then lay, and they found it hard indeed to part with their magnanimous deliverer. When he had departed, Pfuhl, to add to his astonishment and thankfulness towards the Jew, found a purse with a thousand ducats, and a costly ring for Natalie, presents which the grateful Israelite had, quite unperceived, concealed in

Pfuhl's clothes. Natalie found her father still alive, and by him the friendship that had sprung up in captivity was sanctioned for life. The remembrance of the grateful Jew's noble generosity, often furnishes them with their happiest moments. —*From the German of Ewald*, in *Campbell's Fourth Reader.*

THE ROAD TO THE TRENCHES.

"Leave me, comrades, here I drop,—
No, sir, take them on,
All are wanted, none should stop,
Duty must be done;
Those whose guard you take will find me
As they pass below."
So the soldier spoke, and staggering,
Fell amid the snow;
And ever on the dreary heights
Down came the snow.

"Men, it must be as he asks,
Duty must be done;
Far too few for half our tasks,
We can spare not one.
Wrap him in this, I need it less;
Fear not, they shall know;
Mark the place, yon stunted larch,
Forward,"—on they go;
And silent on their silent march
Down sank the snow.

O'er his features as he lies
Calms the wrench of pain:
Close faint eyes, pass cruel skies,
Freezing mountain plain;
With far, soft sounds, the stillness teems,
Church bells—voices low,
Passing into English dreams
There amid the snow;
And darkening, thickening o'er the heights,
Down fell the snow.

Looking, looking for the mark,
Down the others came,
Struggling through the snowdrifts stark,
Calling out his name;
"Here,—or there; the drifts are deep,
Have we passed him?"—No!
Look, a little growing heap,
Snow above the snow.

Strong hands raised him, voices strong
Spoke within his ears;
Ah! his dreams had softer tongue,
Neither now he hears.
One more gone for England's sake,
Where so many go,
Lying down without complaint,
Dying in the snow;
Starving, striving for her sake,
Dying in the snow.

Simply done his soldier's part,
Through long months of woe;
All endured with soldier heart,
Battle, famine, snow;
Noble, nameless, English heart,
Snow cold, in snow.

—LUSHINGTON.

THE BATTLE OF THERMOPYLÆ.

AFTER such time as Xerxes had transported the army over the Hellespont and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage along that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. At first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with

gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedemonians, assisted with 1,000 Tegeatæ and Mantineans, and 1,000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3,100 in the whole; besides 100 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces—such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valor of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men whom, not long before, he had utterly despised; and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a renegade Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But, when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost enclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, King of the Lacedemonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resisted that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes, having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him, by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he was shortly to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as to hide the sun, he answered thus: "It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade."

—RALEIGH'S "*History of the World.*"

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

Once upon a time, there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London—a very fashionable watering place, at which Roman gentlemen and members of the senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outsides of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colors of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue, and as sunny, as it is now. On a fine day, crowds might be seen lounging here; some sauntering up and down in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro, bearing on their heads splendid vases; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that town was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings.

Any one, who thinks a mansion in Belgravia the acme of splendor, would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone "the stately homes of England." On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*, in which the household gods kept guard over the owner's treasure, which was placed in a safe, or strong box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulations of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic, and decorated with paintings, in which were kept the family papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, and a number of sleeping rooms, hung with the softest Syrian cloths; a cabinet, filled with rare jewels and antiquities, and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and, last of all, a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, in which the finest fruit hung temptingly in the rich light of a golden sky, and fountains, which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrast with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "Beware the dog."

The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek Legends, such as "The Parting of Achilles and the Beautiful Maid Briseis," "The Seizure of Europa," "The Battle of the Amazons," &c., many of which are still to be seen in the Museum at Naples. The pillars in the peristyle, of which we have just spoken, were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron-wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and, having made a libation on the

altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, and fruits served up on ice in the hottest days of summer; and while the cup-bearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers wet with dew, and dancers executed the most graceful movements, and singers, accompanied by the lyre, poured forth an ode of Horace or Anacreon.

After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume over the apartment; and everything around, even the oil and the lamps, and the jets of the fountain, shed forth the most grateful odor; and suddenly, from the mosaic floor, tables of rich dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and pro-consuls, gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and, last of all, the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the dance.

One day, when such festivities as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine-tree; and suddenly, in broad noonday, darkness black as pitch came over the scene! There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together. The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness became so dense that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighboring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall, and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then, amidst tremendous and awful noise, a shower of stones, scoria, and pumice, fell upon the town and blotted it out for ever!

The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banqueting halls, brides in their chambers, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeons, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some people attempted flight, guided by some blind people, who had walked

so long in darkness that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people came from the surrounding country to the place, they found naught but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes! Down, down beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping "the sleep that knows no waking," with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries, buried with them.

This took place on the 23d of August, A.D. 79; and the name of the town, thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruin, was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventeen years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago! The marks left by the cups of the tipplers still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters; the belles their chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarded coin; and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and deceived the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dry and crusted upon them; the stable in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept; and the hall of mysteries, in which were symbolical paintings. The researches are still going on, new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town, in the first century of the Christian era, as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilization rising up before us.

—*Illustrated Magazine of Art.*

VIEW OF LISBON.

Lisbon, like ancient Rome, is built on at least seven hills. It is fitted by situation to be one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Seated, or rather enthroned, on such a spot, commanding a magnificent harbor, and overlooking one of the noblest rivers of Europe, it might be more distinguished for

external beauty than Athens in the days of her freedom. Now, it seems rather to be the theatre in which the two great powers of deformity and loveliness are perpetually struggling for the mastery. The highest admiration and the most sickening disgust alternately prevail in the mind of the beholder. Never was there so strange an intermixture of the mighty and the mean—of the pride of wealth and the abjectness of poverty—of the memorials of greatness and the symbols of low misery—of the filthy and the romantic. I will dwell, however, on the fair side of the picture; as I envy not those who delight in exhibiting the frightful or the gloomy in the moral or natural world. Often after traversing dark and wretched streets, at a sudden turn, a prospect of inimitable beauty bursts on the eye of the spectator. He finds himself, perhaps, on the brink of a mighty hollow, scooped out by nature amidst hills, all covered to the top with edifices, save where groves of the freshest verdure are interspersed; or on one side, a mountain rises into a cone far above the city, tufted with woods, and crowned with some castellated pile, the work of other days. The views fronting the Tagus are still more extensive and grand. On one of these I stumbled a few evenings after my arrival, which almost suspended the breath with wonder. I had labored through a steep and narrow street almost choked with dirt, when a small avenue on one side, apparently more open, tempted me to step aside to breathe the fresher air. I found myself on a little plot of ground, hanging apparently in the air, in the front of one of the churches. I stood against the column of the portico absorbed in delight and wonder. Before me lay a large portion of the city—houses descended beneath houses, sinking almost precipitously to a fearful depth beneath me, whose frameworks, covered over with vines of delicate green, broke the ascent like prodigious steps, by which a giant might scale the eminence. The same "wilderness of building" filled up the vast hollow, and rose by a more easy slope to the top of the opposite hills, which were crowned with turrets, domes, mansions, and regal pavilions of a dazzling whiteness. Beyond the Tagus, on the southern shore, the coast rose into wild and barren hills, wearing an aspect of the roughest sublimity and grandeur; and, in the midst, occupying the bosom of the great vale, close between the glorious city and the unknown wilds, lay the calm and majestic river, from two to three miles in width, seen with the utmost distinctness to its mouth, on each side of which the two castles which guard it were

visible, and spread over with a thousand ships—onward, yet further, far as the eye could reach, the living ocean was glistening, and ships, like specks of the purest white, were seen crossing it to and fro, giving to the scene an imaginary extension, by carrying the mind with them to far distant shores. It was the time of sunset, and clouds of the richest saffron rested on the bosom of the air, and were reflected on softer tints in the waters. Not a whisper reached the ear. "The holy time was quiet as a nun breathless with adoration." The scene looked like some vision of blissful enchantment, and I scarcely dared to stir or breathe, lest it should vanish away.

—TALFOURD.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

Don Sancho Saldana, of Spain, had been long imprisoned by King Alphonso, in spite of the efforts of his son, Bernardo del Carpio, to release him. At length the king promised to free the father if the son would yield up his fortress to him Bernardo did so, when the king caused Don Sancho to be put to death, his body to be set on horseback, and thus presented to his son. This incident occurred in the early part of the ninth century.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train:
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord,—oh! break my father's chain."

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, his charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one, that midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land:
"Now, haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead;
He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead;
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;
He met at length his father's eyes, but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lips the blood.

"Father," at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his young renown;
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly-mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my father—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are passed away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet;
I would that *there* our kindred blood, on Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then—for thee my fields were won—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead.

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king, and tell me, what is this?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay.

Into these glassy eyes put light—Be still! keep down thine ire;
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak,—this earth is *not* my sire;
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed;
Thou canst not—and a king! His blood be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed, his slack hand fell; upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep troubled look, then turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain;
His banners led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.

—Mrs Hemans

TAKING OF GIBRALTAR.

We now come to the period when Gibraltar fell into the power of the English. When William III. engaged to assist Charles III. of Spain against Philip V., the cession of Gibraltar to the English was the secret condition of the compact; and thus the interests of the Spanish nation were sacrificed to a quarrel for

its throne. In the following reign, Sir George Rooke having been sent into the Mediterranean with his fleet, finding himself unable to accomplish anything of importance, held a council of war near Tetuan, at which it was resolved to surprise Gibraltar. The place mounted at that time a hundred guns, but the garrison was totally disproportionate, consisting of but 150 men under the command of the Marquis de Saluces. The English fleet arrived in the bay on the 21st of July, 1704, when 1,800 men, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, were landed on the isthmus, while the ships, under the command of Admirals Byng and Vanderdussen, took their station in front of the town and New Mole. The governor having been in vain summoned to surrender, an animated attack was made on the 23rd, and in five or six hours the garrison were driven from their guns near the New Mole head; whereupon, the Admiral ordered Captain Whittaker to advance and take possession of that point. Captains Hicks and Jumper, however, who were somewhat nearer with their pinnaces, arrived first at the work, which the Spaniards, no longer able to maintain, blew up as soon as the besiegers had landed, killing two lieutenants and forty men, and wounding sixty; notwithstanding which, the remainder still kept their post, and, being joined by Whittaker, advanced and took a redoubt, half-way between the Mole and the town, which obliged the Spanish governor to capitulate. The flag of Charles III. was at first hoisted, but soon replaced by that of England. Leaving the Prince of Hesse as Governor, Sir George shortly after engaged the French fleet in a drawn battle, and, after returning to Gibraltar to refit, and leaving what men and provisions he could spare, sailed home on the 4th September, leaving eighteen men-of-war at Lisbon, under the command of Sir John Leake, to advance, if needful, to the assistance of the English garrison.

The wisdom of this provision was shortly after rendered apparent, for scarcely had Philip V. heard of the loss of Gibraltar, than the Marquis of Villadarias, a grandee of Spain, received orders to attempt its recovery. Sir John Leake was now summoned to repair to Gibraltar with his forces, but before he could arrive a fleet of French ships had landed six battalions, which joined the Spanish army. On learning that a superior force was getting ready to attack him, Sir John sailed back for reinforcements, which he had prepared at Lisbon, and, suddenly returning, captured three frigates and other vessels,

and landed 500 sailors with a six months' supply of provisions. Thus baffled, the Spanish attempted to surprise the place by scaling the back of the rock, but the forlorn hope, who actually made their way to the summit, were driven over the precipice by the garrison. A body of near 2,000 men were shortly after conveyed from Lisbon, on board some transports, convoyed by four frigates, who, perceiving a fleet under English and Dutch colors, and supposing it that of Sir John Leake, when it was in reality that of the Spaniards, would have been captured, but for the circumstance of its being a calm, which enabled them, being lighter, to escape by the exertions of their boats. The Spanish general, being also reinforced, made a desperate attack upon the king's lines at the north-west angle of the Rock, into which a body of his troops succeeded in forcing their way, but were so vigorously charged by the garrison as to be compelled to retreat. The English government now sent reinforcements, under Sir Thomas Dilkes and Sir John Hardy, to join Sir John Leake, who, with a force thus increased to twenty-eight English, four Dutch, and eight Portuguese men-of-war, captured several of the French vessels, compelled the rest to retreat to Toulon, and so well supplied the garrison that the French Marshal Tessé, who had superseded Villadarias, thought fit to withdraw his forces, of whom 10,000 were lost during the course of the siege.

Gibraltar was formally, but reluctantly, ceded to England by the Spanish king on the 13th July, 1713. Its value appears to have been very differently estimated both by Parliament and the nation than at the period of its capture, when, after a debate, it was considered a useless acquisition, if not an actual incumbrance, and unworthy of a vote of thanks to Admiral Sir George Rooke. Phillip V., on afterwards acceding to the Quadruple Alliance, made it a condition that Gibraltar should be restored to him; and there is little doubt that George I. would have acceded to his wish had he not feared to awaken the opposition of the house and the country to so unpopular a measure.

—*Overland Route.*

A ROMAN'S HONOUR.

The Carthaginians were driven to extremity and made horrible offerings to Moloch, giving the little children, of the noblest families, to be dropped into the fire between the brazen hands of his statue; and grown-up people, of the noblest families, rushed in of their own accord, hoping thus to propitiate the gods and obtain safety for their country. Their time was not yet fully come, and a respite was granted them. They had sent, in their distress, to hire soldiers in Greece, and among these came a Spartan, named Xanthippus, who at once took the command, and led the army out to battle, with a long line of elephants ranged in front of them, and with clouds of horsemen hovering on the wings. The Romans had not yet learnt the best mode of fighting with elephants, namely, to leave lanes in their columns where these huge beasts might advance harmlessly; instead of which, the ranks were thrust and trampled down by the creatures' bulk, and they suffered a terrible defeat; Regulus himself was seized by the horsemen and dragged into Carthage, where the victors feasted and rejoiced through half the night,

and testified their thanks to Moloch, by offering in his fires the bravest of their captives.

Regulus himself was not, however, one of these victims. He was kept a close prisoner for two years, pining and sickening in his loneliness; while, in the meantime, the war continued, and at last a victory so decisive was gained by the Romans, that the people of Carthage were discouraged, and resolved to ask terms of peace. They thought that no one would be so readily listened to at Rome as Regulus, and they therefore sent him there with their envoys, having first made him swear that he would come back to his prison, if there should neither be peace nor an exchange of prisoners. They little knew how much more a true-hearted Roman cared for his city than for himself—for his word than for his life.

Worn and dejected, the captive warrior came to the outside of the gates of his own city and there paused, refusing to enter. "I am no longer a Roman citizen," he said; "I am but the barbarian's slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife, Marcia, ran out to greet him, with his two sons, but he did not look up, and received their caresses as one beneath their notice, as a mere slave, and he continued, in spite of all entreaty, to remain outside the city, and would not even go to the little farm he had loved so well.

The Roman Senate, as he would not come in to them, came out to hold their meeting in the Campagna.

The ambassadors spoke first; then Regulus, standing up, said, as one repeating a task, "Conscript fathers, being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come on the part of my masters to treat with you concerning peace and an exchange of prisoners." He then turned to go away with the ambassadors, as a stranger might not be present at the deliberations of the Senate. His old friends pressed him to stay and give his opinion as a senator, who had twice been consul; but he refused to degrade that dignity by claiming it, slave as he was. But, at the command of his Carthaginian masters, remained, though not taking his seat.

Then he spoke. He told the senators to persevere in the war. He said he had seen the distress of Carthage, and that a peace would be only to her advantage, not to that of Rome, and therefore he strongly advised that the war should continue. Then, as to the exchange of prisoners, the Carthaginian generals, who were in the hands of the Romans, were in full health and

strength, whilst he himself was too much broken down to be fit for service again; and, indeed, he believed that his enemies had given him a slow poison, and that he could not live long. Thus he insisted that no exchange of prisoners should be made.

It was wonderful, even to Romans, to hear a man thus pleading against himself; and their chief priest came forward and declared that, as his oath had been wrested from him by force, he was not bound by it to return to his captivity. But Regulus was too noble to listen to this for a moment. "Have you resolved to dishonor me?" he said. "I am not ignorant that death and the extremest tortures are preparing for me; but what are these to the shame of an infamous action, or the wounds of a guilty mind? Slave as I am to Carthage, I have still the spirit of a Roman. I have sworn to return. It is my duty to go; let the gods take care of the rest."

The Senate decided to follow the advice of Regulus, though they bitterly regretted his sacrifice. His wife wept and entreated in vain that they would detain him—they could merely repeat their permission to him to remain; but nothing could prevail with him to break his word, and he turned back to the chains and death he expected, as calmly as if he had been returning to his home. This was in the year B. C. 249.

—*Book of Golden Deeds.*

THE BATTLE OF THE NILE.

It is an old story now, that battle of the Nile; but a brave story can never die of age.

The Bay is wide, but dangerous from shoals: the line of deep blue water and the old Castle of Aboukir, map out the position of the French fleet on the 1st of August, 1798. Having Buonaparte and his army, Brueys, the French admiral, lay moored in the form of a crescent close along the shore. His vastly superior force, and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries), made him consider that position impregnable; and, on the strength of this conviction, he wrote to Paris that Nelson had purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived when Hood, in the *Zealous*, made signal

that the enemy was in sight, and a cheer of triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet?—that fleet which had been sweeping the seas, with bursting sails, for six weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now bore down upon him with fearless exultation. The soundings of that dangerous bay were unknown to Nelson; but he knew that where there was room for a French ship to swing there must be room for an Englishman to anchor at either side of him, and the closer the better.

As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood to ask whether the action should commence that night? then, receiving the answer he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head.

The delay thus caused to the *Zealous* gave Foley the lead. He showed the example of leading inside the enemy's lines, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship; thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter, putting his own generous construction on an accident, exclaimed, "Thank God, he has nobly left to his old friend still to lead the van!" Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sails, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars, or the boatswain's whistle, each ship furling her sails calmly, as a sea-bird might fold its wings, and gliding tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then the anchor dropped astern, and the fire burst from her blood-stained decks with a vigor, that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then. The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore; but when the admiral came up he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side, thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down soon after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable bay by the Frenchman's fire flashing fierce welcome as each enemy arrived and went hovering along the lines. He coolly scrutinized how he might draw most of that fire upon himself. The *Bellerophon*, with reckless gallantry, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, by whose terrible artillery she was sooned crashed, and scorched into a wreck. Then she drifted helplessly to leeward. But she had already done her work —the *Orient* was on fire, and through the terrible roar of battle, a whisper went for a moment that paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was sus-

pended; the very wounded ceased to groan: yet the burning ship still continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks, her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own death-song. At length the terrible explosion came, and the column of flame, that shot upwards into the very sky, for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene, from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below; the wide shore with all its swarthy crowds, and the far-off glittering seas with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, broken only by the shower of blazing fragments in, which that brave ship fell upon the waters.

Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty; but he knew not how successfully. He had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck, in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eyes like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere; and, at the same moment, his crew recognized their wounded chief. Their cheer of welcome was only drowned in the renewed roar of their artillery, which continued until it no longer found an answer, and silence had confessed destruction.

Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France. Now, only torn and blackened hulls marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had* been, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the bay the tricolor was flying on the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none!" was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded to and the matches glimmered over her line of guns. Slowly and reluctantly, like an expiring hope, that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated was that of England.

And now the battle was over—India saved upon the shores of Egypt—the career of Buonaparte was checked, and his navy was annihilated. Seven years later that navy was revived, to perish utterly at Trafalgar—a fitting hecatomb for the obsequies of Nelson, whose life seemed to terminate as his mission was accomplished.

—WARBURTON.

OCEAN.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments, which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sport was on thy breasts to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

—Byron.

SLAVERY.

There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd, as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having power
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And worse than all and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot.
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat

With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then, what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is—and, in my heart's
Just estimation, prized above all price—
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.

—COWPER.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of gray forests, o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side,
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard, by the fountain at twilight gray;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,

Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scoop'd their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view,
In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quiver'd Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely cross'd with the roving clan—
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt-lake's brink—
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky;
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
"A still small voice" comes through the wild,
(Like a father consoling his fretful child,)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying, "Man is distant, but God is near!"

—PRINGLE.

THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

The remarkable properties of the Nile, such as the regularity of its overflow, the fertilizing influence of its inundation, the sweetness and salubrity of the water, contributed to fix attention upon it in early ages, and to rouse curiosity respecting its origin. The question of its source engaged the schools of philosophers and the councils of sovereigns. Both Alexander the Great and Ptolemy Philadelphus contemplated the solution of the problem; and Lucan ascribes the same design to Julius Cæsar, whom he represents thus speaking at the feast of Cleopatra:—

'Yet still no views have urged my ardor more
Than Nile's remotest fountains to explore;
Then say what source the famous stream supplies,
And bids it at revolving periods rise;
Show me that head, from whence since time begun,
The long succession of his waves has run;
This let me know, and all my toils shall cease,
The sword be sheathed, and earth be blessed with peace."

Seneca tells us that the Emperor Nero despatched two centurions fruitlessly upon the mission. Poets indulged in vague conjectures, while not a few resigned themselves to the conviction that, by the will of the gods, the veil was not to be removed from the sources of the mighty stream.

It was known to the ancients that the Nile proper is formed by the junction of two main branches, which takes place near the modern town of Khartoum, in Upper Nubia. The east branch, or the Blue River, descends from the Abyssinian highlands, and is the Nile of classical geography, and of Bruce. But the west branch, or the White River, is the principal arm and main body of the stream, the source of which has remained obscure to the present period, though not without many attempts to reach it by ascending the current. M. Linant, in 1827, passed up to a considerable distance about the confluence. In 1841-2, an expedition, under D'Arnaud and Sabatier, fitted out by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, advanced along the channel to within 3° 40′ of the equator, or to a distance of 3,200 miles from Alexandria, following the windings. It was there found to be still a broad stream, containing many islands, and

coming apparently from a great distance in the interior. Between the years 1853-58, Mr. Petherick, the British Consul, advanced much further, close to the equator, if not quite to the line, and would probably have reached the cistern of the river, in a renewed attempt had he not been encountered on the way by its two visitors, Captains Speke and Grant. Reversing the natural order of discovery, they had struck the fountain-head from the east coast, and thence descended upon the channel. Departing from the neighborhood of Zanzibar, these gallant Anglo-Indian officers made for the lofty and extensive lacustrine plateau of the equatorial interior, reached the Victoria Nyanza, skirted its shores to the main outlet, and followed its course to the meeting with Mr. Petherick at Gondokoro, thence proceeding by Khartoum, Assouan, Thebes, and Cairo, to Alexandria. They left the east coast in October, 1860; disappeared in the wilds of the interior in September, 1861; and nothing was heard of them till the pithy telegram was received at the Foreign Office, London, in May, 1863, "The Nile is settled." The secret of ages is thus out at last; and it is a fair subject for congratulation, that its disclosure has been effected by two of our countrymen, who have accomplished a feat which baffled Egyptian kings and Roman emperors in the plenitude of their power.

"The mystery of Old Nile is solved: brave men
Have through the lion-haunted inland passed,
Dared all the perils of desert, gorge, and glen,
Found the far source at last."

The journey was performed on foot, and involved a walk of 1,300 miles. From the middle of the northern boundary of the lake the parent stream of the Nile issues with considerable width, and leaps over a fall of twelve feet in height. Though the main reservoir of the river, the Nyanza, has its feeders, among which the ultimate source remains to be detected.

—MILNER'S "*Gallery of Geography.*"

THE GORILLA.

The Gorilla, as M. du Chaillu presents him to us, is a huge creature whose height, when erect, usually varies from five feet two inches to five feet eight inches—covered with iron-gray hair—living in the loneliest and darkest portions of the jungle—preferring rugged heights and wooded valleys, where the surface is strewn with immense boulders. It is a restless nomadic beast, wandering from place to place, in search of food, consisting of berries, nuts, pine-apple leaves, and other vegetable matter, of which it eats an enormous quantity, as it shows by its vast paunch, which protrudes before it when it stands upright. Usually, however, the Gorilla walks on all fours; but the arms being very long, the head and breast are considerably raised, and the animal appears, as he moves along, to be half erect. In walking thus, the back of the fingers, not the palm of the hand, is placed on the ground; and the leg and arm on the same side move together, so as to give the animal a curious waddle. The first sight, M. du Chaillu had of the Gorilla, was afforded by four young ones, of which he just caught a glimpse as they were running off in this fashion towards the depths of

the forest. He fired without hitting either of them; but so fearfully like hairy-men did they look as they ran—their heads down and their bodies inclined forward—that M. du Chaillu tells us, he "felt almost like a murderer" in merely attempting to bring them down.

It was not long after this first sight of the Gorilla, that the traveller secured his first trophy as the Gorilla Slayer. They came upon the animal in a dense part of the forest, where it was tearing down the branches to get at the fruit and berries. While they were creeping along in perfect silence, suddenly the woods were filled with a tremendous barking roar:—

"Then the underbrush swayed rapidly just ahead, and, presently before us stood an immense male Gorilla. He had gone through the jungle on his all-fours; but when he saw our party, he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He stood about a dozen yards from us, and was a sight, I think, I shall never forget. Nearly six feet high (he proved four inches shorter), with immense body, huge chest, and great muscular arms, with fiercely-glaring large deep gray eyes, and a hellish expression of face, which seemed to me like some night-mare vision,—thus stood before me this king of the African forest.

"He was not afraid of us. He stood there and beat his breast with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass drum, which is their mode of offering defiance, meantime giving vent to roar after roar.

"The roar of the Gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a sharp bark, like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder along the sky, for which I have sometimes been tempted to take it where I did not see the animal. So deep is it, that it seems to proceed less from the mouth and throat than from deep chest and vast paunch.

"His eyes began to flash fiercer fire, as we stood motionless on the defensive, and the crest of short hair which stands on his forehead began to twitch rapidly up and down, while his powerful fangs were shown, as he again sent forth a thunderous roar. And now, truly, he reminded me of nothing but some hellish dream creature—a being of that hideous order, half man, half beast, which we find pictured by old artists in some representations of the infernal regions. He advanced a few steps—then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again.

and finally stopped, when at a distance of about six yards from us. And here, just as he began another of his roars, beating his breast in rage, we fired and killed him."

—*Links in the Chain.*

A SLAVE HUNT IN THE SAHARA.

A REGULAR razzia, or slave hunt in the Sahara, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the operations invented by man to obtain wealth. For some time before, there is generally a rumor in the city that this event is to take place, and great is the excitement in the bordering countries until it is known in which direction the *sarkee*, or governor, will march. This village is now named, and now that; but a mystery usually prevails till within a few days of the start. Meanwhile, small parties are sent out from time to time to steal "a family or two," in order to be exchanged for certain nuts which the sarkee is pleased to like. Then, perhaps, a boy pilfers a little fruit. Public justice must be vindicated! He is sold in the bazaar, and not only he, but his father, mother, and sisters, and perhaps the whole circle of his relations, the money being appropriated by the chief.

Gradually, however, the plan of the great razzia is completed. A thousand slaves are required,—so many to be sent to the sheikh, so many to be distributed among the inferior traders, and so many to be kept by the sarkee. If a common man catches five, three belong to him, and two to his feudal master; if he kidnaps two, each has one for his share. Thus the whole populace has an interest in the result of the expedition; and all join with hope and glee to chase the peaceful villagers of the contiguous country, and bring them home desolate in chains. Five thousand cavalry and thirty thousand bowmen assemble on a plain near the city; the drums of Zinder beat; the people shout; gaudy flags and emblems stream in the sun; and away goes the cavalcade with as much pomp and pride as Napoleon's legions winding along the heights to conquer at Marengo.

After three or four hours' ride they usually encamp, and a market is opened for traffic in provisions. Since no women accompany the razzia, the men cook and do all the work. The first advance is often made in a direction contrary to that actually

proposed to be taken—for the route of the expedition is kept a profound secret, so that an unsuspecting population may be taken by surprise. At night, the leader calls his chosen troops around him, distributes nuts among them, indicates a part of his plan, and orders the hour and the line of the next march. This is made at midnight, or as soon as the moon rises, when the whole black army is again in motion, dragging its huge length through date-groves and stubble-fields, and valleys and hills, towards some devoted town, destined for the first plunder. The chief takes care not to expose himself, but marches with a body-guard, which surrounds him while a battle goes on. These warriors are covered with mattrass-stuffing, to protect them against arrows and spears; while a number of "generals" direct the attack, and the archers and the shield-bearers press forward to capture or die!

After several days' journey, the army reaches a country where slaves may be caught, and disperses itself to the several cities and villages. Sometimes the people defend themselves heroically with their bows and arrows; flying to the summits of rocks, and selling their liberty dearly. Often, however, they are surprised while they are preparing their meals, or dancing, or celebrating a bridal-feast; and then the enemy rush in, seize them, chain, and bear them unresistingly away. If the hamlet be girt with stockades, a garrison of expert archers may occasionally drive back the forlorn-hope of the slave-hunters; but a second assault is victorious, and the dwellings are left level with the earth. The hut doors are violently broken open; the inside is ransacked; the milk-bowls and calabashes are taken, with the bows, arrows, and axes; and the ruin is next unroofed or set on fire, while the cattle, the sheep, and the goats, are swept out of every field to swell the general booty.

Meanwhile, in Zinder, the inhabitants await eagerly the return of the hunters. These are sent out to different elevations near the city to watch for the shadow and the dust of the homeward-marching army. At length, after an absence more or less prolonged, a cry is heard, "The sarkee is coming!" All the population throngs out to learn the truth. If he is not himself within sight, the fruits of his achievement are visible. A single horseman paces along, showing the way to a miserable train of newly-made slaves. Here comes a group of little boys, naked, fearless, playing about as though it were a holiday; then a string of mothers dragging themselves along, with babes at their

breasts; then girls of various ages, some scarcely bloomed out of childhood, others ripened to maturity; then, as Richardson describes in his wonderfully-striking narrative, old men bent double with the weight of many years, their trembling chins drooping toward the ground, "their poor old heads covered with white wool;" next come aged women, tottering, and helping themselves along with staves, and after them stout youths, chained neck and neck together, who are huddled through the gateways, never to pass them but in bonds.

There is joy in Zinder. All day long the triumph is prolonged. Following this vanguard—the abject trophies of misery—come single cavaliers, then lines of horsemen galloping across the plain, then cavalry with drums beating, and then a body of mounted warriors, with helmets of brass and padded coats, who march round the sarkee or sultan. At length the mass of the hunting army appears in sight, toiling along a rolling canopy of dust, and with it comes the spoil of the expedition, perhaps three thousand slaves. This is the beginning of a sorrow which is to end, perhaps, with insults and lashes in a plantation of Virginia. —Horace St. John.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungather'd rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand;
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flow'd;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode,
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasp'd his neck, they kiss'd his cheeks,
They held him by the hand:
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap, he could feel his scabbard of steel,
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he follow'd their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roof of Kaffir huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crush'd the reeds,
Beside some hidden stream;
And it pass'd, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep, and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day,
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

—LONGFELLOW.

SCENE AT ST. HELENA.

On the 12th of October we arrived at St. Helena, and on coming round Munden Point, what was our astonishment and dismay to perceive five or six French men-of-war lying there, with their tricolor flags flying and flaunting in the wind! All our apprehensions were verified, all our fears proved true. St. Helena was in possession of the French! *That* we were morally sure of; and here were we caught like mice in a trap; —the wind, so favorable to us hitherto, blowing us right in towards the enemy. Escape was out of the question—resistance was in vain; and we resigned ourselves in despair to what appeared our inevitable fate. Every mother's son on board would infallibly become prisoners to the French. On our unhappy heads would be wreaked the vengeance, which had slumbered since the bloody day of Waterloo! All the dire miseries and privation of the prisoner's lot flashed upon our imagination—all that we had read and heard of captivity came poignantly before our minds—the dungeons of the Conciergerie, damp and dismal, the Black Hole of Calcutta, the horrible Bastile itself, rose up black, bare, and terrible, in our remembrance!

There is, however, one sweet drop in the cup of misery, like Hope, the Charmer, at the bottom of Pandora's box. Even in the most depressed situation of life, there is still something to console, if not to comfort. To us, peaceable landsmen—I speak of the mere passengers, some mercantile men and others in the "civil service"—war, with all its glory, offered nothing very attractive. And there was something even consolatory in the fact, that the force opposed to us was so overwhelming, as to preclude all idea of opposition or resistance; and that, when we did surrender, as surrender we must, it would be with our requisite number of legs and arms, and without any of those unsightly wounds and bruises which disfigure a man for life, and render him a fitter inmate for an hospital than a prison!

These were our reflections when the quarantine surgeon at St. Helena came on board, and, to our unspeakable relief, informed us that the French ships were there for the purpose of conveying the remains of Napoleon to the soil of France,—the British Government having magnanimously given up the body of the great Captain to the nation over which he had

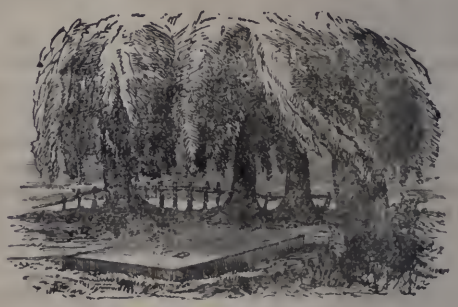
ruled in the days of his power; and that the Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, had come, in the frigate *La Belle Poule*, to remove it to its last resting-place in the "Invalides" at Paris.

What a load was, by this information, removed from our minds! Here was happy news! Here was something to enliven us, after all our "doleful dumps,"—something to make us dance, and sing, and caper, and rejoice,—something to boast of among our friends, after we got home! A man might sail between India and Europe for a century, and never behold such a spectacle as that we had now the opportunity of seeing. The tropical sun shone unclouded in the firmament; while a light breeze languidly moved the surface of the brilliant blue sea. All the ships at anchor in the bay, English and foreign, displayed their gayest colors. *La Belle Poule* was truly a noble frigate. She carried sixty guns, and looked superb in the water. Judging from those ships of war, which I now had the opportunity of examining, the vessels of the French navy appear to be built on a finer model than those in the British service; but they are assuredly not so strong, nor so capable of standing "the battle and the breeze," as the wooden walls of old England. Right in front of us was the island of St. Helena, which in that vast ocean, the South Atlantic, lies like a pinhead in a counterpane—a small speck in a wilderness of waters. But like an oasis in a desert, it is eagerly hailed by homeward-bound ships as a place for refreshment during their long and weary passage.

Having received the usual permission from the surgeon—there being no sickness on board—we cast anchor in the Roads, opposite St. James's Valley, within less than a quarter of a mile of the island. Anxious to see what was going forward, and glad to put our feet once more on *terra firma*, the passengers immediately went on shore, and proceeded to visit Napoleon's grave—the usual pilgrimage made by the passengers of every ship that stopped at St. Helena. The tomb has been so often described that the scene must have become familiar to every one. We had only been a few minutes there, when the ship's crew of *La Favorite*, the French corvette, with four of their officers, were marched up to view the spot, which for nineteen years had been "sacred to the memory" of the greatest man of the present century. As soon as they arrived, they surrounded the tomb, with heads uncovered, and loudly

gave vent to their grief. Such a scene of excitement I never witnessed! Some of them shed tears, while others smote their brows and their hearts; and nothing but the iron bars, that protected the grave, prevented them from throwing themselves on the three large flat stones, which covered the mortal remains of their great Emperor! After a while they, at first singly and separately, and then altogether, began to pull up the shrubs, and whatever else they could lay their hands on in the vicinity, to bear away as memorials of the scene and the occasion. Even the favorite willow of Napoleon was not spared—branch after branch was torn away, and carried off to form trophies—the trunk was cut by innumerable knives, and little was left for the men of *La Belle Poule* who next day were in their turn marched up, under the direction of their officers; and who, after displaying similar manifestations of sorrow, proceeded to the same acts of securing for themselves tokens of remembrance. What remained of the willow tree became *their* spoil. Trunk and branch, it was carried off—not a vestige of it remained—it disappeared, as if by magic, off the face of the earth, and I question if the root remains to tell the tale of where it stood. Probably it too has been removed, to be planted on the "sacred soil of France," near Napoleon's grave at the Invalides, to furnish mementos for generations of Frenchmen yet unborn.

—*Tales of Discovery and Adventure.*



NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST HELENA.

THE GIRAFFE.

It was on the morning of our departure from the residence of his Amazoola majesty, that I first actually saw the giraffe. Although I had been for weeks on the tip-toe of expectation, we had hitherto succeeded in finding the gigantic footsteps only of the tallest of all quadrupeds upon the earth; but, at dawn of that day, a large party of hungry savages, with four of the Hottentots on horseback, having accompanied us across the Marigua in search of elands, which were reported to be numerous in the neighborhood, we formed a long line, and, having drawn a great extent of country blank, divided into two parties, Richardson keeping to the right and myself to the left. Beginning at length to despair of success, I had shot a harte-beeste for the savages, when an object, which had repeatedly attracted my eye, but which I had as often persuaded myself was nothing more than the branchless stump of some withered tree, suddenly shifted its position, and the next moment I distinctly perceived that singular form, of which the apparition had oft-times visited my slumbers, but upon whose reality I now gazed for the first time.

Gliding rapidly among the trees, above the topmost branches of many of which, its graceful head nodded like some lofty pine, all doubt was in another moment at an end—it was the stately, the long-sought giraffe; and, putting spurs to my horse, and directing the Hottentots to follow, I presently found myself, half-choked with excitement, rattling at the heels of an animal, which to me had been a stranger even in its captive state, and which thus to meet free on its native plains, has fallen to the lot of but few of the votaries of the chase. Sailing before me with incredible velocity, his long, swan-like neck keeping time to the eccentric motion of his stilt-like legs—his ample black tail curled above his back, and whisking in ludicrous concert with the rocking of his disproportioned frame, —he glided gallantly along like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom, and seemed to leave whole leagues behind him at every stride. The ground was of the most treacherous description; a rotten black soil, overgrown with long coarse grass, which concealed from view innumerable gaping fissures, that momentarily threatened to bring down my horse.

For the first five minutes, I rather lost than gained ground, and despairing, over such a country, of ever diminishing the distance, or improving my acquaintance with this ogre in seven-league boots, I dismounted, and the mottled carcass presenting a fair and inviting mark, I had the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly upon his plank-like stern. But as well might I have fired at a wall; he neither swerved from his course nor slackened his pace, and pushed on so far a-head during the time I was reloading, that, after remounting, I had some difficulty in even keeping sight of him amongst the trees. Closing again, however, I repeated the dose on the other quarter, and spurred my horse along, ever and anon sinking to his fetlock; the giraffe, now flagging at every stride, until, as I was coming up, hand over hand, and success seemed certain, the cup was suddenly dashed from my lips, and down I came headlong, my horse having fallen into a pit, and lodged me close to an ostrich's nest, near which two of the old birds were sitting.

Happily, there were no bones broken; but the violence of the shock had caused the lashing of my previously-broken rifle to give way, and had doubled the stock in half, the barrels only hanging to the wood by the trigger-guard. Nothing dismayed, however, by this heavy calamity, I remounted my jaded beast, and one more effort brought me ahead of my wearied victim,

which stood still and allowed me to approach. In vain did I now attempt to bind my fractured rifle with a pocket-handkerchief, in order to admit of my administering the *coup de grace*. The guard was so contracted that, as in the tantalizing fantasies of the nightmare, the hammer could not by any means be brought down upon the nipple. In vain I looked around for a stone, and sought in every pocket for my knife, with which either to strike the copper cap and bring about ignition, or hamstring the colossal but harmless animal, by whose towering side I appeared the veriest pigmy in the creation. Alas! I had lent it to the Hottentots, to cut off the head of the harte-beeste, and, after a hopeless search in the remotest corners, each hand was withdrawn empty.

Vainly did I then wait for the tardy and rebellious villains to come to my assistance, making the welkin ring, and my throat tingle, with reiterated shouts. Not a soul appeared, and in a few minutes the giraffe, having recovered his wind, and being only slightly wounded in the hind-quarters, shuffled his long legs, twisted his bushy tail over his back, walked a few steps, then broke into a gallop, and, diving into the mazes of the forest, presently disappeared from my sight. Disappointed and annoyed at my discomfiture, I returned towards the wagons, now eight miles distant; and on my way overtook the Hottentots, who, pipe in mouth, were leisurely strolling home, with an air of total indifference as to my proceedings, having come to the conclusion that "Sir could not fung de kameel" (catch the giraffe), for which reason they did not think it worth while to follow me as I had directed.

—HARRIS.

HOTTENTOT KRAAL.

DISCOVERY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

We now approach an era of great achievements. King John determined, in 1486, to assist the attempts made on sea by journeys overland. Accordingly, a squadron was fitted out under Bartholomew Diaz, one of the officers of the royal household, while Pedro de Covillam, and Alphonso de Payra, both well versed in Arabic, received the following order respecting a land journey:—"To discover the country of Prester John, the King of Abyssinia; to trace the Venetian commerce in drugs and spices to its source; and to ascertain whether it were possible for ships to sail round the extremity of Africa to India." They went by way of Naples, the island of Rhodes, Alexandria, and Cairo, to Aden, in Arabia. Here they separated, Covillam proceeding to Cananor and Goa, upon the Malabar coast of Hindostan, was the first Portuguese that ever saw India. He went from there to Sofala, on the eastern coast of Africa, and saw the island of the Moon, now Madagascar, He penetrated to the coast of Prester John, the King of Abyssinia, and became so necessary to the happiness of that potentate that he was compelled to live and die in his dominions. An embassy sent by Prester John to Lisbon made

the Portuguese acquainted with Covillam's adventures. Long ere this, however, Bartholomew Diaz had sailed upon the voyage which has immortalized his name. He received the command of a fleet, consisting of two ships of fifty tons each, and of a tender to carry provisions, and set sail towards the end of August, 1486, steering directly to the south. It is much to be regretted that so few details exist in reference to this memorable expedition. We know little more than the fact, that the first stone pillar which Diaz erected was placed four hundred miles beyond that of any preceding navigator. Striking out boldly here into the open sea, he resolved to make a wide circuit before returning landward. He did so; and the first land he saw, on again touching the Continent, lay one hundred miles to the eastward of the great Southern Cape, which he had passed without seeing it. Ignorant of this, he still kept on, amazed that the land should now trend to the east, and finally to the north. Alarmed, nearly destitute of provisions and mortified at the failure of his enterprise, Diaz unwillingly put back. What was his joy and surprise when the tremendous and long-sought promontory —the object of the hopes and desires of the Portuguese for seventy-five years, and which, either from the distance or the haze, had before been concealed—now burst upon his view!

Diaz returned to Portugal in December, 1487, and, in his narrative to the king, stated that he had given to the formidable promontory he had doubled the name of "Cape of Tempests." But the king, animated by the conviction that Portugal would now reap the abundant harvest prepared by this cheering event, thought he could suggest a more appropriate appellation. The Portuguese poet, Camoens, thus alludes to the circumstance:—

> "At Lisbon's court they told their dread escape,
> And from her raging tempests named the Cape.
> 'Thou southmost point,' the joyful king exclaimed,
> 'CAPE OF GOOD HOPE' be thou for ever named!"

Successful and triumphant as was this voyage of Diaz, it eventually tended to injure the interests of Portugal, inasmuch as it withdrew the regards of King John from other plans of discovery, and rendered him inattentive to the efforts of rival powers upon the ocean. It caused him to turn a deaf ear to the proposals of Columbus, who had humbly brought to Lisbon the mighty scheme, with which he had been contemptuously repulsed from Genoa. —*The Sea and Her Famous Sailors.*

THE FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI.

As this was the point from which we intended to strike off to the north-east, I resolved on the following day to visit the falls of Victoria, called by the natives Mosioatunya, or, more anciently, Shongwe. Of these we had often heard since we came into the country; indeed, one of the questions asked by Sebituane was, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" They did not go near enough to examine them, but, viewing them with awe from a distance, said, in reference to the vapor and noise, "Mosi oa tunya" (smoke does sound there). It was previously called Shongwe, the meaning of which I could not ascertain. The word for a "pot" resembles this, and it may mean a seething caldron; but I am not certain of it.

Sekeletu intended to accompany me, but one canoe only having come instead of the two he had ordered, he resigned it to me. After twenty minutes' sail from Kalai, we came in sight, for the first time, of the columns of vapor appropriately called "smoke," rising at a distance of five or six miles, exactly when large tracts of grass are burned in Africa. Five

columns now arose, and, bending in the direction of the wind, they seemed placed against a low ridge covered with trees, and the tops of the columns, at this distance, appeared to mingle with the clouds. They were white below, and higher up became dark, so as to simulate smoke very closely. The whole scene was exceedingly beautiful: the banks and islands dotted over the river are adorned with sylvan vegetation of great variety of color and form. At the period of our visit several trees were spangled over with blossoms. Trees have each their own physiognomy. There, towering over all, stands the great burly baobab, each of whose enormous arms would form the trunk of a large tree; besides groups of graceful palms, which, with their feathery-shaped leaves depicted on the sky, lend their beauty to the scene. As a hieroglyphic they always mean "far from home," for one can never get over their foreign air in a picture or landscape. The silvery mohonono, which, in the tropics, is in form like the cedar of Lebanon, stands in pleasing contrast with the dark color of the motsouri, whose cypress-form is dotted over at present with its pleasant scarlet fruit. Some trees resemble the great spreading oak; others assume the character of our own elms and chestnuts; but no one can imagine the beauty of the view from anything witnessed in England. It had never been seen before by European eyes; but scenes so lovely must have been gazed upon by angels in their flight. The only want felt is that of mountains in the back-ground. The falls are bounded on three sides by ridges 300 or 400 feet in height, which are covered with forest, with the red soil appearing among the trees.

When about half a mile from the falls, I left the canoe by which we had come down thus far, and embarked in a lighter one, with men well acquainted with the rapids, who, by passing down the centre of the stream in the eddies and still places caused by many jutting rocks, brought me to an island situated in the middle of the river, and on the edge of the cliff over which the water rolls. In coming hither, there was danger of being swept down by the streams which rushed along on each side of the island; but the river was now low, and we sailed where it is totally impossible to go with safety when the water is high. But, though we had reached the island, and were within a few yards of the edge of the falls, I believe that no one could perceive where the vast body of water went; it seemed to lose itself in the earth, the opposite lip of the fissure

being only eighty feet distant. I, at least, did not comprehend it, until, creeping with awe to the verge, I peered down into a large rent which had been made from bank to bank of the broad Zambesi, and saw that a stream of a thousand yards broad leaped down a hundred feet, and then became suddenly pressed into a space of fifteen or twenty yards. The entire falls are simply a crack made in a hard, basaltic rock, from the right to the left bank of the Zambesi, and then prolonged from the left bank away through thirty or forty miles of hills. Let one imagine the valley of the Thames filled with low tree-covered hills immediately below the tunnel, and extending as far as Gravesend; the bed of the river of black basaltic rock instead of London mud, and a fissure made therein, from one end of the tunnel to the other, down through the keystones of the arch, and prolonged from the left end of the tunnel through thirty miles of hills, the pathway being 100 feet below the bed of the river instead of what it is, and the lips of the fissure from 80 to 100 feet apart. Then, let him fancy the Thames leaping bodily into the gulf, and forced there to change its direction, and flow from the right to the left bank, and then rush boiling and roaring through the hills, and he may have some idea of what takes place at this, the most wonderful sight I had witnessed in Africa.

In looking down into the fissure on the right of the island, one sees nothing but a dense white cloud, which, at the time we visited the spot, had two bright rainbows in it. From this cloud rushed up a great jet of vapor exactly like steam, which ascended 200 or 300 feet; there condensing, it changed its hue to that of dark smoke, and came back in a constant shower, which soon wetted us to the skin. To the left of the island we see the water at the bottom, a white rolling mass moving away to the prolongation of the fissure, which branches off near the left bank of the river. A piece of rock had fallen off a spot on the left of the island, and juts out from the water below; and from it I judged the distance which the water falls to be about 100 feet. The walls of this gigantic crack are perpendicular, and composed of one homogeneous mass of rock. The edge of that side over which the water falls, is worn off two or three feet, and pieces have fallen away so as to give it somewhat of a serrated appearance. That over which the water does not fall, is quite straight, except at the left corner, where a rent appears, and a piece seems inclined to fall off.

On the left side of the island we have a good view of the mass of water, which causes one of the columns of vapor to ascend, as it leaps quite clear of the rock, and forms a thick unbroken piece all the way to the bottom. Its whiteness gave the idea of snow, a sight I had not seen for many a day. The snow-white sheet seemed like myriads of small comets rushing on in one direction, each of which left behind its nucleus rays of foam. It seemed to be the effect of water leaping at once clear of the rock, and but slowly breaking up into spray. The columns of vapor are evidently formed by the force of the water's own fall into an unyielding wedge-shaped space. Of the five columns, two on the right, and one on the left of the island, were the largest, and the streams which formed them seemed each to exceed in size the falls of the Clyde at Stonebyres, when that river is in flood. This was the period of low water in the Zambesi; but, as far as I could judge, there was a flow of five or six hundred yards of water, which, at the edge of the fall, seemed at least three feet deep.

At three spots near these falls,—one of them the island on which we were,—three Batoka chiefs offered up prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo. They chose their places of prayer within the sound of the roar of the cataract, and in sight of the bright bows in the cloud. The words of the canoe-song are:—

"The Leambye! Nobody knows
Whence it comes and whither it goes."

The play of colors of the double iris in the cloud, seen by them elsewhere only in the rainbow, may have led them to the idea that this was the abode of the Deity.

Having feasted my eyes long on the beautiful sight, I returned to my friends at Kalai, and told Sekeletu that he had nothing else worth showing in his country.

—LIVINGSTONE.

THE ALMA RIVER.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
Alma, roll those waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea!
Yesterday unnamed, unhonor'd, but to wandering Tartar known,
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown.
In two nations' annals written, thou art now a deathless name,
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.

Many a great and ancient river, crown'd with city, tower, and shrine,
Little streamlet, knows no magic, has no potency like thine;
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head,
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead;
Yea, nor, all unsoothed their sorrow, who can, proudly mourning, say,—
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away,—
"He hath pass'd from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hill-side."

Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,
Thou, on England's banners blazon'd with the famous fields of old,
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold;
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.
Oh! thou river, dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea!

—TRENCH.

THE LAMENT OF THE PERI FOR HINDA.

FAREWELL—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea;)
No pearl ever lay under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh, fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart, till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the south o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music, and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom
Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark-flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate, till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, beloved of her hero! forget thee,
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start.
Close, close by the side of that hero she 'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell! be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With everything beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock, and each gem of the billow,
Shall sweeten thy bed, and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber,
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We 'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We 'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell! farewell!—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They 'll weep for the chieftain who died on that mountain,
They 'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

—MOORE.

ASKELON.

ASKELON differs from the other celebrated cities of the Philistines, being seated on the sea; while Ekron, Gath, Jamnia, Ashdod, and Gaza, are in the interior. It never could have been a harbor of any considerable size, however, and what once existed appears to have been filled up by Sultan Bibars of Egypt, that great scourge of mankind, and destroyer of cities in this country. The topography of this place is very peculiar. A lofty and abrupt ridge begins near the shore, runs up eastward, bends round to the south, then to the west, and finally north-west to the sea again, forming an irregular amphitheatre. On the top of this ridge ran the wall, which was defended at its salient angles by

strong towers. The specimens, which still exist along the south-east, and west sides, show that it was very high and thick; built, however, of small stones, and bound together by broken columns of granite and marble. This clearly proves that it is patchwork, and not Askelon's original rampart. These extraordinary fragments, tilted up in strange confusion along the sandy ridge, are what generally appear in the pictures of Askelon, and impart such an air of desolation to the view. The position, however, is one of the fairest along this part of the Mediterranean coast; and when the interior of this amphitheatre was crowded with splendid temples and palaces, ascending, rank above rank, from north-west to south-east, the appearance from the sea must have been very imposing. Now the whole area is planted over with orchards of the various kinds of fruit which flourish on this coast. It is especially celebrated for its apples, which are the largest and best I have ever seen in this country. When I was here in June quite a caravan started for Jerusalem loaded with them, and they would not have disgraced even an American orchard. Dr Kitto has labored in several of his works to prove that the Hebrew word *taffûah*, translated "apples," means citron; but I think this is one of his least happy criticisms. The Arabic word for apple is almost the same as the Hebrew, and it is as perfectly definite, to say the least, as our English word, as much as the word for grape, and just as well understood; and so is that for citron, but this is a comparatively rare fruit. Citrons are also very large, weighing several pounds each, and are so hard and indigestible that they cannot be used except when made into preserves. The tree is small, slender, and must be propped up, or the fruit will bend it to the ground. Nobody ever thinks of sitting under its shadow, for it is too small and straggling to make a shade. I cannot believe, therefore, that it is spoken of in the Canticles. It can scarcely be a *tree* at all, much less would it be singled out as among the choice trees of the wood. As to the smell and colors, all the demands of the Biblical allusions are fully met by these apples of Askelon; and no doubt, in ancient times and in royal gardens, their cultivation was far superior to what it is now, and the fruit larger and more fragrant. Let *taffûah*, therefore, stand for apple, as our noble translation has it.

The Land and the Book.

THE SPONGE.

The sponge of commerce is found attached to rocks in various depths between three fathoms and thirty. When alive it is of a dull bluish-black above, and of a dirty white beneath. There are several qualities, possibly indicating as many distinct species. The best are taken among the Cyclades. The sponge divers, however, are mostly people from the islands of the Carian Coast, from Calymnos and Rhodes. They go in little fleets of caiques, each of six or seven tons burthen, and manned by six or eight men. The season for the fishery lasts from May until September. All the men dive in turn. They remain under water from one to three minutes. They descend to the bottom at various depths, between five fathoms and twenty, or even, though rarely, thirty. Very few of the Archipelago divers can descend so deep as the last named depth, and it is doubtful whether they can work, in such a case, when down. Some years ago, a diver asserted he had bent a rope round the beam of a Turkish frigate, sunk in thirty fathoms water, off Scio. Mr. Love, when engaged in raising the guns of some of the sunken ships, confirmed his statement by finding the rope still bent round the beam. In deep water, a rope weighted by a stone is let down, by which the divers ascend when they have gathered the sponges. They carry nothing about their persons except a netted bag, which is attached to a hoop suspended round their necks; in this they place the sponges. In a good locality, a diver may bring up fifty okes of sponges in one day. A very large sponge may weigh two okes. The weight is calculated from the sponges when they are dried. A sponge is dried in the sun, after being cleaned in sea-water; fresh water rots it and turns it black. The slimy or animal matter is stamped out by the diver's feet. When dried, the sponges are strung in circles. They are sold at twenty-five drachms an oke. The chief markets for them are Smyrna, Rhodes, and Napoli.

The sponge fisheries were probably conducted among the ancient Greeks as they are now. Hence, information being obtainable with facility, we find a full account of the sponge in the writings of Aristotle. He appears to have been deeply interested in its history, on account of the link it seemed to present between the animal and vegetable natures. Therefore, the question whether sponges possessed sensation is discussed

by him more than once, and left undecided; the statements for and against their capacity for feeling are, however, fairly put forward. The same question is debated among naturalists at the present day; and, as anciently, there are not wanting advocates for either view. Aristotle distinguishes sponges under two heads: those that might be cleaned, and those which could not. Of the last, he states that their substance was compact, but perforated by large canals. They were more viscous than other sponges, and, when dried, remained black. The description exactly applies to the common coast-line sponges of the Ægean, useless for economic purposes. His account of the sponges of commerce is more detailed. He distinguishes three varieties: those which were lax and porous; those of thick and close texture; and a third kind, called sponges of Achilles, finer, more compact, and stronger than the others. These last were rarest, and used to be placed in helmets, and in boots, as protections from pressure for the head and feet. They all grow on the rocks, adhering not by one point only, nor by the whole surface, but by some extent of the surface. The best kinds grow on the coasts which become suddenly deep. He attributes the superior fineness of texture in these deep-red kinds to the greater uniformity of temperature of the water in such places. When alive, and before they are washed, they are black. Their canals are often inhabited by little crustaceæ. Such are the leading points of the account given of sponges in the fifth book of the History of Animals. —SPRATT AND FORBES.

RICHARD THE LION-HEART AND THE SARACENS.

THE good King Richard, surnamed Lion-heart, set out on an expedition over seas with a vast train of barons, the most doughty knights and cavaliers of every rank, all taking ship for the Holy Land, and all consisting of foot. When in the presence of the Sultan's army, King Richard, leading on his men, soon made such dreadful havoc among the Saracens, that the nurses used to say to the infants, when they chid them, "Be quiet, or King Richard will hear you:" for he was as dreadful in their eyes as death itself. It is said that the Sultan, on seeing the rout of his finest troops, cried out, "How many are those Christians who thus deal with my people?" And when he was told that there were only King Richard with his English

axemen and archers, and the whole on foot, he added, "It is a scandal to our prophet, that so brave a man as King Richard should be seen to fight on foot; bear him my noblest charger." And a steed was instantly, after the battle, despatched to the King's tent, with a message from the Sultan that he trusted he should no longer behold him fight on foot. Casting his eye upon the horse, Richard commanded one of his squires to mount him to observe his paces. The squire found him very hard in the mouth, and, in a short time, losing his command over him, he was borne full speed into the Sultan's camp, who came forward expecting to greet King Richard. The King very wisely, by this contrivance, escaped, and showed how imprudent it always is, to confide in the good offices of an enemy.

—ROSCOE'S "*Italian Novelists.*"

THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

I AM going to give the history of what was, perhaps, the first Cedar of Lebanon brought over to Europe.

It grew in the *Jardin des Plantes*, in Paris, and was such a loved and favorite tree that people liked to repeat the story

of its being first planted, the adventures it had gone through, and the changes it had seen; and these I am now going to tell you.

A Frenchman was travelling in the Holy Land, and found a little seedling among the Cedars of Lebanon, which he longed to bring away as a memorial of his travels. He took it up tenderly, with all the earth about its little roots, and for want of a better flower-pot planted it carefully in his hat, and there he kept it and tended it. The voyage home was rough and tempestuous, and so much longer than usual that the supply of fresh water in the ship fell short, and they were obliged to measure it out most carefully to each person. The captain was allowed two glasses a day; the sailors, who had the work of the ship on their hands, one glass each, and the poor passengers but half a glass. In such a scarcity you may suppose the little cedar had no allowance at all. But our friend, the traveller, felt for it, as his child, and each day shared with it his small half-glass of precious water; and so it was that, when the vessel arrived at port, the traveller had drunk so little water that he was almost dying, and the young cedar so much that, behold, it was a noble and fresh little tree, six inches high!

At the custom-house, the officers, who are always suspicious of smuggling, wished to empty the hat, for they would not believe but that something more valuable in their eyes lay hid beneath the moist mould. They thought of lace, or of diamonds, and began to thrust their fingers into the soil. But our poor traveller implored them so earnestly to spare his tree, and talked to them so eloquently of all that we read in the Bible of the Cedars of Lebanon, telling them of David's house and Solomon's Temple, that the men's hearts were softened, and they suffered the young cedar to remain undisturbed in its strange dwelling.

From thence it was carried to Paris, and planted most carefully in the *Jardin des Plantes*. A large tile was set up against it as a protection and a shade, and its name was written in Latin, and stuck in front, to tell all the world that it was something new and precious. The soil was good, and the tree grew; grew till it no longer needed the shelter of the tile, nor the dignified protection of the Latin inscription; grew till it was taller than its kind protector, the traveller; grew till it could give a shelter to a nurse and her child, tired of walking about in the pleasant gardens, and glad of the coolness of the thick dark

branches. Soon these branches spread so far on every side that other nurses and other children could assemble under the shade, and play their little games together.

The cedar grew larger and larger, and became the noblest tree there. All the birds of the garden could have assembled in its branches. All the boas and tigers, and apes and bears, and panthers and elephants, of the great menagerie close at hand, could have lain at ease under its shade. It became the tree of all the trees in the wide garden that the people loved the best; there, each Thursday, when the gardens were open to all the city, the blind people from their asylum used to ask to be brought under the cedar; there they would stand together and measure its great trunk, and guess how large and wide must be its branches. It was a pleasure to see them listening to the sweet song of the birds overhead, and breathing in its fragrant Eastern perfume. They thought of the distant East—the East from whence comes the True Light, their *only* light; they could never hope to see it with their mortal eyes, but here the East seemed to visit them, and they could touch it.

The blind seemed to call the dumb there; for the deaf and dumb, too, chose the cedar for their friend. The blind dreamed that they could see the cedar when they heard the murmur of its branches; the deaf thought that they heard the song of the birds as they saw them fly from branch to branch.

Not only on Thursday were the blind and the deaf and dumb to be seen there, but the poor foundlings, those desolate children whose fathers and mothers have deserted them, and who are abandoned to the charity of strangers, found it their greatest treat to collect under the cedar, and dance round it; or, perhaps, with sadder thoughts, they would sit to rest and watch the happier children passing, with fathers and mothers and sisters by their side, all talking and laughing together. To these poor children the cedar was a kind of father; year by year they measured their growth by it; at their earliest recollections they were not higher than this little projection of rough bark; now they can almost touch the lowest sweeping branch, when the wind waves it downwards.

There was once a prison at the end of these gardens; a dark, and dismal, and terrible place, where the unfortunate and the guilty were all mixed together in one wretched confusion. The building was a lofty one, divided into many stories, and, by the time you reached the top, you were exhausted and breathless.

The cells were as dreary and comfortless there as in the more accessible ones below; and yet those who could procure a little money by any means gladly paid it to be allowed to rent one of those topmost cells. What was it made them value this weary height? It was that, beyond the forest of chimneys and desert plain of slates, they could see the Cedar of Lebanon! His cheeks pressed against the rusty bars, the poor debtor would pass hours looking upon the cedar. It was the prisoner's garden, and he would console himself in the weariness of a long, rainy, sunless day, in thinking the cedar will look greener to-morrow. Every friend and visitor was shown the cedar, and each felt it a comfort in the midst of so much wretchedness to see it. They were as proud of the cedar, in this prison as if they had planted it.

Who will not grieve for the fate of the Cedar of Lebanon? It had grown and flourished for a hundred years, for cedars do not need centuries, like the oak, to attain their highest growth; when, just as its hundreth year was attained, the noble, the beautiful tree, was cut down to make room for a railway. This was done just ten years ago; and now the hissing steam-engine passes over its withered roots. Such things, it seems, must be; and we must not too much grieve or complain at any of the changes, that pass around us in this world of changes; and yet we cannot but feel sorry for the Cedar of Lebanon.

—SHARPE'S "*London Magazine.*"

THE LEPER.

IT was noon;
And Helon stood beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water with his fevered lips,
Praying that he might be so bless'd—to die!
Footsteps approached, and with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying "Unclean! unclean!" and in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.

Nearer the stranger came, and bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name—
"Helon!" The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And for a moment beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill.
"Helon! arise!" and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.

Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the stranger. He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on His brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at His back, nor in His hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear, yet in His mien
Command sat throned serene, and if He smiled,
A kingly condescension graced His lips,
The lion would have crouch'd to in his lair.

His garb was simple, and His sandals worn;
His stature modell'd with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a god,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; His hair, unshorn,
Fell to His shoulders; and His curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.

He looked on Helon earnestly a while,
As if His heart was moved, and, stooping down,
He took a little water in His hand, and said, "Be clean."
And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins,
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant stole.
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshipp'd Him.

—N. P. Willis.

MAHOMET.

THE Arabs of the sixth century were not unlike what they are now. The sandy table-land which fills the centre of the peninsula was dotted with encampments of roving Bedouins, whose black tents nestled under the shade of acacia and date-trees, only so long as grass grew green and fresh round the well of the oasis. The fringes of low coast-land were filled with busy hives of traders and husbandmen. Mingled with these were men of many races, Persians, Jews, and Greeks, scraps of whose various creeds had come to be woven up with the native worship of sun and stars. The great temple was the Caaba at Mecca, in whose wall was fixed a black stone, said by tradition to have been a petrified angel, once pure white, but soon blackened by the kisses of sinners. Strongly marked in the national character was a vein of wild poetry, and their wandering habits predisposed them for plunder and war.

Among this people a child was born in A.D. 571, in the city of Mecca. His father, Abdallah, of the great tribe Koreish, was one of the hereditary keepers of the Caaba. His mother, Amina, was of the same noble race. Left an orphan at six, the little Mahomet passed into the care of a merchant uncle, Abu Taleb, whose camel-driver and salesman he grew up to be. So it happened that, in early life, he took many journeys with the caravans for Syria and Yemen, and filled his mind with the wild traditions of the desert. At twenty-five, he undertook to manage the business of a rich widow, Cadijah, whose forty years did not prevent her from looking with fond eyes upon her clever, handsome steward. They were married, and lived an uneventful life, until, in his fortieth year, Mahomet proclaimed himself a prophet. For some years before this, he was in the habit of retiring often to a mountain cave, for secret thought and study.

Then to his wife, his cousin Ali, his servant Zeid, and his friend, Abu Bekr, he told his strange story. Gabriel had come from God, had revealed to him wonderful truths, and had commissioned him to preach a new religion, of which the sum was to be, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet." This faith he called *Islam*, an infinitive denoting homage or surrender, and expressing the believer's relation towards God. The word Moslem (corrupted into Mussulman), is from the same root *salm*, to pay homage.

In three years he gained only forty followers. Then, bent upon a wider sphere, he invited his leading kinsmen to his house and there proclaimed his mission, demanding to know which of them would be his vizier. None but Ali, a boy of fourteen, the son of Abu Taleb, answered the call; the rest laughed at the madman and his silly cousin. All the weight of the tribe Koreish was opposed to him, until ridicule and persecution drove him from the city. Taking refuge in his old uncle's castle, he continued to preach Islam in the face of their anger, and even returned to Mecca for a while. But the death of his protector, Abu Taleb, left him naked to the rage of his enemies; and when the leaders of Koreish laid a plot to murder him, each swearing to plunge a sword in his body, he fled at midnight, leaving Ali on his bed, wrapped in a green robe to deceive the murderers. After hiding in a cave for three days with Abu Bekr, he reached Medina, where many of his converts lived. This was the great Mahometan era called *Hejira*, or the flight, from which Moslems have since reckoned the years. In Medina the prophet built his first mosque, beneath whose palm-wood roof his own body was to be laid in the grave, ten years later. Thus the preaching of Islam began to radiate from a new centre.

But a great change came. The dreamer and meek preacher for thirteen years turned into a red-handed soldier. Islam became a religion of the sword. "The sword," cried Mahomet, "is the key of heaven and hell:" and ever since—never more loudly and ruthlessly than in our own day, at Lucknow and Cawnpore—that fierce gigantic lie has been pealing its war-note in the Moslem heart.

His earliest attacks were upon the caravans of his ancient enemies, the Koreish. In the valley of Beder, with 314 men, he fell upon nearly 1,000 Meccans, who had hurried out to protect a rich camel-train from Syria. The caravan escaped; but its defenders were driven in headlong rout into Mecca. Among the spoils was a sword of fine temper, which was in the prophet's hand in all his future battles. Next year he was defeated and wounded in the face at Mount Chod, a few miles north of Medina. This was a heavy blow, but the elastic spirit of the warlike apostle rose bravely beneath it, although he had now to struggle not alone with the Koreish but against the Jews, who mustered strong in Northern Arabia. From Medina, now fortified with a deep moat, he beat back a great host,

headed by Abu Sofian, Prince of the Koreish. So greatly was his name now feared, that when he approached Mecca in the holy month with 1,400 warlike pilgrims, an embassy from the Koreish offered peace. A treaty for ten years was made, of which one condition was, that he and his followers should have leave to visit Mecca on pilgrimage for three days at a time.

He then turned his sword upon Chaibar, the Jewish capital of Northern Arabia, where, we are told, the bearded Ali, glittering with scarlet and steel, in the front of the battle, having lost his buckler, tore a heavy gate from its hinges and bore it as a shield all day. The fortress was taken, but it was near being a dearly-bought conquest to the prophet. When he called for food, a shoulder of lamb, cooked by a Jewish girl, was set before him. The first mouthful told him something was wrong; sharp pain seized him; the meat was poisoned. One of his followers, who had eaten some, died in agony. Mahomet recovered for the time, but his frame received a fatal shock.

The battle of Honein laid all Arabia at his feet. Then, king in all but name, he turned his eyes beyond Arabian frontiers. He sent embassies to Heraclius of Constantinople, and Chosroes of Persia, demanding submission to his faith. Chosroes tore up the letter; Heraclius received the message more courteously, but with equal disregard. An envoy of the prophet having been slain in Syria, a Moslem army, under Zeid, marched from Medina to avenge the murder. At Muta, some distance east of the Dead Sea, the troops of the Eastern empire were met in battle for the first time by the soldiers of Islam, and thoroughly beaten. Zeid, however, and two other Moslem leaders, were slain.

The great achievement of Mahomet's later life was the occupation of Mecca, in 629. At the head of 10,000 men, he began a hurried, silent march. No trumpet was blown, no watchfire lighted, till they came close to the city. Abu Sofian, made prisoner outside the walls, and converted by a naked sabre, which was swung over his head, being allowed to return, told the Meccans how useless it would be to resist the warrior prophet. And so, unopposed, clad in a pilgrim's garb, but preceded by a forest of swords and lances flashing in the sunrise, the conqueror entered his native city. Three hundred and sixty idols of the Caaba were broken to pieces. And from every Meccan's throat burst the watchword of Islam, "Allah Achbar;" "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet."

The last military efforts of Mahomet were directed against Syria. His lieutenant, Khaled, spread his dominion from the Euphrates to Ailah (Akaba), at the head of the eastern prong of the Red Sea, the capture of which opened the path of the Moslems into Africa. The prophet himself was half-way to Damascus, when he turned at the oasis of Tabuk, and came back to Medina to die.

At sixty one, older than his years, racked by ineradicable poison, and spirit-broken by the death of his only son, the infant Ibrahim, he fell a victim to a violent fever. Though the apostle of a great falsehood, we cannot deny his excelling genius, and the moulding power of his strong and pliant will.

—*Great Events of History.*.

INTERIOR OF AN ANCIENT PALACE IN NINEVEH.

THEIR interior was as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger, who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings. He was ushered in through the portals guarded by the colossal lions, or bulls, of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colors. Under each picture were engraved, in colors, filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in colored borders of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king, in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those

of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colors. The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription recording the titles, genealogy, and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, and even plated with gold and silver; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures was seen the light blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame on which were painted, in vivid colors, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments and the graceful forms of ideal animals. These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served at the same time to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors and the power and majesty of their gods.

—LAYARD'S "*Nineveh.*"

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

2 KINGS, xix. 35.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride.
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

—Byron.

GOOD ADVICE NOT TO BE DESPISED.

One day, as an ancient King of Tartary was riding with his officers of state, they met a dervise crying aloud, "To him that will give me a hundred dinars, I will give a piece of good advice." The king, attracted by this strange declaration, stopped, and said to the dervise, "What advice is this that you offer for a hundred dinars?" "Sire," replied the dervise, "I shall be most thankful to tell you as soon as you order the money to be paid to me." The king, expecting to hear something extraordinary, ordered the money to be given to the dervise at once. On receiving it, he said, "Sire, my advice is,—Begin nothing without considering what the end may be."

The officers of state, smiling at what they thought ridiculous advice, looked at the king, who they expected would be so en-

raged at this insult as to order the dervise to be severely punished. The king, seeing the amusement and surprise which this advice had occasioned, said, "I see nothing to laugh at in the advice of this dervise; but, on the contrary, I am persuaded that, if it were more frequently practised, men would escape many calamities. Indeed, so convinced am I of the wisdom of this maxim, that I shall have it engraved on my plate, and written on the walls of my palace, so that it may be ever before me." The king, having thanked the dervise for his advice, proceeded towards his palace; and, on his arrival, he ordered the chief bey to see that the maxim was engraved on his plate and on the walls of his palace.

Sometime after this occurrence, one of the nobles of the court, a proud, ambitious man, resolved to destroy the king and place himself on the throne. In order to accomplish his diabolical purpose, he secured the confidence of one of the king's surgeons, to whom he gave a poisoned lancet, saying, "If you will bleed the king with this lancet I will give you ten thousand pieces of gold; and, when I ascend the throne, you shall be my vizier." This base surgeon, dazzled by such brilliant prospects, wickedly assented to the proposal. An opportunity of effecting his evil design soon occurred. The king sent for this man to bleed him: he put the poisoned lancet into a side pocket, and hastened into the king's presence. The arm was tied, and the fatal lancet was about to be plunged into the vein, when suddenly the surgeon's eye read this maxim at the bottom of the basin—"Begin nothing without considering what the end may be." He immediately paused, as he thought within himself, "If I bleed the king with this lancet he will die, and I shall be seized and put to a cruel death; then of what use will all the gold in the world be to me?" Then, returning the lancet to his pocket, he drew forth another. The king, observing this, and perceiving that he was much embarrassed, asked why he changed his lancet so suddenly? He stated that the point was broken; but the king, doubting his statement, commanded him to show it. This so agitated him that the king felt assured that all was not right. He said, "There is treachery in this; tell me instantly what it means or your head shall be severed from your body." The surgeon, trembling with fear, promised to relate all to the king if he would only pardon his guilt The king assented, and the surgeon related the whole matter, and acknowledged that had it not been for the words in the basin, he should have used the fatal lancet.

The king summoned his court, and ordered the traitor to be executed. Then, turning to his officers of state, he said, "You now see that the advice of the dervise, at which you laughed, is most valuable; it has saved my life. Search out this dervise, that I may amply reward him for his wise maxim."

—SHARPE'S "*London Journal*."

THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

THE siege and storming of Delhi was the most illustrious event, which occurred in the course of that gigantic struggle. The leaguer of Lucknow, during which the merest skeleton of a British regiment—the 32nd—held out for six months against two hundred thousand armed enemies, has perhaps excited more intense interest; but Delhi was the feat of arms, of which Britain has most cause to be proud. There, too, the British were really the besieged, though ostensibly the besiegers; they were a mere handful of men "in the open"—not more than 3,700 bayonets, European and native—without

any defences or support other than their indomitable courage and tenacity of purpose, assailed from day to day by an army of rebels, numbering at one time as many as 75,000 men, trained to European discipline by English officers, and supplied with all but exhaustless munitions of war. The heroic little band sat down before the city, under the burning rays of a tropical sun. Death, wounds, and fever, failed to turn them from their purpose. Thirty times they were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and thirty times did they drive back the enemy behind their defences. As Captain Hodson—himself one of the bravest there—has said, "I venture to aver that no other nation in the world would have remained here, or avoided defeat, if they had attempted to do so." Never for an instant did these heroes falter at their work; with sublime endurance they held on, fought on, and never relaxed until, dashing through the "imminent deadly breach," the place was won, and the British flag again unfurled on the walls of Delhi. All were great—privates, officers, and generals; men taken from behind English ploughs and from English workshops, and those trained in the best schools and colleges, displayed equal heroism when the emergency arose. Common soldiers who had been inured to a life of hardship, and young officers who had been nursed in luxurious homes, alike proved their manhood, and emerged from that terrible trial with equal honor; the native strength and soundness of the English race, and of manly English training and discipline, were never more powerfully illustrated; and it was there emphatically proved that the men of England are, after all, its greatest products. A terrible price was paid for this great chapter in our history; but if those who survive, and those who come after, profit by the lesson and example, it may not have been purchased at too great a cost.

—SMILES' *"Self-Help."*

THE PEARL FISHERIES OF CEYLON.

The only exportable articles of any importance which Ceylon produces are pearls, cinnamon, and elephants. Mr. Percival has presented us with an extremely interesting account of the pearl fishery, held in Condatchy Bight, near the island of Manaar, in the straits which separate Ceylon from the mainland.

"There is perhaps no spectacle, which the island of Ceylon affords, more striking to a European than the bay of Condatchy, during the season of the pearl fishery. This desert and barren spot is at that time converted into a scene which exceeds, in novelty and variety, almost anything I ever witnessed. Several thousands of people, of different colors, countries, castes, and occupations, continually passing and repassing in a busy crowd; the vast number of small tents and huts erected on the shore, with the bazaar or market-place before each; the multitude of boats returning in the afternoon from the pearl banks, some of them laden with riches; the anxious expecting countenances of the boat-owners, while the boats are approaching the shore, and the eagerness and avidity

with which they run to them when arrived, in hopes of a rich cargo; the vast number of jewellers, brokers, merchants of all colors and all descriptions, both natives and foreigners, who are occupied in some way or other with the pearls, some separating and assorting them, others weighing and ascertaining their number and value, while others are hawking them about, or drilling and boring them for future use; all these circumstances tend to impress the mind with the value and importance of that object which can of itself create this scene.

"The bay of Condatchy is the most central rendezvous for the boats employed in the fishery. The banks where it is carried on extend several miles along the coast from Manaar southward off Arippo, Condatchy, and Pompuripo. The principal bank is opposite to Condatchy, and lies out at sea about twenty miles. The first step, previous to the commencement of the fishery, is to have the different oyster banks surveyed, the state of the oysters ascertained, and a report made on the subject to government. If it has been found that the quantity is sufficient, and that they are arrived at a proper degree of maturity, the particular banks to be fished that year are put up for sale to the highest bidder, and are usually purchased by a black merchant. This, however, is not always the course pursued: government sometimes judges it more advantageous to fish the banks on its own account, and to dispose of the pearls afterwards to the merchants. When this plan is adopted, boats are hired for the season on account of government, from different quarters; the price varies considerably according to circumstances, but is usually from five to eight hundred pagodas for each boat. There are, however, no stated prices, and the best bargain possible is made for each boat separately. The Dutch generally followed this last system; the banks were fished on government account, and the pearls disposed of in different parts of India, or sent to Europe. When this plan was pursued, the governor and council of Ceylon claimed a certain per centage on the value of the pearls; or, if the fishing of the banks was disposed of by public sale, they bargained for a stipulated sum to themselves over and above what was paid on account of government. The pretence on which they founded their claims for this perquisite was their trouble in surveying and valuing the banks."

The banks are divided into six or seven portions, in order to give the oysters time to grow, which are supposed to attain

their maturity in about seven years. The period, allowed to the merchant to complete his fishery, is about six weeks, during which period all the boats go out and return together, and are subject to very rigorous laws. The dexterity of the divers is very striking; they are as adroit in the use of their feet as their hands, and can pick up the smallest object under water with their toes. Their descent is aided by a great stone, which they slip from their feet when they arrive at the bottom, where they can remain about two minutes. There are instances, however, of divers who have so much of the aquatic in their nature as to remain under water for five or six minutes. Their great enemy is the ground-shark; for the rule of eat and be eaten, which Dr. Darwin called the great law of nature, obtains in as much force fathoms deep beneath the waves as above them. This animal is as fond of the legs of Hindoos as Hindoos are of the pearls of oysters; and as one appetite appears to him much more natural and less capricious than the other, he never fails to indulge it. Where fortune has so much to do with peril and profit, of course there is no deficiency of conjurors, who, by divers enigmatical grimaces, endeavor to *ostracize* this submarine invader. If they are successful, they are well paid in pearls; and, when a shark indulges himself with the leg of a Hindoo, there is a witch who lives at Colang, on the Malabar coast, who always bears the blame.

—Sydney Smith.

A DAY IN BANGKOK.

About half-an-hour before daybreak the new-comer is awoke by the most interminable cawing of innumerable flights of crows, passing in every direction overhead to fields and gardens. This cawing continues till daylight has fairly set in, and then a host of sparrows create such a rioting as renders sleep or repose perfectly out of the question. The busy little gray squirrel commences its sharp and piercing series of cries; and the vendors of fresh-culled flowers, fruits, and vegetables, are busily engaged in their various occupations. You rise up from your bed little refreshed by the troubled slumber of the night, and the quiet rippling of the waters invites you to plunge your fevered form into their cool and refreshing depths. Half-an-hour's swim

makes ample amends for the loss of sleep; and this, aided by the cool morning breeze, braces you up to combat against the heats of the coming day. About sunrise you are astonished to see so many canoes, filled with unearthly-looking beings, clad in bright yellow garments, like so many dire emblems of the plague. These are the priests belonging to the different *watts*, or churches, that extend along the banks of the river on either side, and they come round at this early hour to gather their provisions for the day, for they live upon the charity of the people, and the people are charitable, either from good-will and pure purposes, or from necessity; for every man in Siam must, *malgré lui*, be charitable, as far as supporting the priesthood is concerned. Betel-nut vendors dispose of their goods as fast as they can supply customers, for this said betel-nut is as indispensable to a Siamese household as the rice they eat and the water they drink. Then comes the Guineaman, with his ready-cooked pork; and the fishmonger with his fried and well-stewed fish; and the baker's girl, with bread and hoppers (hoppers are a delicious species of cake made of rice-flour and cocoa-nut milk); and then an interminable string of raw commodities, sea and river fish, goats' meat and poultry, fruits, vegetables, and other minor articles of consumption; and, amidst this commotion amongst the floating vendors, the city wakes to the business of the day, and man goes forth to his labor and toil.

After the royal trumpet has sounded permission for the universe to dine, folks dine and sleep until the sea-breeze comes freshening up the river. "Then the drowsy populace awake once more to a sense of business, and the whole river is very soon one scene of lively animation; more boats than ever are now to be seen, and more people throng the floating houses. About this period of the day there is generally a great stir amongst the shipping—vessels arriving and departing, loading and discharging. By-and-by the sun sets in the west, the short dull twilight is fast giving way to the more sombre tinges of night; the cawing of crows once more resounds through the air as they fly homeward for the night to roost; small lamps are twinkling in the floating houses and on board the vessels; the boats of the river grow darkish; objects become indistinct; an old gong strikes the half-hour after six; and the whole place is wrapt in impenetrable night. For an hour or two after this, or, at the latest, till ten p.m., the long row of lights in the floating houses give symptoms of wakefulness, and of supper being

under way. An occasional snatch of a Chinese carol would reach us as we sat at the hospitable board of our worthy host; by degrees even this sound would cease, and, save the low mournful cry of some hapless young vendor of fish or fruits, who dared not seek her home before disposing of a stipulated quantity, for fear of chastisement from her ruthless master, nothing disturbed the solemn stillness of the night."

—NEALE'S "*Narrative.*"

THE DEATH OF MAGELLAN.

ON the 7th of April the squadron entered the harbor of the island of Zubu, one of the group which has since been named the Philippines. Magellan sent a messenger to the king to ask an exchange of commodities. The king observed that it was customary for all ships entering his waters to pay tribute; to which the messenger replied, that the Spanish admiral was the servant of so powerful a sovereign that he could pay tribute to no one. The king promised to give an answer the next day, and, in the meantime, sent fruit and wine on board the ships. Magellan had brought with him the King of Massana, a neighboring island, and this monarch soon convinced the King of Zubu that, instead of asking tribute, he would be wise to pay it. A treaty of peace and perpetual amity was soon established between his majesty of Spain and his royal brother of Zubu.

On the 26th of April, Magellan learned that a neighboring chief, named Cilapolapu, refused to acknowledge the authority of the king of Spain, and remained in open profession of paganism in the midst of a Christian community. He determined to lend his assistance to the converted chiefs to reduce and subjugate this stubborn prince. At midnight, boats left the ships, bearing sixty men armed with helmets and cuirasses. The natives followed in twenty canoes. They reached the rebellious island, Matan by name, three hours before daybreak. Cilapolapu was notified that he must obey the Christian King of Zubu, or feel the strength of Christian lances. The islanders replied that they had lances, too. The invaders waited for daylight, and then, jumping into the water up to their thighs, waded to shore. The enemy was fifteen hundred in number, formed into three battalions; two of these attacked

them on the flank, the third in front. The musketeers fired for half an hour without making the least impression. Trusting to the superiority of their numbers, the natives deluged the Christians with showers of bamboo lances, staves hardened in the fire, stones, and even dirt. A poisoned arrow at last struck Magellan, who at once ordered a retreat in slow and regular order. The Indians now perceived that their blows took effect when aimed at the nether limbs of their foe, and profited by this observation with telling effect. Seeing that Magellan was wounded, they twice struck his helmet from his head. He and his small band of men continued fighting for more than an hour, standing in the water up to their knees. Magellan was now evidently failing, and the islanders, perceiving his weakness, pressed upon him in crowds. One of them cut him violently across the left leg, and he fell on his face. He was immediately surrounded and belabored with sticks and stones till he died. His men, every one of whom was wounded, unable to afford him succor or avenge his death, escaped to their boats upon his fall.

"Thus," says Pigafetta, "perished our guide, our light, and our support. But his glory will survive him. He was adorned with every virtue. In the midst of the greatest adversity, he constantly possessed an immovable firmness. At sea, he subjected himself to the same privations as the men. Better skilled than any one in the knowledge of nautical charts, he was a perfect master of navigation, as he proved in making the tour of the world—an attempt on which none before him had ventured." Though Magellan only made half the circuit of the earth on this occasion, yet it may be said with reason that he was the first to circumnavigate the globe, from the fact that the way home from the Philippines was perfectly well known to the Portuguese, and that Magellan had already been at Malacca.

—*The Sea and Her Famous Sailors.*

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.

It was towards the close of the year 1616 that the Dutch began to distinguish themselves by discovery in the waters of Australia. At that date, the ship *Eendracht* made the west coast, part of which bears its name; while that of its commander, Dirk Hatichs, or, as it is commonly written, Hertoge, still denotes a cape and roadstead in one of its bays. In a very brief period afterwards, Zeachen, Edels, Leuwin, De Nuitz, De Witte, and Carpenter, all Dutchmen, ran along the whole coast, north and west, with part of that on the south, and originated names which now figure in our maps. But the most important accessions to knowledge in this region were made by Tasman, who was sent out by Anthony van Diemen, the Governor of Batavia, in 1642. He proved the southerly insulation of Australia, before supposed to extend indefinitely to the pole; and reached a coast from the westward, which he called Van Diemen's Land, "in honor of our high magistrate, the governor-general, who sent us out to make discoveries," but which is now more generally styled Tasmania, in memory of

the discoverer. A nearly-detached tract on the eastern side, to which convicts were deported, commemorates him also, as Tasman's Peninsula; and a little to the north, the name of Maria Island, where Smith O'Brien passed his confinement, originated with the navigator, in remembrance of a daughter of his patron. He subsequently came in sight of New Zealand on the north, visited several islands more fully made known by Cook, and was only occupied with the voyage for the short space of nine months and a few days. His published note-book thus commences: "Journal or Description by me, Abel Jansz Tasman, of a Voyage from Batavia, for making Discoveries of the unknown South Land, in the year 1642. May God Almighty be pleased to give His Blessing to this Voyage! Amen." So highly did his countrymen appreciate his services that, upon the erection of a new stadthouse at Amsterdam, they placed among its ornaments a map of the world, cut in stone, marked with his discoveries. These enterprises of the Dutch led them to call the great south land New Holland, which the States-General formally imposed, and which was retained generally till the present century, when the name of Australia was adopted.

The region destined to form such an important part of our empire, and attract universal notice, owing to its auriferous wealth, was not visited by any Englishman till the time of Captain Dampier, who, while with the buccaneers, appeared on the north-west coast. After leaving the rovers, he was expressly despatched to it again by King William III. in 1689, and to him we are indebted for the first notice of its products and people. He now hit the land in the bay discovered by Dirk Hatichs, and denominated it Sharks' Bay, from the number of sharks observed in it; a name which has been retained. Dampier, one of the most faithful and graphic of all describers, having landed for water, came into contact with the natives, whose mental and physical inferiority he duly noted. "All the signs we could make," says he, "were to no purpose, for they stood like statues without motion, and grinned like so many monkeys, staring upon one another." He considered them the most miserable people in the world, in comparison with whom the Hottentots might rank as gentlemen. "Their eye-lids," he adds, "are always half closed, to keep the flies out of their eyes, so that they never open their eyes like other people; and therefore they cannot see far unless they hold up their heads as if

they were looking at something over them. They have no houses, lying in the open air, without covering—the earth their bed, the heaven their canopy." When a gun was fired with a view of alarming them, they simply tossed up their arms, and, after a momentary pause, said something like "Pooh, pooh," as if in mimicry of the noise. The characteristic animals of the country, the kangaroos, came under notice, and are spoken of as a kind of raccoon, differing from those of the West Indies chiefly in having very short fore-legs, with which they go jumping about. Sailing to the north, a labyrinth of small islands was encountered, the Dampier archipelago of the present day. One of them he called Rosemary Island, from a plant which seemed to be of that kind, growing there in abundance. Hence Brown, the great botanist, in honor of this celebrated navigator, called the genus Dampeira, consisting of thirteen species of shrubby or perennial herbaceous plants, all natives of Australia. Dampier, eulogized by Humboldt and Malte-Brun as a prince among observers, returned to his native land to sink into complete obscurity, after forty years of wandering over the world. No record exists of how he fared in his old age, or when and where he died.

—MILNER'S "*Gallery of Geography.*"

THE LARK AT THE DIGGINGS.

THE friends strode briskly on, and a little after eleven o'clock they came upon a small squatter's house and premises.

"Here we are," said George, and his eyes glistened with innocent delight.

The house was thatched and whitewashed, and *English* was written on it and on every foot of ground round it. A furze bush had been planted by the door. Vertical oak pailings were the fence, with a five-barred gate in the middle of them. From the little plantation all the magnificent trees and shrubs of Australia had been excluded, with amazing resolution and consistency, and oak and ash reigned safe from over-towering rivals. They passed to the back of the house, and there George's countenance fell a little, for, on the oval grass plot and gravel walk, he found from thirty to forty rough fellows, most of them diggers.

"Ah, well," said he, on reflection, "we could not expect to have it all to ourselves, and, indeed, it would be a sin to wish it, you know. Now, Tom, come this way; here it is, here it is—there."

Tom looked up, and in a gigantic cage was a light brown bird.

He was utterly confounded. "What! is it this we came twelve miles to see?"

"Ay! and twice twelve wouldn't have been much to me."

"Well, but where is the lark you talked of?"

"This is it."

"This? This is a bird."

"Well, and isn't a lark a bird?"

"Oh, ay. I see. Ha! ha! ha! ha!"

Robinson's merriment was interrupted by a harsh remonstrance from several of the diggers, who were all from the other end of the camp.

"Hold your cackle," cried one; "he is going to sing;" and the whole party had their eyes turned with expectation towards the bird.

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But, at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps; but, after a while, he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him, one by one, and string them *sotto voce*.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst breathless silence and glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and purity; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme—the green meadows, the quiet stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he sang so well—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him; and when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul over the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey clover, and the English spring, the rugged

mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one drop trickled from fierce unbridled hearts down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Dulce domum!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths, and strife, and cupidity, had once been curly-headed boys; and some had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise, and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the churchyard, and *they* were full of oaths, and drink, and lusts, and remorses; but no note was changed in this immortal song. And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from the memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; then came, bright as the immortal notes that lighted them, those faded pictures and those flected days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes—ding-dong bell, ding-dong bell; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gambolled, while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates that never grew to be wicked; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

—CHARLES READE'S "*Never Too Late to Mend.*"

THE WRECK OF THE *ORPHEUS.*

ALL day, amid the masts and shrouds,
They hung above the wave;
The sky o'erhead was dark with clouds,
And dark beneath, their grave.
The water leaped against its prey,
Breaking with heavy crash,
And when some slack'ning hands gave way,
They fell with dull, low splash.

Captain and men ne'er thought to swerve;
The boats went to and fro;
With cheery face and tranquil nerve,
Each saw his brother go.
Each saw his brother go, and knew
As night came swiftly on,
That less and less his own chance grew—
Night fell, and hope was gone.

The saved stood on the steamer's deck,
  Straining their eyes to see
Their comrades clinging to the wreck,
  Upon that surging sea.
And still they gazed into the dark,
  Till, on their startled ears,
There came from that swift-sinking bark
  A sound of gallant cheers.

Again, and yet again it rose;
  Then silence round them fell—
Silence of death—and each man knows
  It was a last farewell.
No cry of anguish, no wild shriek
  Of men in agony—
No dropping down of watchers weak,
  Weary and glad to die.

But death met with three British cheers—
  Cheers of immortal fame;
For us the choking, blinding tears—
  For them a glorious name.
Oh England, while thy sailor-host
  Can live and die like these,
Be thy broad lands or won or lost,
  Thou'rt mistress of the seas!

—C. A. L.

FIGHT WITH A KANGAROO.

WILD and innocent, however, as the kangaroo looks, to bring him to bay is only half-way towards conquering him. He may take to a water-hole, and standing therein and seizing the dogs as they approach him, thrust them under water, holding this one at the bottom with his hinder feet, and this by the nape of the neck, with his hand-like fore-paws, till death by drowning thins the pack very considerably. Should the hunter bring the kangaroo to bay on land, the animal will fight desperately for his life. Each of his hind legs is furnished with a claw as formidable as a boar's tusk, and woe betide the dog that comes within the range of a lunge of either of them; or, worse still, if the kangaroo should catch his assailant in his fore-arms, there he will hold him till he is flayed from chest to tail. Even man may not attack the kangaroo with impunity, as the following incident, extracted from the *Sporting Review*, will show. The narrator had commenced the attack with his dogs, one of which had been seized and treated in the unceremonious fashion above noticed.

Exasperated by the irreparable loss of my poor dog, I hastened to its revenge, nothing doubting that with one fell swoop of my formidable club my enemy would be prostrate at my feet. Alas! decay and the still more remorseless white ants frustrated my

on his head, than my weapon shivered into a thousand pieces (the heart of it had been eaten out by the white ants—a customary practice with these interesting insects), and I found myself in the giant embrace of my antagonist, who was hugging me with rather too warm a demonstration of friendship, and ripping at me in a way by no means pleasant. My only remaining dog, too, now thoroughly exhausted by wounds and loss of blood, and apparently quite satisfied of her master's superiority, remained a mute and motionless spectator of the new and unequal contest.

Notwithstanding my utmost efforts to release myself from the grasp of the brute, they were unavailing, and I found my strength gradually diminishing; while, at the same time, my sight was obscured by the blood which now flowed freely from a deep wound, extending from the back part of my head over the whole length of my face. I was, in fact, becoming an easy prey to the kangaroo, who continued to insert with renewed vigor his talons into my breast, luckily however, protected by a loose, coarse canvas frock, which, in colonial phrase, is called a "jumper," and but for which I must inevitably have shared the fate of poor Trip. As it was, I had almost given myself up for lost; my head was pressed with surpassing strength beneath my adversary's breast, and a faintness was gradually stealing over me, when I heard a long and heart-stirring shout. Was I to be saved? The thought gave me new life; with increased power I grappled, and succeeded in casting from me my determined foe; and, seeing a tree close at hand, I made a desperate leap to procure its shelter and protection. I reached and clung to it for support, when I heard the sharp report of a rifle, and the bark about three inches above my head was penetrated with a ball. Another shot followed with a more sure aim, and the exasperated animal—now once more within reach of me—rolled heavily on its side. On the parties nearing, I found them to be my brother and a friend, who had at first mistaken me for the kangaroo, and had very nearly consummated what had been so strangely begun. You may imagine that the little beauty I ever possessed is not much improved by the wound on my face, which still remains, and ever will. I am now an older hand at kangaroo hunting, and never venture to attack so formidable an antagonist with an ant-eaten club; my dogs, also, have grown too wary to rush heedlessly within reach of his deadly rips. We have killed many since, but rarely so fine a one as that which first tried our mettle on the plains of New Holland. —*Wild Sports of the World.*

A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

NENE, or—as he is now more generally known by his baptismal name—Thomas Walker *(Tamati Waka)* is the principal chief of the Ngatihao tribe, which, in common with many others, is comprised in the great assemblage of tribes usually called Ngapuis. The residence of this celebrated man is near the Wesleyan Mission Station, on the banks of the river Hokianga, where he fully established his character as the friend and protector of Europeans long before the regular colonization of the country. In common with most of his countrymen, Nene was, in his younger days, celebrated for his expertness in acts of petty pilfering; and he himself will now laugh heartily if reminded of his youthful tricks. On one occasion, when on a visit to one of the missionaries at Waimate, a fine gander attracted his attention, and he secretly ordered it to be seized and prepared for his dinner in a native oven; but, to prevent detection, the bird was cooked in its feathers. However, it was soon missed, and a rigorous inquiry instituted by its owner, but without success, until certain savory steams arising from Nene's camp excited suspicion. To tax him with the theft, however, would have been contrary to all the rules of New Zealand etiquette; and the mystery of its disappearance was not unravelled until the morning after he had taken his departure, when the ill-fated gander was found concealed among the bushes, it having been found too tough for even a New Zealander's powers of mastication. Some years after this, a chief of East Cape killed a relation of Nene's; and, according to the customary law in New Zealand of "blood for blood," Nene went in a vessel, accompanied by only one attendant, to seek revenge. Landing near the spot where the chief resided, Nene entered his pah, called the murderer by name, and, after accusing him of the crime, deliberately levelled his gun and shot him dead at his feet, and then coolly walked away. Though in the midst of his enemies, none dared to touch the avenger; all were paralyzed at his sudden appearance and determined bravery. But Nene is no longer the thoughtless, mischievous New Zealander; for many years he has been playing a nobler part in the great drama of life, and his conduct has deservedly gained for him a lasting reputation. Some traits may be mentioned to his honor. About the year 1839, the body of a European was discovered on the banks of one of the tributary streams of Hokianga, under circumstances which led

to the suspicion that he had been murdered by a native called Kete, one of Nene's slaves. A large meeting was convened on the subject, and the guilt of Kete being established, Nene condemned him to die; the murderer was accordingly taken to a small island in the river called Moliti and there shot. So rigid were Nene's ideas of justice! When Captain Hobson arrived, and assembled the chiefs at Waitangi, in order to obtain their acquiescence in the sovereignty of the Queen over the islands of New Zealand, the governor was received with doubt, and his proposals were at first rejected; but, when Nene and his friends made their appearance, the aspect of affairs was changed; Nene, by his eloquence and by the wisdom of his counsel, turned the current of feeling, and the dissentients were silenced. In short, Nene stood recognized as the prime agent in effecting the treaty of Waitangi. On another occasion, his intervention was of great service to the British authorities. After the flag-staff at the Bay was cut down by Heki, Governor Fitzroy proceeded to the disaffected district with a considerable body of military, thinking by a show of force to overawe the rebellious natives. A large concourse of chiefs was gathered together and many speeches were made; but amongst them all the words of Nene were conspicuous for their energy. "If," said he, "another flag-staff is cut down, I shall take up the quarrel," and nobly has he redeemed his pledge. During the whole course of the rebellion, up to the present period, he has steadily adhered to his purpose, and has on numerous occasions rendered the most essential assistance to the military. He fought in several engagements with the rebels, and each time has proved himself as superior in courage and conduct in the field as he is in wisdom and sagacity in the council. The settlers in the northern parts of New Zealand are under the greatest obligations to this chief. But for him and his people many a hearth, at present the scene of peace and happiness, would have been desecrated and defiled with blood; many a family now occupying their ancient homes would have been driven away from their abodes, exposed to misery and privation. Those settlers who were living near the disaffected districts, but remote from the influence, and out of the reach of the protecting arm of Nene, have been driven as houseless wanderers to seek safety in the town of Auckland; and such would most probably have been the universal fate of the out-settlers, but for the courage and loyalty of this brave and noble chief.

—ANGUS'S "*Scenes in Australia.*"

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flaky snow;
From coral-rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of the upper air:
There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There, with a slight and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea;
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on the shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

—Percival.

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA.

It was towards the close of the year 1616 that the Dutch began to distinguish themselves by discovery in the waters of Australia. At that date, the ship *Eendracht* made the west coast, part of which bears its name; while that of its commander, Dirk Hatichs, or, as it is commonly written, Hertoge, still denotes a cape and roadstead in one of its bays. In a very brief period afterwards, Zeachen, Edels, Leuwin, De Nuitz, De Witte, and Carpenter, all Dutchmen, ran along the whole coast, north and west, with part of that on the south, and originated names which now figure in our maps. But the most important accessions to knowledge in this region were made by Tasman, who was sent out by Anthony van Diemen, the Governor of Batavia, in 1642. He proved the southerly insulation of Australia, before supposed to extend indefinitely to the pole; and reached a coast from the westward, which he called Van Diemen's Land, "in honor of our high magistrate, the governor-general, who sent us out to make discoveries," but which is now more generally styled Tasmania, in memory of

their toil and suffering, the final testimony of the divine favor. Twelve spies, one from each tribe, are sent out to make observations on the fruitfulness of the country, the character of the inhabitants, and the strength of their fortifications. Among these the most distinguished are Caleb, of the tribe of Judah, and Joshua, of Ephraim. During the forty days of their absence the assembled people anxiously await their return; and at length they are seen advancing towards the camp, loaded with delicious fruits, for it was now about the time of the vintage.

In one respect their report is most satisfactory: Canaan had undergone great improvement since the time when Abraham and Jacob had pastured their flocks in the open and unoccupied plains. The vine, the olive, the pomegranate, and the fig were cultivated with great success; and the rich sample which they bear (a bunch of grapes, almost as much as two men could carry, suspended from a pole, with figs and pomegranates) confirms their cheering narrative.

But, at the same time, they bring intelligence which overwhelms the whole people with terror. These treasures were guarded by fierce and warlike tribes, not likely to abandon their native plains without an obstinate and bloody contest. Their cities were strongly fortified; and, above all, nearly the first enemies they would have to encounter would be men of colossal stature, the descendants of the gigantic people celebrated in their early national tradition, a people before whom they would be as grasshoppers. The inhabitants of Egypt are in general of small stature; and the same causes which tended to the rapid increase of the Jewish people in that country, were unfavorable to their height and vigor. But, worse than this, their long slavery had debased their minds: their confidence in the divine protection gave way at once before their sense of physical inferiority, and the total deficiency of moral courage. "*Back to Egypt*" is the general cry. Joshua and Caleb in vain reproved their pusillanimity and want of faith in the promises of God. Moses therefore is instructed by God to inform the people that, on account of their murmurings, all who left the land of Egypt should perish in the wilderness, save only Joshua and Caleb. He therefore commands them, on the authority of God, to retreat directly from the borders of the promised land. They are neither to return to Egypt, nor to assay an easier conquest; but they are condemned to wander for a definite period of forty years in the barren and dismal regions through which they had marched. No

hope is held out that their lives shall be prolonged; they are distinctly assured that not one of them shall receive those blessings, on the promise of which they had surrendered themselves to the guidance of Moses, abandoned Egypt, and traversed the wilderness.

Of the Hebrew history during the succeeding thirty-eight years passed in the desert, nothing is known except the names of their stations. But during that period they were undergoing a course of discipline, which fitted them for achieving the conquest from which they had formerly shrunk. When the former generation, therefore, had gradually sunk into the grave, and a new race had sprung up, trained to the bold and hardy habits of the wandering Arab; when the free air of the desert had invigorated their frames, and the canker of slavery had worn out of their minds; and when continued miraculous support for so many years had strengthened their faith in the assistance of God, the Hebrew nation again suddenly appeared at Kadesh, the same point on the southern frontier of Palestine from which they had retreated. At this point Miriam died, and was buried with great honor. The whole camp was distressed for the want of water, and was again miraculously supplied. Here likewise Moses himself betrayed his mistrust in the divine assistance, and the final sentence was issued, that he should not lead the nation into the possession of the promised land. Many formidable difficulties opposed their penetrating into Canaan on this frontier. They were therefore directed to make a circuit; to pass round the Dead Sea, and, crossing the Jordan, to proceed at once into the heart of the richest and least defensible part of the country. Before they commenced this march, Aaron died, and was buried on Mount Hor. As the Edomites refused to let them pass through the defiles of the mountains, they were forced to march southward along the valley, now called El Araba, and turn the ridge where it is very low, close to the branch of the Red Sea. It was at this period that they were infested by fiery serpents, of the biting of which they were cured by steadfastly gazing on a serpent of brass erected at the command of God by Moses. At length, notwithstanding the opposition of the Moabites, Midianites, and Amorites, aided by the divinations of Balaam, they drew near the termination of their wanderings. But the triumph of the people was to be preceded by the death of the lawgiver. He was to behold, not to enter, the promised land. Once he had sinned from want of confidence in the

divine assistance, and the penalty affixed to his offence was now exacted. As his end approached, he summoned the assembly of all Israel to receive his final instructions. He recounted their whole eventful history since their deliverance, their toils, their dangers, their triumphs. He recapitulated and consolidated in one brief code the book of Deuteronomy, the whole law, in some degree modified and adapted to the future circumstances of the republic. He then appointed a solemn ratification of this covenant with God, to be made as soon as they were in possession of the country which now lay before them. And, finally, having enlarged on the blessings of obedience; having, with dark and melancholy foreboding of the final destiny of the people, laid before them still more at length the consequences of apostasy and wickedness; and having enriched the national poetry with an ode worthy of him who composed the Hymn of Triumph by the Red Sea, Moses was directed to ascend the loftiest eminence in the neighborhood, in order that he might once behold, before his eyes were closed for ever, the land of promise. From the top of Mount Abarim, or Nebo, the lawgiver, whose eyes were not dimmed, and who had suffered none of the infirmities of age, might survey a large tract of country. To the right lay the mountain pastures of Gilead, and the romantic district of Bashan; the windings of the Jordan might be traced along its broad and level valley, till, almost beneath his feet, it flowed into the Dead Sea. To the north spread the luxuriant plains of Esdraelon, and the more hilly, yet fruitful country of Lower Galilee. Right opposite stood the city of Jericho, embowered in its groves of palms; beyond it the mountains of Judea, rising above each other till they reached the sea. Gazing on this magnificent prospect, and beholding in prophetic anticipation his great and happy commonwealth occupying its numerous towns and blooming fields, Moses breathed his last. The place of his burial was unknown, lest, perhaps, the impious gratitude of his followers might ascribe divine honors to his name, and assemble to worship at his sepulchre. —*Irish National Series.*

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answer'd—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,

Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,—
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh, tell me, Hope and Faith!
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love, best boon to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd—"YES, IN HEAVEN." —CHARLES MACKAY.

"ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD."

HE walk'd with God, in holy joy,
While yet his days were few;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count,
The ancient hills he trod,
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount,
Alike he walk'd with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
The time of cares and fears;
One voice was in his heart—the same
It heard through childhood's years.
Amid fair tents, and flocks and swains,
O'er his green pasture sod,
A shepherd king on eastern plains,
The patriarch walk'd with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay;
He bow'd him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But join'd at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God!

So let *us* walk!—the night must come
To us, that comes to all;
We through the darkness must go home,
Hearing the tempest's call.
Closed is the path for evermore,
Which without death he trod;
Not so that way, wherein of yore,
His footsteps walk'd with God.

—ANON.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

THEY come—they come!
See, see the sabre flashing through the gloom,
And the deadly scythe from out the battle car,
And the lance-head glittering like a baleful star,
Portending Israel's doom.
Hark! to the rolling of the chariot-wheel,
And the neighing of the war-horse in his ire,
And the fearful straining of his hoof of steel,
Spurning the mountain flint that flashes fire.
Hark to the booming drum,
The braying of the trumpet and the boastful cheer,
Pealing in horrid echoes on the frighted ear—
They come—they come!

They come—they come!
Now, now they 've clamber'd up the gorge's height,
And for a moment, in its rugged jaws,
(Like a fierce mountain torrent gathering all its might
In one huge billow, ere it bursts its bank at night)
They pause——
Pennon and scarf, and gallant plumage fair,
Spread out and flutter on the mountain air,
Like ocean's whitening spray.
Hark! to the hum,
The cheer, the charge, the bursting battle-cry;
Rider and steed and chariot headlong fly.
Down, down the mountain way
They come.

Thou Mighty of Battles, for Israel's sake,
Smite the crest of the horseman, the chariot-wheel break;
Check the speed of the swift, crush the arm of the strong,
And lead Thine own people in safety along.

Lo! 'twixt that dread exultant host
And Israel's chasten'd, timid throng,
The awful pillar cloud has cross'd,
And Egypt, in its shadow lost,
In blind rage gropes along.

Near and more near, with sullen roar,
Beneath their feet the white surge raves;
The prophet-chief stands on the shore,
His eye upturn'd, his hand stretch'd o'er
The phosphorescent waves.

Deep yawn the ocean's billows wild,
Its coral depths disclosed are seen,
The lashing surge sinks calm and mild,
The mighty waves in walls are piled,
And Israel walks between.

While ever through that fearful night,
God's solemn lustrous glory beams,
And safe beneath its holy light
His wondering people speed their flight
Between the harmless streams.

Onward the vengeful Pharaoh flies,
'Mid Egypt's lordly chivalry—

The mists of heaven are in their eyes,
The greedy waves o'erwhelm their prize,
And roar around in glee.

Slowly and chill, the morning spreads
Its light along the lonely shore;
No billows lift their whitening heads,
The waves sleep in the cavern beds
Of ages long before.

See where the glittering water laves
The high and rugged coral coast;
The sea-bird screams along the waves,
And smells afar the timeless graves
Of Egypt's once proud host.

But Israel's hymn is pealing far
To God, that triumphs gloriously—
The Lord, the mighty man of war,
That hurls the captain and his car
Into the hungry sea.

And Israel's maids with dance and glee,
And timbrel sweet, take up the strain—
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously;
The Lord hath crush'd the enemy,
And Israel's free again.

—*From the "Dublin University Magazine"*

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—

Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word;

And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage,
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ;—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave.

In that strange grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought!
Before the judgment-day,
And stand with glory wrapt around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife, that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath His mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—Mrs C. F. Alexander.

THE SETTLEMENT OF THE ISRAELITES IN CANAAN.

The extent of that portion of Syria which was granted to the Hebrew nation has been variously estimated ; but, assuming that the true boundaries of the promised land were, Mount Libanus on the north, the wilderness of Arabia on the south, and the Syrian desert on the east, it may be computed at about fifteen millions of acres. If this computation be correct, there was in the possession of the Hebrew chiefs land sufficient to allow to

every Israelite capable of bearing arms a lot of about twenty acres; reserving for public uses, as also for the cities of the Levites, about one-tenth of the whole. This territory was ordered to be equally divided among their tribes and families, according to their respective numbers; and the persons selected to superintend this national work were, Eleazar, the high priest; Joshua, who acted in the character of judge; and the twelve princes or heads of Israel. The rule which they followed is expressed in these words:—"And ye shall divide the land by lot, for an inheritance among your families: and to the more ye shall give the more inheritance, and to the fewer ye shall give the less inheritance: every man's inheritance shall be in the place where his lot falleth; according to the tribes of your fathers ye shall inherit." Every tribe was thus put in possession of a separate district or province, in which all the occupiers of the land were not only Israelites, but more particularly sprung from the same stock, and descendants of the same patriarch. The several families, again, were placed in the same neighborhood, receiving their inheritance in the same part or subdivision of the tribe. To secure the permanence and mutual independence of every separate tribe, a law was enacted by the authority of Heaven, providing that the landed property of every Israelite should be unalienable. Whatever circumstances might befall the owner of a field, and whatever might be the obligations under which he placed himself to his creditor, he was released from all claims in the year of jubilee. "Ye shall hallow," said the inspired legislator, "the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man to his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family. And the land shall not be sold for ever; for the land is mine, saith the Lord; for ye are strangers and sojourners with me."

The attentive reader of the Mosaical law will observe, that, though a Hebrew could not divest himself of his land in perpetuity, he could dispose of it so far as to put another person in possession of it, during a certain number of years; reserving to himself and his relations the right of redeeming it, should they ever possess the means; and having, at all events, the sure prospect of reversion at the period of the jubilee. In the eye of the lawgiver, this transaction was not regarded as a sale of the land, but merely of the crops for a stated number of seasons. It might, indeed, have been considered simply as a lease, had not

the owner, as well as his nearest kinsman, enjoyed the privilege of resuming occupation, whenever they could repay the sum for which the temporary use of the land had been purchased. The houses which were built in fields or villages were, in regard to the principle of alienation, placed on the same footing as the lands themselves; being redeemable at all times, and destined to return to their original owners in the year of jubilee. But it is worthy of notice, that houses in cities and large towns were, when sold, redeemable only during one year, after which the sale was held binding for ever. There was, indeed, an exception in this case in favor of the Levites, who could at any time redeem "the houses of the cities of their possession," and who, moreover, enjoyed the full advantage of the fiftieth year.

The Hebrews, like most other nations in a similar state of society, held their lands on the condition of military service. The grounds of exemption allowed by Moses prove clearly that every man of competent age was bound to bear arms in defence of his country; a conclusion which is at once strikingly illustrated and confirmed by the conduct of the Senate or Heads of the Tribes, in the melancholy war undertaken by them against the children of Benjamin. Upon a muster of the confederated army at Mizpeh, it was discovered that no man had been sent from Jabesh-Gilead to join the camp; whereupon it was immediately resolved that twelve thousand soldiers should be despatched to put all the inhabitants of that town to military execution. "And the congregation commanded them, saying, Go and smite Jabesh-Gilead with the edge of the sword, with the women and children;" and the only reason assigned for this severe order was, that "when the people were numbered, there were none of the men of Jabesh-Gilead there."

—*Irish National Series.*

SONG OF MIRIAM.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah hath triumph'd,—His people are free!
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots and horsemen, all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting!—The Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumph'd,—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah hath triumph'd,—His people are free!

—MOORE.

VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

HISTORY OF THE ISRAELITES
FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE MONARCHY TILL THE REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES.

IT has been already remarked that the judges were not ordinary magistrates, elected by the people, or receiving their power by hereditary descent, but personages raised up by the special providence of God, to discharge the duties of an office which the peculiar circumstances of the chosen people from time to time rendered necessary. But, after a period of about four centuries and a half, the Hebrews, either from the love of change, or because they imagined that their present form of government was not well adapted to the relations into which they had been

brought with other states, chiefly by their disregard of the law of Moses, and by dissensions among themselves, demanded a king. With this demand Samuel, the last of the judges, complied, after he had warned them of the exactions and oppressions to which they might be exposed under a monarchy; and Saul, a young man of the tribe of Benjamin, remarkable for his stature, was elected. The qualities which recommended Saul to the choice of the tribes leave no room for doubt that it was chiefly as a military leader that he was raised to the throne. Nor was their expectation disappointed, so far as courage and zeal were required in conducting the affairs of war. But the impetuosity of the king's character, and a certain indifference in regard to the claims of the national faith, paved the way for his downfall, and the extinction of his family. The scene of Gilboa, which terminated the career of the first Hebrew monarch, exhibits a most affecting tragedy; in which the valor of a gallant chief, contrasted with his despair and sorrow, throws a deceitful lustre over an event which the reader feels that he ought to condemn.

David, to the skill of an experienced warrior, added a deep reverence for the institutions of his country and the forms of divine worship; whence he procured the high distinction of being a man after God's own heart. To this celebrated king was reserved the honor of taking from the Jebusites a strong fortress on the borders of Judah and Benjamin, and of laying the foundations of Jerusalem, viewed at last as the metropolis of Palestine and the seat of the Hebrew government. On Mount Zion he built a suburb of considerable beauty and strength, which continued for many years to bear his name, and to reflect the magnificence of his genius. Not satisfied with this acquisition, he extended his arms on all sides, till the borders of his kingdom reached from the river Euphrates to the confines of Egypt. But the splendor of his reign was afterwards clouded by domestic guilt and treason; and the nation, which could now have defied the power of its bitterest enemies, was divided and miserably reduced by the foul passions that issued from the royal palace. Still, notwithstanding the rebellion of Absalom, and the defection of certain military leaders, David bequeathed to his successor a flourishing kingdom; rapidly advancing in the arts of civilized life, enjoying an advantageous commerce, the respect of the neighboring states, and a decided preponderance among the minor governments of Western Asia. His last years were spent in making preparations for the building of a temple at Jeru-

salem; a work which he himself was not allowed to accomplish, because his hands were stained with blood, which, however justly shed, rendered them unfit for erecting an edifice to the God of mercy and peace.

The success which had attended the arms of his father, rendered the accession of Solomon tranquil and secure, so far, at least, as we consider the designs of the surrounding nations. Accordingly, finding himself in possession of quiet, as well as of an overflowing treasury, he proceeded to realize the pious intentions of David in regard to the house of God, and thereby to obey the last commands which had been imposed upon him before he received the crown. The chief glory of Solomon's reign is identified with the erection of the temple. Nor were the advantages arising from this great undertaking confined to the spiritual objects to which it was principally subservient. On the contrary, the necessity of employing foreign artists, and of drawing part of his materials from a distance, suggested to the king the benefits of a regular trade; and as the plains of Syria produced more corn than the natives could consume, he supplied the merchants of Tyre and the adjoining ports with a valuable commodity, in return for the manufactured goods which his own subjects could not fabricate. It was in his reign that the Hebrews first became a commercial people; and although considerable obscurity still hangs over the tracks of navigation which were pursued by the mariners of Solomon, there is no reason to doubt that his ships were to be seen on the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. It was also in this reign that the limits of Jewish power attained their utmost reach, comprehending even the remarkable district of Palmyrene, a spacious and fertile province in the midst of a frightful desert. There were in it two principal towns, Thapsacus or Tiphsah and Palmyra, from the latter of which the whole country took its name. Solomon, it is well known, took pleasure in adding to its beauty and strength, as being one of his main defences on the eastern border, and hence it is spoken of in Scripture as Tadmor in the wilderness.

But the popularity of Solomon's government did not keep pace with the rapidity of his improvements or the magnificence of his works. Perhaps the vast extent of his undertakings may have led to unusual demands upon the industry of the people, and may have given rise to those discontents which, though repulsed during his own lifetime, were openly and boldly avowed on the

accession of his son Rehoboam. This prince, rejecting the advice of his aged counsellors, and following that of the younger and more violent, soon had the misfortune to see the greater part of his kingdom wrested from him. In reply to the address of his people, who entreated an alleviation of their burdens, he declared that, instead of requiring less at their hands, he should demand more. "My father made your yoke heavy, I will add to your yoke; my father chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." Such a resolution, expressed in language at once so contemptuous and severe, alienated from his government ten tribes, who sought a more indulgent master in Jeroboam, a declared enemy of the house of David. Hence the origin of the kingdom of Israel, as distinguished from that of Judah; and hence, too, the disgraceful contentions between those kindred states, which acknowledged one religion, and professed to be guided by the same law. —*Irish National Series.*

FROM THE REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES TILL THE CAPTIVITY.

After the revolt of the ten tribes, Jerusalem soon ceased to be regarded by the Israelites as the centre of their religion, and the bond of union among the descendants of Abraham. Jeroboam erected in his kingdom the emblems of a less pure faith, to which he confined the attention of his subjects; while the frequent wars that ensued, and the treaties formed on both sides with the Gentile nations on their respective borders, completed the estrangement which ambition had begun. Little attached to the native line of princes, the Israelites placed on the throne of Samaria a number of adventurers, who had no qualities to recommend them besides military courage and an irreconcilable hatred towards the more legitimate claimants of the house of David. The reigns of these sovereigns possess little interest; let it suffice, therefore, to say, that, about two hundred and seventy years after the death of Solomon, the Israelites were subdued by Shalmaneser, the powerful monarch of Assyria, who carried them away captive into the remote provinces of his vast empire.

The kingdom of Judah, less distracted by the pretensions of usurpers, and confirmed in the principles of patriotism by a more rigid adherence to the law of Moses, continued during one hundred and thirty years longer to resist the encroachments of the rival

powers, Egypt and Assyria, which now began to contend in earnest for the possession of Palestine. Several endeavors were made, even after the destruction of Samaria, to unite the energies of the twelve tribes, and thereby secure the independence of the sacred territory. But a pitiful jealousy had succeeded to the aversion created by a long course of hostile aggression, while the overwhelming armies, which incessantly issued from the Euphrates and the Nile to select a field of battle within the borders of Canaan, soon left to the feeble councils of Jerusalem no other choice than that of an Egyptian or an Assyrian master. At length, in the year 602 before the Christian era, when Jehoiakim was on the throne of Judah, Nebuchadnezzar, who already shared with his father the government of Assyria, advanced into Palestine at the head of a formidable army. A timely submission saved the city, as well as the life of the pusillanimous monarch. But, after a short period, finding the conqueror engaged in more important affairs, the vanquished king made an effort to recover his dominions by throwing off the Babylonian yoke. The siege of Jerusalem was renewed with greater vigor on the part of the invaders, in the course of which Jehoiakim was killed, and his son Coniah or Jehoiachin ascended the throne. Scarcely, however, had the new sovereign taken up the reins of government, than he found it necessary to open the gates of his capital to the Assyrian prince, who carried him, his principal nobility, and the most expert of his artisans, as prisoners to the banks of the Tigris. The nominal authority was now confided to a brother or uncle of the captive king, whose original name, Mattaniah, was changed to Zedekiah by his lord paramount, who considered him merely as the governor of a province. Impatient of an office so subordinate, and instigated, it is probable, by emissaries from Egypt, he resolved to hazard his life and liberty for the chance of reconquering the independence of his crown. This imprudent step brought Nebuchadnezzar once more before the walls of Jerusalem. A siege, which appears to have continued fifteen or sixteen months, terminated in the final reduction of the holy city, and in the captivity of Zedekiah, who was treated with the utmost severity. His two sons were executed in his presence, after which his eyes were put out; when, being loaded with fetters, he was carried to Babylon and thrown into prison. The work of destruction was intrusted to Nebuzar-adan, the captain of the guard, "who burnt the house of the Lord, and the king's house, and all the houses of Jerusalem, and every great man's house

burnt he with fire. And the army of the Chaldees that were with the captain of the guard brake down the walls of Jerusalem round about. The rest of the people that were left in the city, and the fugitives that fell away to the king of Babylon, with the remnant of the multitude, did the captain of the guard carry away. But he left the poor of the land to be vinedressers and husbandmen." —*Irish National Series.*

USE THE PEN.

Use the pen! there's magic in it,
Never let it lag behind;
Write thy thought, the pen can win it
From the chaos of the mind;
Many a gem is lost for ever
By the careless passer-by;
But the gems of thought should never
On the mental pathway lie.

Use the pen! reck not that others
Take a higher flight than thine;
Many an ocean cave still smothers
Pearls of price beneath the brine;
But the diver finds the treasure,
And the gem to light is brought;
So thy mind's unbounded measure
May give up some pearl of thought

Use the pen! the day's departed
When the sword alone held sway,
Wielded by the lion-hearted,
Strong in battle. Where are they?
All unknown the deeds of glory
Done of old by mighty men,—
Save the few who live in story,
Chronicled by sages' pen.

Use the pen! the sun above us,
By whose light the chemist's art
Stamps the forms of those who love us,
Showing us their counterpart,

Cannot hold so high a power
As within the pen enshrined,
When, with genius for its dower,
It daguerreotypes the mind.

Use the pen! but let it never
Slander write, with death-black ink;
Let it be thy best endeavor
But to pen what good men think:
So thy words and thoughts, securing
Honest praise from wisdom's tongue,
May, in time, be as enduring
As the strains which Homer sung.

—J. E. CARPENTER

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth!

The banquet hath its hour—
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam;
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home;
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

—HEMANS.

FROM THE RESTORATION OF THE JEWS TILL THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

IT had been foretold by the prophets that the Jews should remain in captivity during seventy years; and as they were led away exactly six centuries before the Christian era, their return to the Holy Land must have occurred about the year 530 prior to the same great epoch. The names of Zerubbabel, Nehemiah, and Ezra, occupy the most distinguished place among those worthies who were selected by Divine Providence to conduct the restoration of the chosen people. After much toil, interruption, and alarm, Jerusalem could once more boast of a temple, which, although destitute of the rich ornaments lavished upon that of Solomon, was at least of equal dimensions, and erected on the same sacred ground. But the worshipper had to deplore the absence of the ark, the symbolical Urim and Thummim, the Shechinah or Divine Presence, and the celestial fire which had maintained an unceasing flame upon the altar. Their sacred writings, too, had been dispersed, and their ancient language was fast becoming obsolete. To prevent the extension of so great an evil, the more valuable manuscripts were collected and arranged, containing the law, the earlier prophets, and the inspired hymns used for the purpose of devotion.

Under the Persian satraps, who directed the civil and military government of Syria, the Jews were permitted to acknowledge the authority of their high priest, to whom, in all things pertaining to the law of Moses, they rendered the obedience which was due to the head of their nation. Their prosperity, it is true, was occasionally diminished or increased by the personal character of the sovereigns who successively occupied the throne of Cyrus; but no material change in their circumstances took place until the victories of Alexander the Great had laid the foundation of the Syro-Macedonian kingdom in Western Asia, and given a new dynasty to the crown of Egypt. The struggles which ensued between these powerful states frequently involved the interests of the Jews, and made new demands on their allegiance; although it is admitted, that as each was desirous to conciliate a people who claimed Palestine for their unalienable heritage, the Hebrews at large were, during two centuries, treated with much liberality and favor. But this generosity or forbearance was interrupted in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, who, alarmed by the report of insurrections, and harassed by the events of an unsuccessful war in Egypt, directed his angry passions against the Jews. Marching suddenly upon Jerusalem, he put forty thousand of the inhabitants to death, pillaged the treasury, seized all the sacred vessels, and commanding a sow to be sacrificed on the altar of burnt-offerings, caused every part of the temple, even the holy of holies, to be sprinkled with the blood of the unclean animal. A short time afterwards, he issued an edict for the extermination of the whole Hebrew race, which one of his generals, Apollonius, proceeded to execute with the most atrocious cruelty. Driven to desperation by these severities, the Jews flew to arms, led on by the brave family of the Maccabees, whose valor and perseverance soon enabled them to dispute with the powerful monarch of Syria the sovereignty of Palestine. Success at last crowned the efforts of those who fought for their religion and liberty, and the Maccabees or Asmoneans raised themselves to supreme power by uniting the offices of king and pontiff. They continued to govern Palestine for upwards of a hundred years; during the greater part of which time the Jews were far from enjoying uninterrupted tranquillity. The kingdom was often threatened by external enemies, and torn by internal dissensions, till at length the disputes of two rival claimants of the throne gave a pretext for the interference of the Romans. Pompey, who had already overrun the finest provinces of Syria, advanced to Jerusalem, and

having listened to the claims of the two competitors, settled the priesthood upon Hyrcanus, but without annexing to it the civil power. After some delay this was conferred by Cæsar on Antipater, an Idumean, who was succeeded by his son Herod.

—*Irish National Series.*

FROM THE BIRTH OF CHRIST TILL THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Upon the exile of Archelaus, the prefecture of Syria was committed to Publius Sulpicius Quirinius. This commander is mentioned in the Gospel of St Luke by the name of Cyrenius, and is described as the person under whom the tax was imposed, which had previously rendered it necessary for Joseph and Mary to go from Nazareth to Bethlehem to be enrolled. It was about the twenty-sixth year of our epoch that Pontius Pilate was nominated to the government of Judea. Ignorant or indifferent as to the prejudices of the Jews, he roused amongst them a spirit of the most active resentment, by displaying the image of the emperor in Jerusalem, and by seizing part of their sacred treasure for the purposes of general improvement. As the fiery temper of the inhabitants drove them, on most occasions, to acts of violence, he did not hesitate to employ force in return; and we find, accordingly, that his administration was dishonored by several acts of military execution directed against the Jews and Samaritans indiscriminately. The character of Pilate, and of the times in which he lived, given in profane history, is in strict harmony with the narrative of the Gospel. The expectation of the Jews when Jesus of Nazareth first appeared—their subsequent disappointment and rage—their hatred and impatience of the Roman government,—the perplexity of the military chief, and the motive which at length induced him to sacrifice the innocent person who was cited before him,—are facts which display the most perfect accordance with the tone of civil history at that remarkable period.

During the troubles which agitated Judea, the districts that owned the sovereignty of Herod-Antipas and Philip—namely, Galilee and the country beyond the Jordan, enjoyed comparative quiet. The former, who is the Herod described by our Saviour as "that fox," was a person of cool and crafty disposition, and might have terminated his long reign in peace had not Herodias,

whom he seduced from his brother Philip, irritated his ambition by pointing to the superior rank of his nephew, Herod-Agrippa, whom Caligula had been pleased to raise to a provincial throne. Urged by his wife to solicit a similar elevation, he presented himself at Rome, and obtained an audience of the emperor; but the successor of Tiberius was so little pleased with his conduct on this occasion, that he divested him of the tetrarchy, and banished him into Gaul.

The death of Philip, and the degradation of the Galilean tetrarch, paved the way for the advancement of Herod-Agrippa to all the honor and power which had belonged to the family of David. He was permitted to reign over the whole of Palestine, having under his dominion the usual number of Roman troops, which experience had proved to be necessary for the peace of a province at once so remote and so turbulent. But no position could be more difficult to hold with safety and reputation than that which was occupied by this Hebrew prince. He was assailed on the one hand by the jealousy of the Roman deputies, and on the other by the suspicions of his own countrymen, who could never divest themselves of the fear that his foreign education had rendered him indifferent to the rites of the Mosaical law. To satisfy the latter, he spared no expense in conferring magnificence on the daily service of the temple, while he put forth his hand to persecute the Christian Church, in the persons of Peter and James the brother of John. To remove every ground of disloyalty from the eyes of the political agents, who were appointed by Claudius to watch his conduct, he ordered a splendid festival at Cesarea in honor of the new emperor; on which occasion, when arrayed in the most gorgeous attire, certain words of adulation reached his ear, not fit to be addressed to a Jewish monarch. The result will be best described in the words of sacred Scripture: "And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration to them. And the people gave a shout, saying, It is the voice of a god, and not of a man. And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory; and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." He left a son and three daughters, of whom Herod-Agrippa II., Bernice, and Drusilla, made a conspicuous figure towards the close of the Acts. These events took place between the fortieth and fiftieth years of the Christian era.

The youth and inexperience of Herod-Agrippa II. dictated to

the Roman government the propriety of assuming once more the entire direction of Jewish affairs, especially as the people were every day becoming more turbulent and impatient of foreign dominion; and accordingly, Caspius Fadus, Felix, and Festus were successively appointed procurators of Judea. Fadus was a stern but upright soldier; but the administration of Felix was an habitual combination of violence and fraud; an equal stranger to righteousness and temperance, this ruler presented a fit subject for the eloquence of St Paul. The short residence of Festus procured for the unhappy Jews a respite from apprehension. He labored successfully to put down the bands of insurgents, whose ravages were now inflicted indiscriminately upon foreigners and their own countrymen; nor was he less active in checking the excesses of the military, so long accustomed to rapine and free quarter. Herod-Agrippa at the same time transferred the seat of his government to Jerusalem, where his presence served to moderate the rage of parties, and thereby to postpone the final rupture between the provincials and their imperial master.

But this brief interval of repose was followed by an increased degree of irritation and fury. Florus, who had succeeded Festus in the procuratorship, countenanced by Cestius Gallus, the prefect of Syria, so galled the people by his tyranny and by certain insults directed against their faith, that the Jewish inhabitants of Cesarea set his power at defiance, and declared their resolution to repel his injuries by force. The capital was soon actuated by a similar spirit, and made preparations for defence. Cestius marched to the gates, and demanded entrance for the imperial cohorts, whose aid was required to support the garrison within. The citizens, having refused to comply, already anticipated the horrors of a siege; when, after a few days, they saw, to their great surprise, the Syrian prefect in full retreat, carrying with him his formidable army. Sallying from the different outlets with arms in their hands, they pursued the fugitives with the usual fury of an incensed multitude; and, overtaking their enemy at the narrow pass of Bethhoron, they avenged the cause of independence by a considerable slaughter of the legionary soldiers, and by driving the remainder to an ignominious flight. Nero received the intelligence of this defeat while amusing himself in Greece, and immediately sent Vespasian into Syria to assume the government, with instructions to restore the tranquillity of the province by moderate concessions, or by the most rigorous warfare. It was in the sixty-seventh year of Christianity that

this great commander entered Judea, accompanied by his son, the celebrated Titus. The result is too well known to require details. A series of sanguinary battles deprived the Jews of their principal towns one after another, until they were at length shut up in Jerusalem; the siege and final reduction of which compose one of the most affecting stories that are anywhere recorded in the annals of the human race.

—*Irish National Series.*

JERUSALEM BEFORE THE SIEGE.

Titus. It must be—
And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on, yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone, with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace.
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill-side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory, to that faded city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the Temple
In undisturb'd and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles.
The very sun, as though he worshipp'd there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs;
And down the long and branching porticos,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams. —Milman.

PALESTINE.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unbless'd their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring.
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song;
But lawless Force, and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

—Heber.

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Fallen is thy Throne, O Israel!
Silence is o'er thy plains;
Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
Thy children weep in chains.
Where are the dews that fed thee
On Etham's barren shore?
That fire from Heaven which led thee
Now lights thy path no more.

Lord! Thou didst love Jerusalem—
Once she was all Thine own;
Her love Thy fairest heritage,
Her power Thy glory's throne.
Till evil came, and blighted
Thy long-loved olive-tree;—
And Salem's shrines were lighted
For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma—
Then pass'd her glory's day,
Like heath that in the wilderness
The wild wind whirls away.

Silent and waste her bowers,
Where once the mighty trod,
And sunk those guilty towers,
Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go," said the Lord, "ye conquerors,
Steep in her blood your swords,
And raze to earth her battlements,
For they are not the Lord's;
Till Zion's mournful daughter
O'er kindred bones shall tread,
And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
Shall hide but half her dead!"

—MOORE.

THE SAVIOUR.

HAIL! to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.

He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes with succor speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;

To give them songs for sighing;
Their darkness turn to light;
Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

As such He shall be fear'd
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered,
For He shall judge the poor,

Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth.

Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace the herald go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see.

With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all nations sing.

For He shall have dominion,
On river, sea, and shore;
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

For Him shall prayers unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.

The tide of time shall never
The covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is love.

—MONTGOMERY.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing
With a heart for any fate ;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.

THE TEACHING AND CHARACTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

JESUS CHRIST appears among men full of grace and truth ; the authority and the mildness of His precepts are irresistible. He comes to heal the most unhappy of mortals, and all His wonders are for the wretched. In order to inculcate His doctrines He chooses the apologue, or parable, which is easily impressed on the minds of the people. While walking in the fields, He gives His divine lessons. When surveying the flowers that adorn the mead, He exhorts His disciples to put their trust in Providence, who supports the feeble plants, and feeds the birds of the air ; when He beholds the fruits of the earth, He teaches them to judge of men by their works ; an infant is brought to Him, and He recommends innocence ; being among shepherds, He gives Himself the appellation of the *Good Shepherd*, and represents Himself as bringing back the lost sheep to the fold. In spring He takes His seat upon a mountain, and draws from the surrounding objects instruction for the multitude sitting at His feet. From the very sight of this multitude, composed of the poor and the unfortunate, He deduces His beatitudes : *Blessed are they that weep—blessed are they that hunger and thirst.* Such as observe His precepts, and those who slight them, are compared to two men who build houses, the one upon a rock, the other upon sand. When He asks the woman of Samaria for drink, He expounds to her His heavenly doctrine, under the beautiful image of a well of living water.

His character was amiable, open, and tender, and His charity unbounded. The Evangelist gives us a complete and admirable idea of it in these few words : *He went about doing good.* His resignation to the will of God is conspicuous in every moment of His life ; He loved and felt the sentiment of friendship : the

man whom He raised from the tomb, Lazarus, was His friend; it was for the sake of the noblest sentiment of life that He performed the greatest of His miracles. In Him the love of country may find a model. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem," He exclaimed, at the idea of the judgments which threatened that guilty city, "how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Casting His sorrowful eyes from the top of a hill over this city, doomed for her crimes to a signal destruction, He was unable to restrain His tears: "*He beheld the city,*" says the Evangelist, "*and wept over it.*" His tolerance was not less remarkable; when His disciples begged Him to command fire to come down from heaven on a village of Samaria, which had denied Him hospitality, He replied with indignation, "*Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.*"

CHATEAUBRIAND.
—*Irish National Series.*

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

ON THE DEATH AND SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

FATHER! *the hour is come!* What hour? An hour the most critical, the most pregnant with great events since hours had begun to be numbered, since time had begun to run. It was the hour in which the Son of God was to terminate the labors of His important life, by a death still more important and illustri-

ous; the hour of atoning, by His sufferings, for the guilt of mankind: the hour of accomplishing prophecies, types, and symbols, which had been carried on through a series of ages: the hour of concluding the old, and of introducing to the world the new dispensation of religion; the hour of His triumphing over the world, and death, and hell; the hour of His erecting that spiritual kingdom which is to last for ever. This was the hour in which Christ atoned for the sins of mankind, and accomplished our eternal redemption. It was the hour when the great sacrifice was offered up, the efficacy of which reaches back to the first transgression of man, and extends forward to the end of time: the hour when, from the cross, as from a high altar, that blood was flowing which washed away the guilt of the nations. This awful dispensation of the Almighty contains mysteries which are beyond the discovery of man. It is one of those things into which *the angels desire to look.* What has been revealed to us is, that the death of Christ was the interposition of Heaven for preventing the ruin of mankind. We know that, under the gr nment of God, misery is the natural consequence of guilt. *F r* rational creatures had, by their criminal conduct, introduced sorder into the Divine kingdom, there was no ground t elieve that, by prayers and penitence alone, they could pr at the destruction which threatened them. The prevalen of propitiatory sacrifices throughout the earth proclaims it to be the general sense of mankind, that mere repentance is not of sufficient avail to expiate sin, or to stop its penal effects. By the constant allusions which are carried on in the New Testament to the sacrifices under the law, as pre-signifying a great atonement made by Christ, and by the strong expressions which are used in describing the effects of His death, the sacred writers show, as plainly as language allows, that there was an efficacy in His sufferings far beyond that of mere example and instruction. Part we are capable of beholding; and the wisdom of what we behold we have reason to adore. We discern, in this plan of redemption, the evil of sin strongly exhibited, and the justice of the Divine government awfully exemplified, in Christ suffering for sinners. But let us not imagine that our present discoveries unfold the whole influence of the death of Christ. It is connected with causes into which we cannot penetrate. It produces consequences too extensive for us to explore. *God's thoughts are not as our thoughts.* In all things we see only *in part;* and here, if anywhere, we see only *through a glass*

darkly. This, however, is fully manifest, that redemption is one of the most glorious works of the Almighty. If the hour of the creation of the world was great and illustrious, that hour, when, from the dark and formless mass, this fair system of nature arose at the Divine command, when the *morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy,* no less illustrious is the hour of the restoration of the world, the hour when, from condemnation and misery, it emerged into happiness and peace. With less external majesty it was attended, but is on that account the more wonderful, that, under an appearance so simple, such great events were covered.—BLAIR.

—*Irish National Sch.*

THE ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-strings break in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee! —TOPLADY.

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

THE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
The mountains to their centre shake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
The Lord shall come! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Appointed Judge of all mankind.

Can this be He, who once did stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppress'd by power, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified?
While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us; mountains, on us fall:"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!" —HEBER.

ALL CREATURES CALLED ON TO PRAISE GOD.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain
And praise Him in the shade.

Let every element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice,
To Him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To Him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye towering mountains, bending low,
  Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at His look,
  And trembled at His frown.

Ye flocks, that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects, fluttering on the gale,
  In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
  In incense to the skies.

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
  Harmonious anthems raise
To Him, who shaped your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
  And tuned your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
  In heavenly praise employ;
Spread His tremendous name around,
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
  The general burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nursed on the downy lap of ease,
  Fall prostrate at His throne!
Ye princes, rulers, all adore:
Praise Him, ye kings, who makes your power
  An image of His own.

Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
Oh, praise th' eternal source of love,
  With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh His bless'd name—then soar away,
  And ask an angel's lyre.

—OGILVIE.

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

THE CHRISTIAN SALVATION.

SALVATION means deliverance from something that is feared or suffered, and it is therefore a term of very general application; but in reference to our spiritual condition it means deliverance from those evils with which we are afflicted in consequence of our departure from God.

It implies deliverance from *ignorance*—not ignorance of human science, but ignorance of God, the first and the last, the greatest and the wisest, the holiest and the best of beings, the maker of all things, the centre of all perfection, the fountain of all happiness. Ignorant of God, we cannot give Him acceptable worship, we cannot rightly obey His will, we cannot hold communion with Him here, we cannot be prepared for the enjoyment of His presence hereafter. But from this ignorance we are rescued by the salvation of the gospel, which reveals God to us, which makes us acquainted with His nature, His attributes, His character, His government, and which especially unfolds to us that scheme of mercy, in which He has most clearly manifested His own glory.

Salvation implies deliverance from *guilt*. The law denounces a penalty against those who break it. That penalty is exclusion from heaven, and deprivation of God's favor, and consignment to the place of misery. e penalty there is deliver-

ance provided. Christ has expiated guilt. He has "made reconciliation for iniquity." He has purchased eternal life. And "to those who are in Him there is now no condemnation." Their sins are forgiven. They are at "peace with God." And there is nothing to prevent Him from pouring out upon them the riches of His mercy, and making them happy for ever.

This salvation implies deliverance from the *power of sin.* We are naturally the slaves of this power. Sin reigns in us as the descendants of apostate Adam. We cannot throw off its yoke by any virtue or efforts of our own. And so long as it maintains its ascendancy, we are degraded, and polluted, and miserable. But provision is made in the gospel for our emancipation. Christ "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all our iniquities," and that sin might have no more "dominion over us." And all who believe in Him are made free to serve that God whose service is the sweetest liberty and the highest honor.

The salvation of the gospel implies deliverance from the *ills and calamities of life.* It does not imply this literally; for, under the dispensation of the gospel, there is, strictly speaking, no exemption from bodily disease, from outward misfortune, or from the thousand distresses that flesh is heir to. But Christ has given such views of the providence of God,—He has brought life and immortality so clearly to light, and has so modified and subdued the operations of sin, which is the cause of all our sufferings, that these are no longer real evils to them that believe. When we are brought into a filial relation to God, the afflictions that He sends form a part of that discipline which He employs to improve our graces, and prepare us for His presence. He supports us under them, He overrules and sanctifies them for our spiritual advantage, and He thus divests them of all that is frightful, and converts them into blessings.

This salvation implies deliverance from *the power and the fear of death.* It is indeed an awful thing to die. Nature recoils from the agonies of dissolution, and from the corruption of the grave. But Christ has "vanquished death, and him that had the power of it." He has plucked out its sting, He has secured our final triumph over it, and has thus taught us to dismiss all our alarms. Our bodies must return to our kindred earth; but they shall be raised again, spiritual, incorruptible, and glorious. They shall be re-united to their never-dying and sainted partners, and shall enter into the regions of immortality.

And while the salvation of the gospel implies our deliverance

from all these evils, it also implies our admission into the heavenly state. It is in order to bring us there at last, that all the benefits just enumerated are conferred upon us, and it is there accordingly that they shall be consummated. We are delivered from ignorance; and in heaven no cloud shall obscure our view—no veil of prejudice shall cover our hearts. We are delivered from guilt; and in heaven, at its very threshold, our acquittal and justification shall be proclaimed before an assembled world, and God's reconciled countenance shall shine upon us for ever. We are delivered from the power of sin; and in heaven there shall be found no tempter and no temptation—nothing that defileth, and nothing that is defiled. We are delivered from the ills and calamities of life; and in heaven all tears shall be wiped from the eye, and all sorrow banished from the heart,—there shall be undecaying health, and there shall be unbroken rest, and there shall be songs of unmingled gladness. We are delivered from the power and fear of death; and in heaven there shall be no more death; the saints shall dwell in that sinless and unsuffering land as the redeemed of Him who "was dead and is alive again, and liveth for evermore." All things are theirs; theirs is the unfading crown, theirs is the incorruptible inheritance, theirs is the kingdom that cannot be moved, theirs are the blessedness and the glories of eternity. —THOMPSON.—*Irish National Series.*

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base,
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath, and not of grace;
A dim and dreadful day.

But when He came the second time
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.

The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,

Now gently light a glorious crown,
For every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,
Wing'd with the sinner's doom;
But these, like tongues, o'er all the earth,
Proclaiming life to come.

And, as on Israel's awestruck ear,
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud;

So when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.

Nor doth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start;
Conscience gives back th' appalling tone:
'Tis echo'd in the heart.

It fills the Church of God, it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

To other strains our souls are set;
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.

Come, Lord! come, Wisdom, Love, and Power;
Open our ears to hear!
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear!

—KEBLE.

ALL'S FOR THE BEST.

ALL's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
Trouble and sorrow are friends in disguise;
Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
Courage for ever is happy and wise;

All 's for the best,—if a man would but know it,
Providence wishes us all to be blest;
This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
Heaven is gracious, and—All 's for the best!

All 's for the best! Set this on your standard,
Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
Who to the shores of Despair may have wander'd,
A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove.
All 's for the best! Be a man, but confiding,
Providence tenderly governs the rest,
And the frail bark of His creature is guiding
Wisely and warily, all for the best.

All 's for the best! then fling away terrors,
Meet all your fears and your foes in the van;
And in the midst of your dangers or errors,
Trust like a child, while you strive like a man
All 's for the best!—unbiass'd, unbounded,
Providence reigns from the east to the west;
And, by both wisdom and mercy surrounded,
Hope, and be happy, that—All 's for the best.

—TUPPER.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band:
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze;
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?

Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy—
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb—
It is there, it is there, my child!" —HEMA

THE INCARNATION.

For Thou wast born of woman; Thou didst come,
O Holiest! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in Thy dread omnipotent array;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was Thy tempestuous road;
Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy way,
But Thee a soft and naked child,
Thy mother undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthronèd fires on high:
A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky;
The eastern sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odors sweet
Before Thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from every starry sphere;
Nor at Thy presence brake the voice of song

From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres
Pour'd through the host of heaven the charmed clouds along;
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft hosanna's tone.

And when Thou didst depart, no car of flame,
To bear Thee hence, in lambent radiance came;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes;
Nor didst Thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary,
With all Thine own redeem'd outbursting from their tombs;
For Thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by Thy side, to be
In Paradise with Thee.

Nor o'er Thy cross did clouds of vengeance break;
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done;
A few dim hours of day,
The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the clo.. 3 sun:
Whilst Thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to Thy doom,
Ere yet the white-robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
With devastation in Thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew;
But Thou didst haste to meet
Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few;
Then calmly, slowly didst Thou rise
Into Thy native skies.

—Milman.

AN ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply,
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:"

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gain'd from heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

—THOMAS GRAY.

HOPE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

'TIS night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn?
Oh, when shall it dawn on the night of the grave?

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betray'd,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free."

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

—BEATTIE.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come! ye have call'd me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have pass'd on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,

To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness! come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

—Mrs. Hemans.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have humm'd their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, new brew'd, in floods of amber shine:
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,

The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled."
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scatter'd round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

—ROGERS.

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASK'D an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said; "oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I ask'd the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd:
"Time sow'd the seed we reap in this abode!"
I ask'd a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied;
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.
I ask'd the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They answer'd: "Time is but a meteor glare,"
And bade us for eternity prepare.
I ask'd the Seasons, in their annual round,
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied, (no oracle more wise,)
"'Tis Folly's blank, and Wisdom's highest prize!"
I ask'd a spirit lost, but oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!

It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell."
I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said:
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live! live to-day! to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."
I ask'd old Father Time himself at last;
But in a moment he flew swiftly past!—
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I ask'd the mighty Angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By Heaven!" he cried, "I swear the mystery 's o'er;
Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more!"

—MARSDEN.

AUBURN.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid;
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill;
The hawthorn-bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age, and whispering lovers made!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

—GOLDSMITH.

THUNDER-STORM AMONG THE ALPS.

THE sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night:—most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

—BYRON.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They fill'd one home with glee;
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow;
She had each folded flower in sight,—
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep!

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er *her* the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with mirth the hearth—
Alas for love! if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, O Earth!

—MRS. HEMANS.

SEPARATION.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end!
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,—
Beyond the reign of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;

Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere!

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines,
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

—MONTGOMERY.

STORY OF LE FEVRE.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard.—I say sitting; for, in consideration of the corporal's lame knee, which sometimes gave him exquisite pain, —when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the corporal to stand: and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five and twenty years together.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack. "'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything—till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast —'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.'—

—"If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

—"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host"—"And of his whole family,"—added the corporal; "for they are all concerned for him."—"Step after him," said my uncle Toby—"do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

—"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal; "but I can ask his son again."—"Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby.—"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father—he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day—he has not stirred from the bedside these two days.". . . . .

"'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—'we can hire horses from hence.'—'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me,—'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when, the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of.—'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.—'Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it.' 'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears!"—"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby,—"he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here."

"I never in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an't please your honor?"—"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose—"but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor—though a stranger—was extremely concerned for his father:—and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—"And thou mightest have added my purse, too," said my uncle Toby; "he was heartily welcome to it."—"He made a very low bow, which was meant to your honor, but no answer, his heart was full, so he went up-stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I, as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr Yorick's curate was smok-

ing a pipe by the kitchen fire, but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the corporal. —"I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon his chair by his bed-side; and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up his cushion'——

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.'—'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'—'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate.—'A soldier, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often, of his own accord, as a parson: and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'"—"Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby. "'But when a soldier,' said I, 'an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for five months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on; he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe,' said I—for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army—'I believe, an't please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'"—"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby; "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, and not till then, it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." —"I hope we shall," said Trim.—"It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a Governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will

never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."—"I hope not," said the corporal.—"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with the story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling, (the book was laid upon the bed;) and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.—If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant;—I told him your honor was.—'Then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's:—but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing: 'possibly he may know my story,' added he; 'pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.'—'I remember the story, an't please your honor,' said I, 'very well.'—'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, 'then well may I'——. In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice—'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—"I wish, Trim, I were asleep."

"Your honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned; shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?"—"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife—and particularly well that he, as

well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment :—but finish the story." —"'Tis finished already," said the corporal—"for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honor a good night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over!"—"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—"and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."—"Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders."—"True," quoth my uncle Toby, "thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*, but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

"In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse"—continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house, thou shouldst have offered him my *house too*;—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us we could tend and look to him; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together,—we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an't please your honor in this world," said the corporal.—"He will march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—"An't please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march, but to his grave."—"He shall march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—"he shall march to his regiment."—"He cannot stand it," said the corporal.—"He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.—"He 'll drop at last," said the corporal; "and what will become of his boy?"—"He

shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly.—"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."—"He shall not die," cried my uncle Toby, with an oath.

The Accusing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out for ever!

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to serve him?—and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre!"

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which continually beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back! The film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look

upon his boy. And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered — stopped — went on — throbbed — stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on?—No!

—STERNE.

ADAM'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; Thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join, all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If, better, thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater, sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now flies't
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies:
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

. . . . .

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,

Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.

—MILTON.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

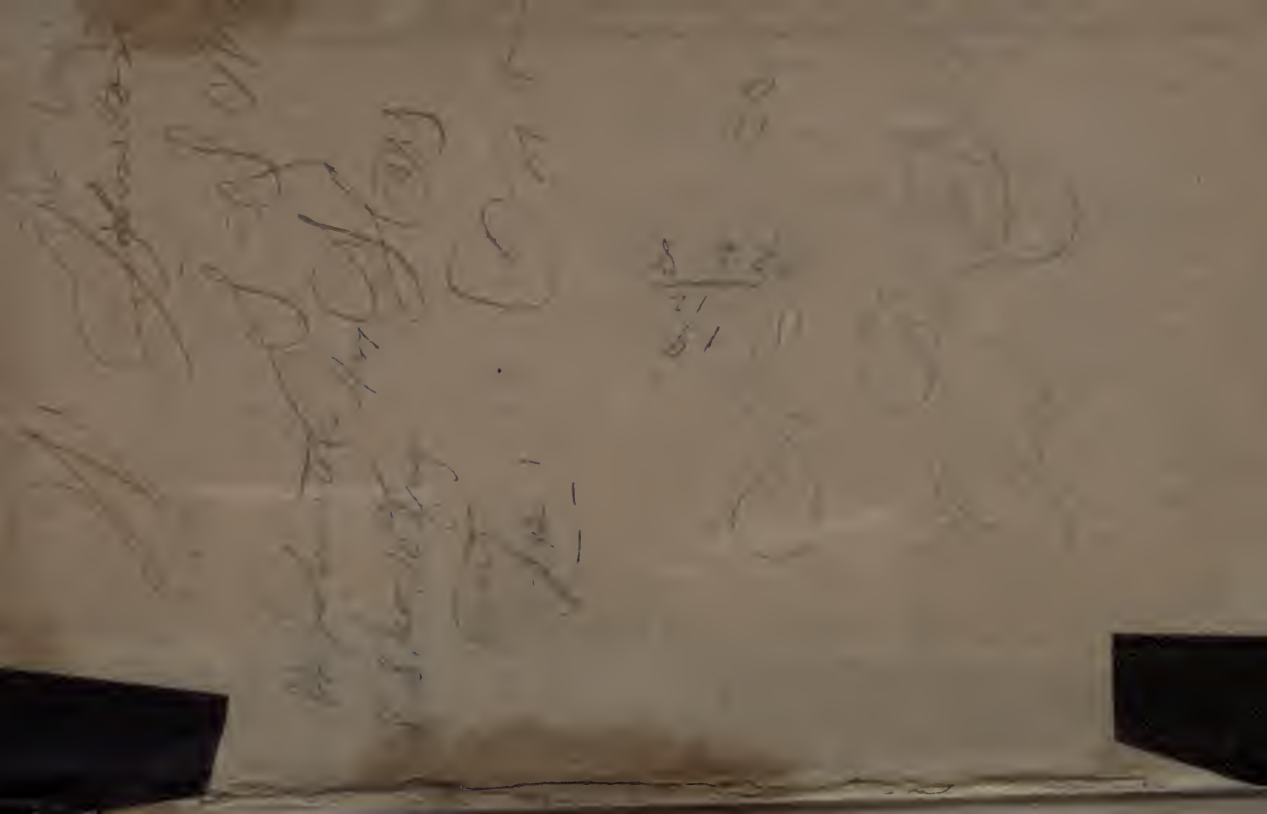
O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh, ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasure's lap caress'd;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest:
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Through weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!

More pointed still we make ourselves
  Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
  The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
  Makes countless thousands mourn.

Yet let not this too much, my son,
  Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
  Is surely not the best.
The poor, oppressed, honest man
  Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
  To comfort those that mourn!

—BURNS.